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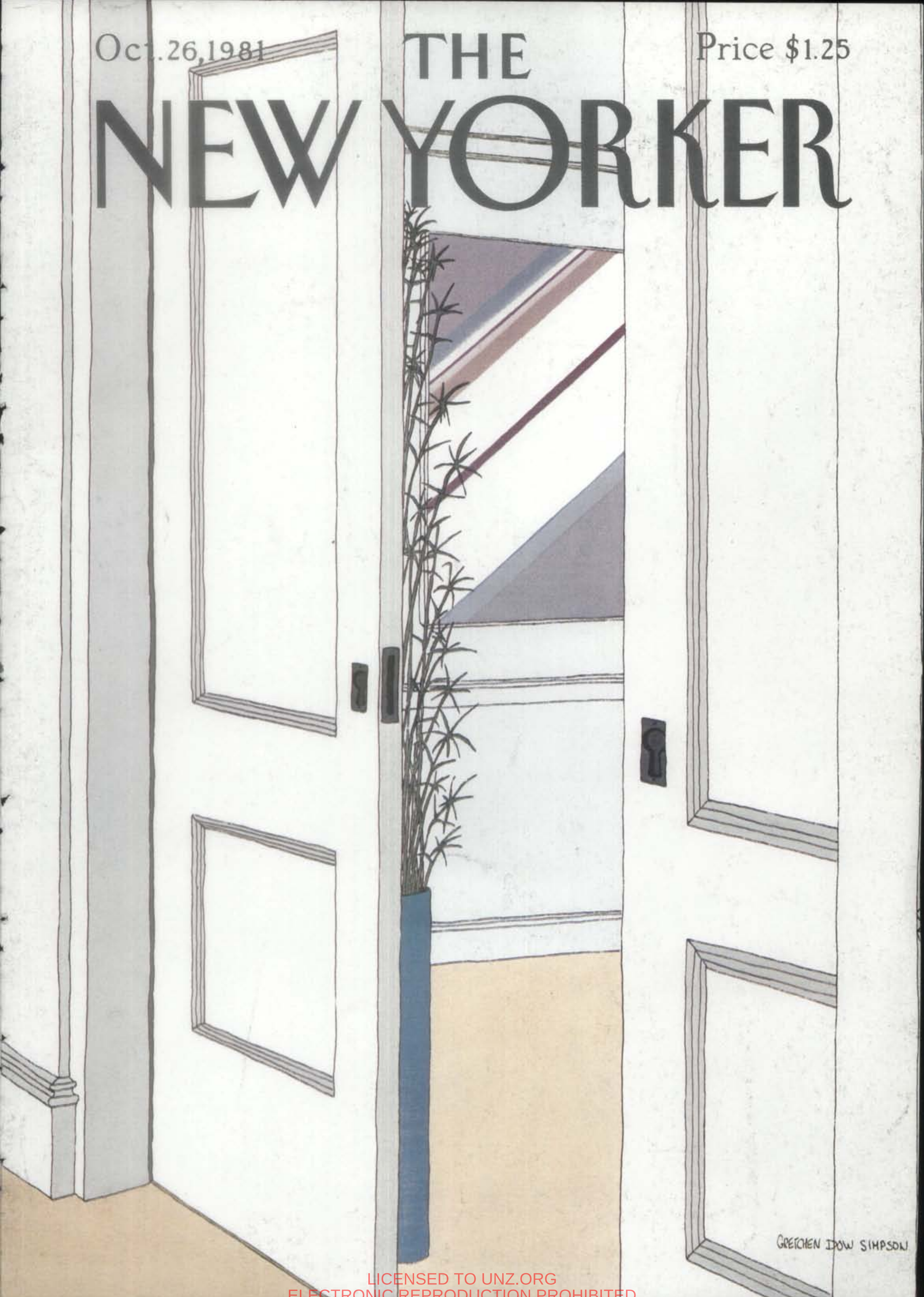
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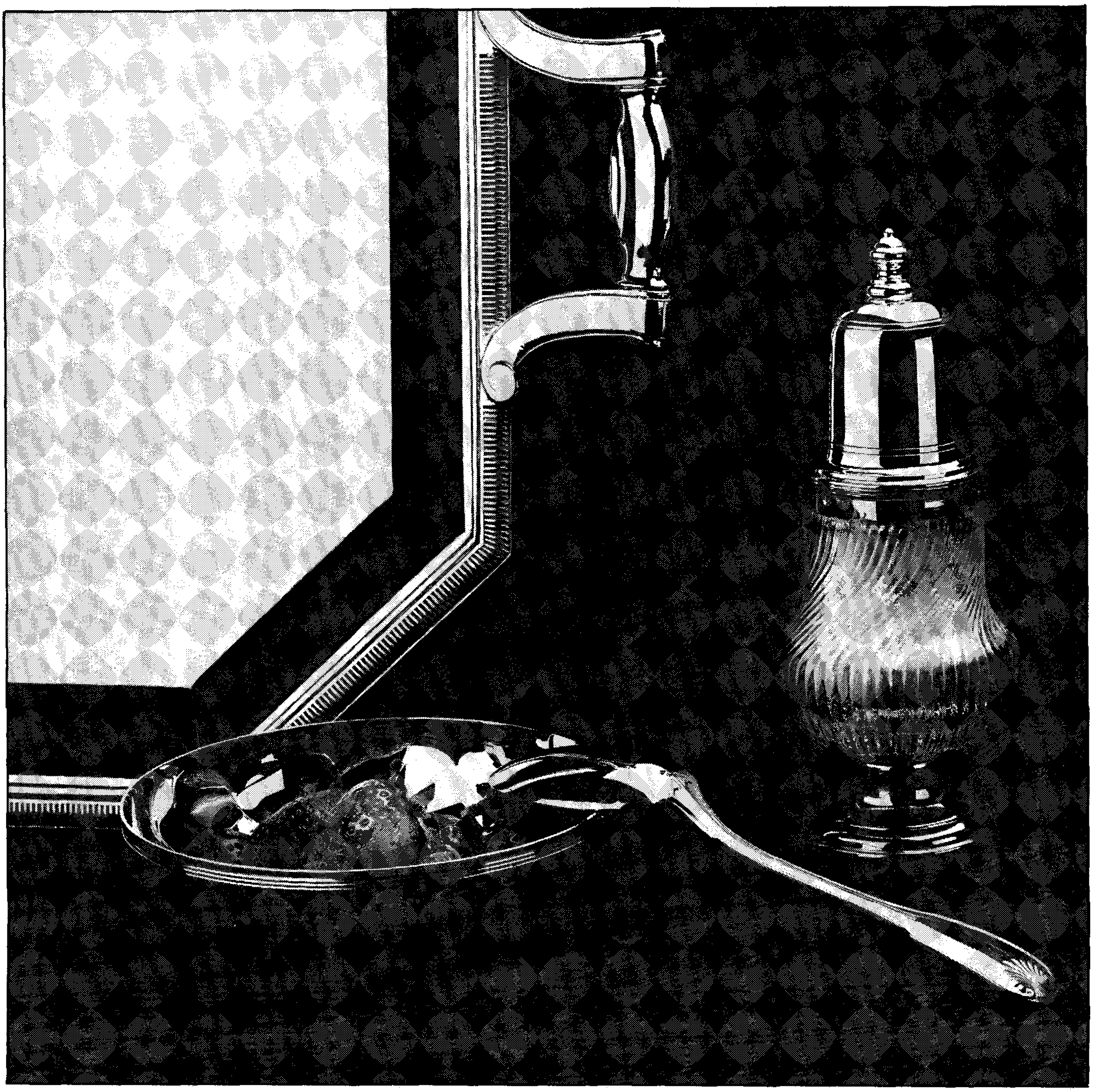

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Oct. 31.)

The Black People's Party—A play by Earl Anthony. Opens Thursday, Oct. 22, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 8. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Boy and Tarzan Appear in a Clearing—Amiri Baraka's fervent political comedy, whose thesis is that the new black leaders of the new black African countries are even worse—greedier, more callous, and more hypocritical—than their white colonial predecessors. Mr. Baraka's writing is humorous, passionate, and imaginative, and the actors, under George Ferencz's direction, do well, too. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 25.)

The Broken Pitcher—A tiresome, ponderous farce by Heinrich von Kleist (1777-1811). Reviewed in our issue of 10/19/81. (Martinique, 49 W. 32nd St. 564-7989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 25.)

Candida—One of Shaw's most charming plays, drained of wit and high spirits by a misguided director. Joanne Woodward merely survives in the title role; under happier circumstances, she might have triumphed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22.)

Chekhov on the Lawn—A one-man show (by Elihu Winer), in which William Shust, as Chekhov, tells stories and reminisces. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 21. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Einstein and the Polar Bear—Peter Strauss heads the cast of a play by Tom Griffin. Directed by J Ranelli. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 29. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Everybody's Gettin' Into the Act—A vaudeville-style entertainment by Robert Ost. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Family Devotions—A new play by David Henry Hwang. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Forty-Deuce—A dead twelve-year-old boy, a gaggle of male hustlers, and a gentleman client suitable for framing are the dramatis personae of Alan Bowne's melodrama. The language is the gutter language—the sometimes mysterious homosexual patois—of their trade. Orson Bean is the gentleman client; Tony Tanner directed. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grace—A play by Jane Stanton Hitchcock. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 43
"THE NEW WASHINGTON: AN INSIDE STORY" . . . . *Garrison Keillor* 48
"GILA FLAMBÉ" . . . . *Frederick Barthelme* 52
"TWO POEMS" . . . . *Stephen Dobyns* 54
PERSONAL HISTORY (VEDI—PART I) . . . . *Ved Mehta* 61
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 158
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 158
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 161
"GYPSIES" . . . . *Michael Wilding* 173
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 174
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 182
LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 186
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 190
BOOKS . . . . *V. S. Pritchett* 196
BRIEFLY NOTED 200

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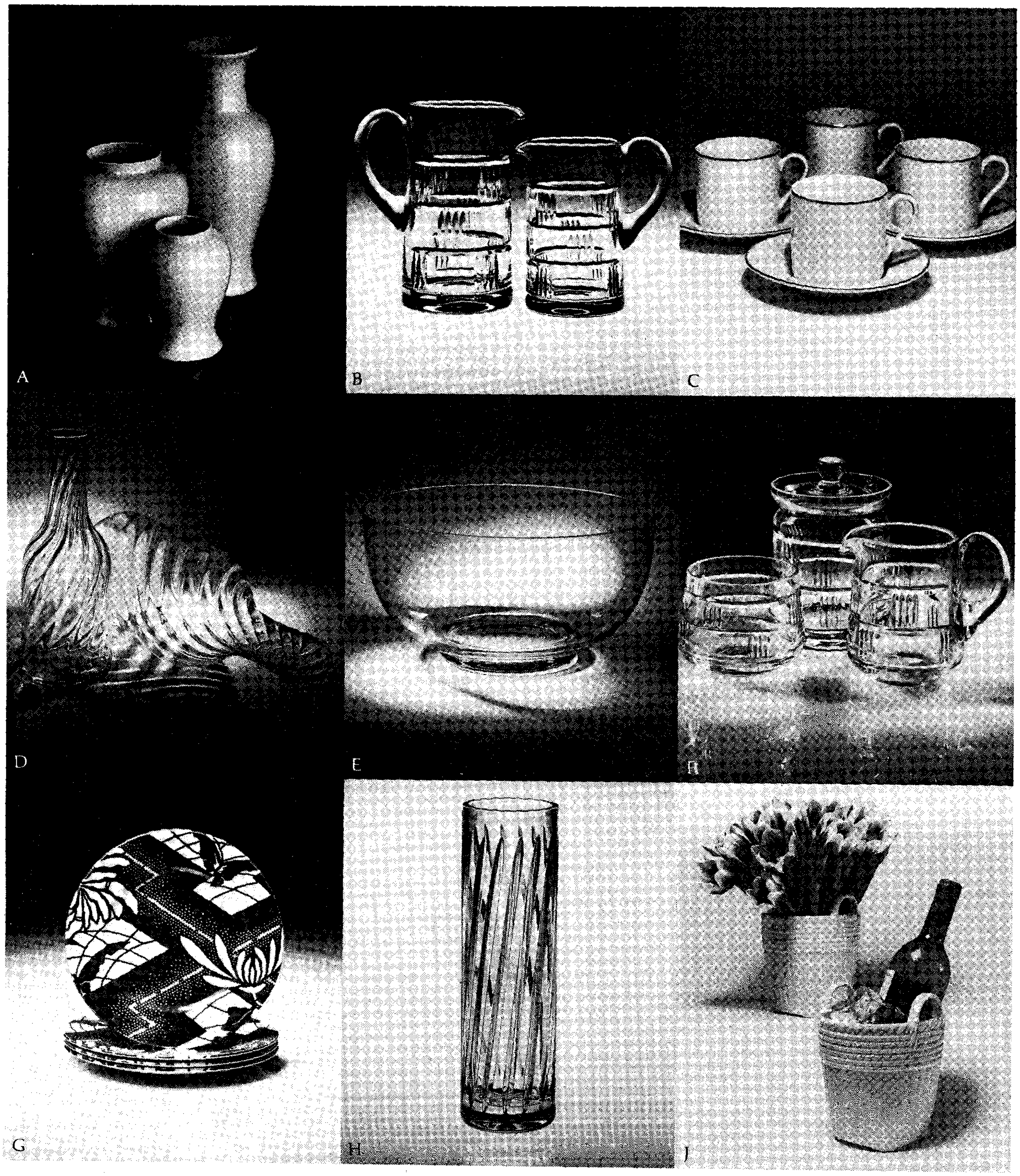

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California jargon are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 31, at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—Dickens could invent an entire world with his left hand, and here the Royal Shakespeare Company brings one of the most delightful of those worlds to vivid life. A work of art and a superlative feat of stagecraft. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Oct. 25: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Oct. 28: A four-week engagement of Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Marlowe—A rock musical about the author of "Dr. Faustus." Even reduced to dust, the great dead are subject to mistreatment. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (9/21/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison is back in the role of Professor Higgins, created by him a quarter of a century ago. The musical is as fresh as ever and a constant delight to the ear. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

My Own Stranger—A play based on the writings of Anne Sexton, adapted for the stage by Linda Laundra and Marilyn Campbell. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sea Marks—A dim play about a publisher (f) who tries to make a professional poet out of an Irish fisherman (m). (10/5/81) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—Two one-acters by Christopher Durang. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 7. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Talent for Murder—An inert mass of words, lifted into a semblance of life by Claudette Colbert. (10/12/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

2 by South—A pair of garrulous one-acters by Frank South. The performances, under the direction of Robert Altman, are good; that of Leo Burmester, as a renegade doctor in the West who has committed a murder and waits alone for retribution, is very good. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 307-1866. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:45; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. John Wood plays the villainous Salieri, and Peter Firth plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Moves on Thursday, Oct. 29, to the Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St., 246-0220. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 28, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has replaced Jim Dale in the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,936 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Broadway Salutes the New York City Opera—A benefit evening of Broadway show tunes and operatic arias. The participants include Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Bette Midler, Andrea McArdle, Beverly Sills, Justino Díaz, Gianna Rolandi, Pablo Elvira, Henry Price, and Susanne Marsee. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Monday, Oct. 26, at 7:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 22—Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8: A benefit evening combining film and dance in celebration of the Joffrey's twenty-fifth anniversary. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, and Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Pas de Deux," "Transfigured Night" (company première), and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2 and 7:30: "The Taming of the Shrew" (company première), with guest dancers Marcia Haydée and Richard Cragun on Friday and Sunday evenings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Return to the Strange Land," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Epode," "Night," and "Postcards." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Return to the Strange Land," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Postcards," "Epode," "Night," and "Deuce Coupe II." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians—"Tympani" (New York première), "Dance," and music from "Night." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **MAY O'DONNELL CONCERT DANCE COMPANY.** Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 21-24, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2: Five programs, all of which will feature "Three Nocturnes and a Quartet." . . . **BEVERLY BROWN DANCENSEMBLE.** Thursday, Oct. 29, Saturday, Oct. 31, and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Mosaic," "Attic Antics," "Season of Earth Hush," and the première of an untitled work. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—A single performance. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Les Ballets Jazz—A single appearance by this company from Montreal. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio will occupy the four-foot-high bandstand; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will head a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—Mainstream small-combo jazz on the upper East Side: trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** and his quartet work through Sunday, Oct. 25; on Tuesday, Oct. 27, pianist **DEREK SMITH** will move in with bassist **JAY LEONHART** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI.** Music from nine. Dining.

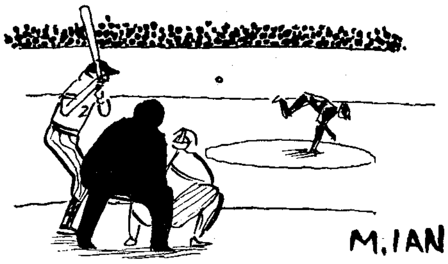
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday, Oct. 21, Interplay, an improvisational musical-comedy octet, alternates with SRO, a pop-music vocal trio; Friday, Oct. 23, will be claimed by comic Uncle Floyd; Saturday, Oct. 24, guitarist David Lindley will lead his Cal-Mex rock and blues band, El Rayo-X; on Wednesday, Oct. 28, **MAX ROMEO** will sing with his reggae band; Friday, Oct. 30, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** will lead his jazz sextet; and Saturday, Oct. 31, has been set aside for Robinson's Mysteries, a magic show. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a hard-bop sideman and composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane"), and Ella's accompanist for years, is also a wonderful duo player. He's assisted by **RUFUS REID** on bass through Saturday, Oct. 24. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, has taken up residence with a trio in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.



Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Oct. 21, the Nationals, the Code, Metropolis, and the Id; Thursday, Oct. 22, the Fuzztones, the Words, and the Snapshots; Friday, Oct. 23, the Dance, Michael Alago, and Footloose; and Saturday, Oct. 24, the Senders, the Pet Clams, and Plasticland. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and "The Glory of Love." She is assisted by pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. **CARRIE SMITH,** a singer with a big, resounding voice, is on hand Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Oct. 21, the Derby Ram and Dolores Keane, John Faulkner, and Eamonn Curran; Thursday, Oct. 22, Eric Thompson and Susie Rothfield; Saturday, Oct. 24, the Harmony Sisters; Sunday, Oct. 25, guitarists Jonathan Kalb and Guy Davis; Wednesday, Oct. 28, Allan Carr from Aberdeen and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Oct. 29, Bonnie Carol and Doug Berch; and Saturday, Oct. 31, the Lost World String Band from Michigan. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 25, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will lead a quartet that will feature **CHUCK WAYNE** on guitar. They'll perform from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

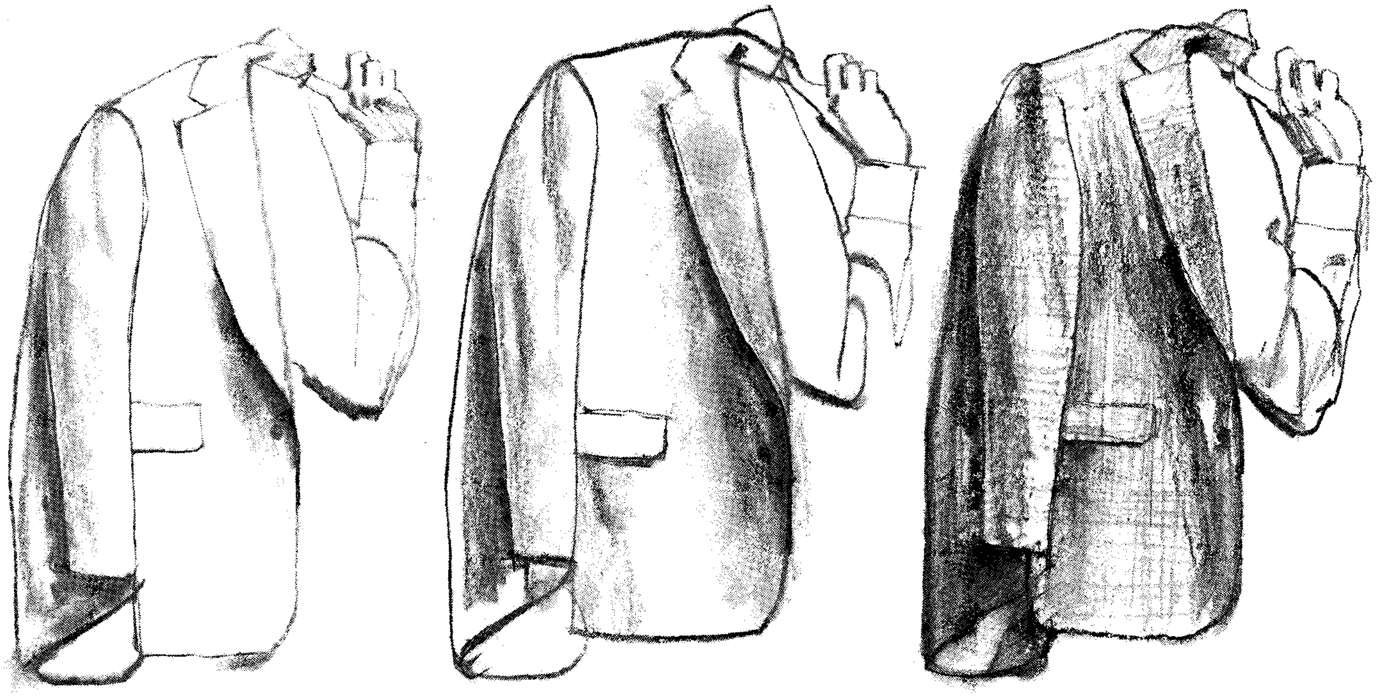
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. There aren't too many jazz guitarists who are more famous or, for that matter, smoother soloists than **BARNEY KESSEL, HERB ELLIS,** and **TAL FARLOW,** and all three are working here together, with a rhythm section, through Sunday, Oct. 25. On Tuesday, Oct. 27, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** will arrive with a quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—A small room in the back of a sprawling Lincoln Center restaurant is home base on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays for the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** bassists **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** (on Thursdays and Fridays) and **AL HALL** (on Saturdays), tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** a choice of **CHARLES BATEMAN** and **DILL JONES** on piano, trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**—which performs forty-, fifty-, and sixty-year-old music with verve, skill, and humor. On Sundays, Miss Rhap-

(Advertisement)

THE COLOR OF COMFORT

(Or, familiarity breeds content.)



"FAMILIARITY breeds contempt," Aesop said. " — and children," Mark Twain added. And love, we add. And comfort. And content.

All of this was going through our head as we examined our new crop of sports jackets. When had anything new seemed so immediately familiar? When had any fabrics caught so exactly the tints of a distant moor or hill or meadow?

We were reminded of the country of our long weekend escapes, where nothing startles and nothing demands. Did we choose those colors from love of the landscape? Or did we love the landscape because of the colors?

There in that herringbone was the hill behind our house. That plaid held the colors of the old oak in autumn. The granite outcrop in our pasture appeared in that tweed. Some of the ease of do-as-you-please had become warp and woof of our palette.

We lingered over one jacket in particular. It's made of silk and wool with more silk than wool in the mixture. We worked with the mill on the pattern, a broken herringbone, and on the tan-heather green colorings, as we work with mills on so many of our colors and patterns.

Another group of jackets caught our eye. These are made of the remarkable fabrics handwoven for us alone by T.M. Adie & Sons in the Shetland Islands. Unlike so much that is called Shetland, the wool for them was actually clipped from the Island sheep. Which is rare.

To give you some idea how rare, the total annual wool clip would provide no more than 175,000 pounds of pure Shetland yarn for an industry which now requires more than 500,000 pounds.

This makes Shetland rare in a sweater and almost unheard of in a jacket. But an easier way for us to make the point is for you to put on one of the jackets. You will feel the spring of its yarn as you touch the sleeve, the exceptional ratio of lightness to warmth as it rests on your shoulders.

Since we take such pains over colors and cloth, you can be sure we take equal pains in the shaping of the jackets themselves. We have them cut to our design with natural shoulders, indented waist, center vent and two-button closure. But cut is not all. When you examine them, pay close attention to the turn of the lapel, the joining of the sleeve to the shoulder, a critical operation. Then check the finish of the pockets and buttonholes, the quality of the buttons and the firmness with which they're sewn.

Our jackets are made for us in the United States and by our master tailors in Canada. Not only are there the Scottish Shetlands, the tweeds, the silk and wool herringbone, but wool cheviots and rugged cotton corduroy. And let us not overlook the navy flannel blazer. To some men, it's the most comfortable jacket of all, the one they reach for more often than all the rest.

Once the jacket is settled, the question is, which trousers? Ours build comfortable relationships with our jackets: cavalry twill or wool flannel pairing off with a navy blazer, covert cloth, corduroy or even cotton twill for the tweeds and cheviots and Shetlands. We have them cut with straight legs to balance the lines of our jackets, and most have plain fronts, belt loops and extension waistbands.

What it seems to come down to is that the body knows the shape of the clothes it wears best. We don't so much choose our most comfortable clothes as recognize them, even before we lift them from the hanger. We're familiar with the way they look, the way they feel, the way they fit our lives. And this is the familiarity that breeds comfort. And content.

Paul Stuart

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 sody (Viola Wells) sings blues songs with help from pianist Ram Ramirez and bassist Al Hall. Music from nine-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. **DAKOTA STATON** sings through Sunday, Oct. 25; on Monday, Oct. 26, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will be joined by two hardboppers, trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** and saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER**; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 27-29, will belong to two young practitioners of swing music—tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** and cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ.** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, Raw Sugar, a sextet, will perform pop-soul numbers. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman on standards and O'Brien compositions Wednesdays through *Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays* from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. The music comprises duos: pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, Oct. 24; and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and a pianist beginning Tuesday, Oct. 27. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays; from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Bebop pianist **JOE ALBANY** works through Saturday, Oct. 24; on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 25-26, **JILL MC MANUS** will perform at the keyboard; and Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 27-31, **DON EWELL,** who knows his way through New Orleans, Chicago, and Harlem piano styles, will pay a visit. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A real, spiffy jazz loft. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, **JOE LEE WILSON,** a scorching, all-out, gutbucket improvising singer, will be here with his band; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** will perform with trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON,** tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK,** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN.** Wednesdays, **OLU DARA,** who sometimes plays his trumpet upside down, leads his occasionally out-there **OKRA ORCHESTRA,** which sometimes plays its jazz-funk material inside out. Thursdays, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** leads his ten-piece Brazilian-jazz band, **AMAZON.** Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz music.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident *Dixieland journeymen swing it* Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

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Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** play piano-bass duets; Sundays and Mondays, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** have the floor. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 21-22, rock and blues singer and guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN**; Sunday, Oct. 25, Chicago-blues singer and blues-harp virtuoso **JAMES COTTON**; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 26-27, folk-rock-blues-jazz-gospel singer **MARIA MULDAUR**; *and Wednesday, Oct. 28, blues* fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

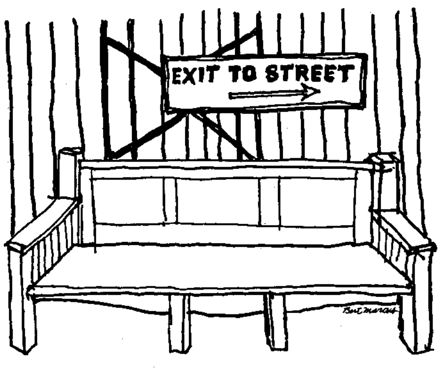
Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Tony Martin (yes, Tony Martin) is ensconced in this singers' room Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DOROTHY DONEGAN,** one of the most animated—both musically and physically—pianists around, is at one grand piano, and **PAGE CAVANAUGH** is at another. They play together and separately through Saturday, Oct. 24. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 27, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** will be singing from a repertoire that includes Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, and Neil Sedaka. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Thursday, Oct. 22, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON**; Wednesday, Oct. 28, Deuce. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Wednesday, Oct. 21, the Passenger; Thursday, Oct. 22, Will Rambeaux and Inner Strength; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, bassist **DAVE FRIESEN,** guitarist **JOHN STOWELL,** and their quartet; Wednesday, Oct. 28, Angel Annie and Jan Miles; Thursday, Oct. 29, Mode I.Q. and Teenage Furniture; Friday, Oct. 30, Catskill singers and guitarists **ARTIE TRAUM** and **PAT ALGER**; and Saturday, Oct. 31, Otis Telson & the Wrong Guys and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** a lively rhythm-and-blues group. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Sundays, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra performs swing music; Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty; and Tuesdays are given over to Grover Kemble & Za Zu Zaz. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the *hotel lobby with a dining room.* Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).



Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have given up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, which looks like something linebackers might learn at football training camp. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Oct. 21, Jimmy Mustang; Thursday, Oct. 22, Richard Lloyd; Friday, Oct. 23, the Professionals; Saturday, Oct. 24, **JOHN CALE**; Wednesday, Oct. 28, 88's and the Unknowns; Thursday, Oct. 29, Men Without Hats; Friday, Oct. 30, Ellen Foley; and Saturday, Oct. 31, Medium Medium. *Music from round about midnight.*

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet, which plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 21, **JIMMY CLIFF**; Friday, Oct. 23, **POLYROCK** and Del-Byzanteens; Saturday, Oct. 24, Scars and Modern English; Sunday, Oct. 25, readings by William Burroughs, Lori Anderson, and John Giorno at about eleven; Monday, Oct. 26, at eight, and Tuesday, Oct. 27, at eleven, the **ENGLISH BEAT**; Tuesday, Oct. 27, at eight, the Ventures, whose twenty-year-old car-cruising power pop remains, note for note, unchanged, and whose sport shirts could have been designed by Bill Veeck; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, Garland Jeffreys; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, Siouxie and the Banshees. Shows after midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Irving Berlin is under way. The participants are Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Terry Burrell, and Debbie Shapiro. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at *nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.*

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. Wednesday, Oct. 21, drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** and his quintet; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 22-25, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO**; Monday, Oct. 26, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, Oct. 27, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO** with tenor saxophonist **CARTER JEFFERSON**; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, R. & B. singer **SYBIL THOMAS**; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, alto-sax bebopper **LOU DONALDSON.** Music from about ten until two.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 22-24, **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who can make you downright grateful for the age of the long, extended solo, leads a quartet. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will be on hand with a trio. Music from nine-thirty. *Dining.*

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Trumpeter

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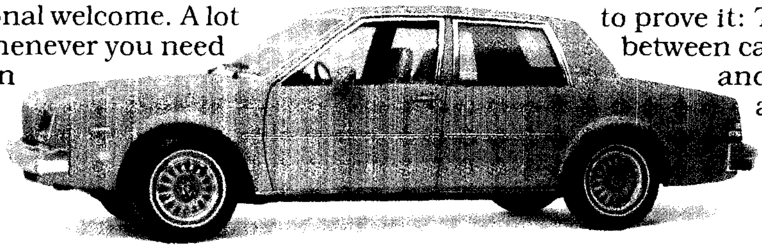

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

JONAH JONES heads his quartet through Saturday, Oct. 24; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 25-26, pianist James Williams will be present; and on Tuesday, Oct. 27, the Ink Spots will begin singing. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. **JOE TURNER,** who is now seventy, first attracted attention in the early thirties, when he was known as Big Joe Turner. He quickly became *the* Kansas City blues shouter, working with pianist Pete Johnson and the Count Basie big band. By the late forties, his career was on the wane; Turner changed with the times and became a successful rhythm-and-blues artist. His styles during this period stretched from New Orleans singer ("Honey Hush") to Chicago-blues singer ("TV Mama," a funny blues, which he wrote and recorded with guitarist Elmore James) to rock-and-roll singer ("Shake, Rattle, and Roll"). Now a whole new generation of listeners has discovered him. He's still (thank heavens) here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sunday and Monday, Oct. 25-26, blues singer and guitarist **ALBERT COLLINS** will perform "Mastercharge" and some of his other rocking twelve-bar dirges. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from around nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Oct. 21, Andy Pratt and the Fotons; Thursday, Oct. 22, Urban Blight, China Davis, and New Models; Friday, Oct. 23, Catholic Girls; Saturday, Oct. 24, Blotto, Phil & the Blanks, and Hurricane Jones; and Tuesday, Oct. 27, Shady and Redline. Music after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the barnlike downstairs room is given over to exuberant salsa bands, which begin playing at nine-thirty; on Monday, Oct. 26, the visiting Latin-jazz players include **TIPICA '73** and **CON JUNTO CREMA** with a guest jazz violinist, **MICHAL URBANIAK.** Out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty on Tuesdays after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. **TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday decades ago, and who is still pretty wonderful, leads a trio that features **MAJOR HOLLEY** on bass through Sunday, Oct. 25. On Tuesday, Oct. 27, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer, pianist, and songwriter, will arrive with his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SADIK HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** can be found here through Sunday, Oct. 25; Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 28-31, will belong to trumpeter Franc Williams' Swing Four. Mondays are saxophonist Percy France nights, and Tuesdays are reserved for the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music every night from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

AL JARREAU—With Spyro Gyra. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30.)

MARILYN CRISPELL ENSEMBLE—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8.

ROCK 'N ROLL REUNION VOLUME I—Chuck Berry, Lou Christie, Leslie Gore, the Drifters, the Coasters, Fred Parris and the Five Satins, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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ABDULLAH IBRAHIM—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 10.

HATS OFF TO COUNTRY—Charley Pride, Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band, Alabama, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2 and 7:30.)

JEMEEL MOONDOC SEXTET—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8.

ASTORAVAGANZA—Performances celebrating the upcoming renovation of the Astor Place subway stop. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8: Oscar Brand. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8: Bowery Ensemble. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. No tickets necessary for the Brand concert; tickets at the door for the Bowery Ensemble.)

ARETHA FRANKLIN—With the Four Tops. (Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

BOB DYLAN—Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8.

MARCO RIZO—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8.

ROBERTA FLACK—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.

FOREIGNER—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.

SUN RA & THE OMNIVERSE JET-SET ARKESTRA—Public Theatre. Friday, Oct. 30, at 10, and Saturday, Oct. 31, at 10 and midnight.

DEVO—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 7:30 and midnight.

PURNA DAS BAUL—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.

WEATHER REPORT—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10:30 and midnight: Guanabara. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22: Tex Allen quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24: James Spaulding quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31: Billy Hart. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655. All shows start after nine.)

SAVOY—Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 9: José Feliciano and Monteith & Rand. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 9: Muddy Waters, Clarence (Gatemouth) Brown and Lonnie Brooks. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 10: The Tubes. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 9: Atlanta Rhythm Section and Livingston Taylor. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 29-30, at 9: Brothers Johnson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30 and midnight: Grace Jones. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Oct. 21: Hilton Ruiz trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22: Dave Burrell. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23: Peter Kowald. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24: Tuba Libre with Howard Johnson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27: Daniel Ponce & New York Now! . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30: Arthur Rhames. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31: Edge of Night, with Leslie Dalaba, Wayne Horvitz, and others; and Lisa Sokolov and Robin Holcomb. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin at about 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Ink drawings on maps and charts. *For example, in a work called* "L'Est de la France" drawings cover a map headed "Carte Routière pour Cyclistes & Automobiles de l'Est de la France." Through Nov. 14. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

LENNART ANDERSON—Three large paintings in which male and female figures are dramatically posed in an idyllic landscape, plus smaller works. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

TADASHI ASOMA / KIEFF—Landscape paintings in broad areas of flat color. Through Nov. 7. / Abstract sculptures in metal. Through Nov. 14. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Oil paintings and paper collages dated 1981. Through Nov. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. A selection of the artist's collages from the seventies is currently at the Brooklyn Museum.)

DOVE BRADSHAW—Small, stylish abstracts achieved by rubbing ordinary carbon paper with various materials—hair from a bear rug, bits of metal foil, cellophane, chewing gum. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

SAM GLANKOFF / JOHN R. GRABACH (1880-1981)—Symbolist abstractions of uncommon vitality based on the human figure and executed by an eighty-seven-year-old artist who combines monotype printing and plain brushwork. Mr. Glankoff's works appeared in group shows at the Whitney Studio Club during the twenties, but this is his first one-man show. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. / Paintings and works on paper (urban scenes, landscapes, character studies) dating from about 1910 to 1945, a period during which the artist exhibited regularly in New York. Through Dec. 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOHN ADAMS GRIEFEN / EUGENE SPEICHER (1883-1962)—Recent abstract paintings. / Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN HEGARTY / ROBERT BARIBEAU—Portraits. / Abstract Expressionist paintings and pastels. Through Friday, Oct. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

HARRY JACKSON—Painted bronzes by a contemporary Western sculptor. Through Nov. 17. (Smith, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—Bursts of raw acrylic colors on large canvases. The works are all recent. Through Nov. 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LIONEL KALISH / JEFFREY KRONSNOBLE—Severely formal paintings and pencil drawings of mysterious islets, doll heads, nudes, ancient interiors. / Trompe-l'oeil paintings of collages that incorporate old photographs, twigs, clippings, cut paper, plus a few works that really *are* collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

RODGER MACK—Bronze constructions. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—Characteristic Expressionist watercolors and a few oils—landscapes, a bright poppy, a group of salamanders. Through Nov. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

JOSEPH PICCILLO—Large drawings, some on paper and some on canvas, of individual frolicking horses, with every vein and sinew standing out, and a few lesser drawings of people. Through Nov. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

WALLACE PUTNAM—"The Long-Necked Birds," a

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series of semi-abstract oils developed between 1968 and 1981. Through Wednesday, Oct. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—Six large predominantly white (and one predominantly black) wall pieces made of folded canvas, with Egypt as the theme, and two large works on paper. Also, related working drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Barbara Schwartz—Sculptural works composed of handmade paper backed with wire lath and painted in bright caseins. Most of the pieces are for the wall, but there are freestanding ones, too, the largest just under seven feet tall. Through Wednesday, Oct. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Raphael Soyer—Portraits and figure studies. Through Nov. 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—New works, predominantly mixed mediums on gouged and otherwise marked wood. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—Twenty-six etchings and drypoints. Through Friday, Oct. 30. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

William Wilkins—Landscape paintings of France, Wales, and the Delaware Water Gap area by an English artist whose brushwork is of an unusual quality. Also still-lifes, cathedral interiors, and nudes. Through Wednesday, Oct. 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Edward Youkilis—Abstract acrylics. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Twenty Years at the Elkon Gallery—An anniversary show in two locations. At 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Dubuffet, Matisse, Motherwell, Kline, Maillol, and others) that have passed through the gallery in the past two decades. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ At 112 Greene St.: One work each by most of the artists who have shown at the gallery—Jack Bush, Charles Arnoldi, Agnes Martin, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 31.

Group Shows—At **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: Seventy-five works (all but a handful of them paintings) by Thomas Sully, Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Georgia O'Keeffe, and many others. From the collection of the Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Massachusetts. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . **noortman & brod,** a new gallery at 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A joint enterprise by two well-known London fine-arts establishments. The opening exhibition consists of seventeenth-century Dutch paintings and nineteenth-century French works. More recent French drawings—as late as Raoul Dufy—are also present. Through Nov. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Maillol's cast-lead sculpture "Montagne" is the highlight of a new show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures, most of them by European artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . **urdang,** 23 E. 74th St.: Drawings, paintings, and photographs in primarily black or white by, among others, Karen Shaw, Duane Michals, and George Lawson. Through Saturday, Oct. 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Balthus / Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964)—Four drawings. / An oil, several drawings and etchings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings and sculptures. Through Nov. 19. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Janice Biala—The Seine, the Mediterranean, Venice, and Cap Ferrat are the subjects of these large oils, painted in a leisurely, confident manner. Through Nov. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—A retrospective of drawings (with seven recent oils). (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A second retrospective, one that includes every print she has made. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 31.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Richard Bosman—Large, vivid paintings inspired by Japanese comic books, which, in turn, were inspired by kung-fu movies. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Claudio Bravo—Recent paintings and drawings—nude figures, religious scenes, still-lifes—done with virtuosity by this Chilean-born artist who now lives in Morocco. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Brown—This artist, whose works are always autobiographical, visited India last year, and the present show consists of a gaudy pergola, a couple of freestanding columns, self-portraits astride tigers, and depictions of Indian mythical figures. Through Friday, Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

James Burgess—Abstract paintings and drawings that seem to have evolved from studies of vegetable and insect life. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ronald Davis—New paintings—solid shapes (cubes, stars, curves) on contrasting grounds. Through Nov. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robyn Denny—Hard-edge abstract drawings done with white pencil and colored tape on dyed paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Jacobson Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joseph DiGiorgio—Large, restful landscapes of the Hudson River hinterland in a modified form of Pointillism. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Vernon Fisher—Three installations, combining paintings and objects, narrative in nature and dealing with personal history (his school days) and art history (Pollock, Duchamp). Also paintings and collages. Through Nov. 7. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Richard Fleischner—Sculptures: composition-board blocks stacked in various formations. The largest piece is a three-sided enclosure eight feet high. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

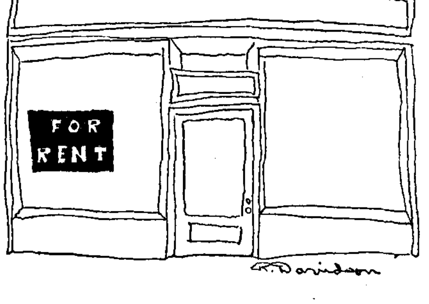
Edward C. Flood—Painted-Masonite wall sculptures of mushrooms, in a series called "The Amanitas." Through Nov. 7. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Herbert Katzman—Large chalk drawings: scenes of Manhattan and portraits of friends. Through Nov. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Mixed-medium compositions in which romantic little episodes, usually sad, are conveyed in words, pictures, and collage, generally involving fans and toy birds. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Large-scale abstract sculptures, recent abstract acrylics, and new works on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—A number of shows are coinciding with his large show at the Whitney Museum. Prints at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 14) and at the Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. (through Nov. 25; Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ New works, including landscapes and seascapes, at Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Nov. 7).



Michael Malpass—Seven spherical bronzes, including one six feet in diameter. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—The excitement of a growing New York (skyscrapers going up, the Wall Street scene, the busy harbor) as it registered on the prismatic vision of this artist from 1910 to 1952. Through Nov. 6. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Kyra Markham (1891-1967)—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs by an artist who did murals for night clubs and restaurants in the thirties. Through Nov. 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin / Julio González (1876-1942)—A new crop of her striped works, all six feet square. The colors are paler than ever but the effect is undiminished. / Welded-iron sculptures; drawings done from 1927 on. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

William Meyerowitz (1886-1981)—A retrospective show of twenty-five paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Marsha Pels / Valentina DuBasky—Sculptural pieces that reflect the architecture and landscapes of the industrial areas where their found-metal components were collected. / Deliberately primitive drawings, in colorful encaustics, of horses and sheep. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Frosted-looking paintings in which the large geometric forms one expects from this artist are present but done in black and white, instead of the sparkling colors he is noted for. Through Nov. 7. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Painted boxes and a new set of watercolors applied in abstract patterns to pleated Japanese paper. Through Nov. 5. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

V. V. Rankine—Plexiglas sculptures, some suggesting human figures, others distinctly architectural. Also large drawings on canvas. Through Nov. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin—A large work in which the artist uses three-dimensional space—a painted canvas with projecting steel rods—to convey four-dimensional space. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gilbert Rohde (1894-1944)—Representative furniture pieces by this designer who more or less revolutionized Grand Rapids in the thirties. They are shown in a setting along with revolutionary paintings of the period—by Ilya Bolotowsky, Milton Avery, Byron Browne, George L. K. Morris. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Thomas A. Rose—Canvases built up with wood, studio scraps, and paint. A staircase or similar architectural detail appears frequently. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Solow—Paintings of bar life, interiors, and landscapes, plus figure drawings, by a young artist who works in thin oil washes rich in color. Through Nov. 14. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan—Loosely and expertly handled pastels of children dressed for Halloween, Tiepolo angels on skateboards, photographers and models at parties, people playing pinball. Through Nov. 7. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Andrew Tavarelli—Abstract oils on fan-shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ger van Elk—This Dutch artist combines photographs with painted areas of canvas—usually black or white. Babies and self-portraits are among his favorite subjects, and the tone is updated Surrealism. Through Friday, Oct. 30. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Studio still-life paintings. Through Nov. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Manoucher Yektai—Abstract paintings based

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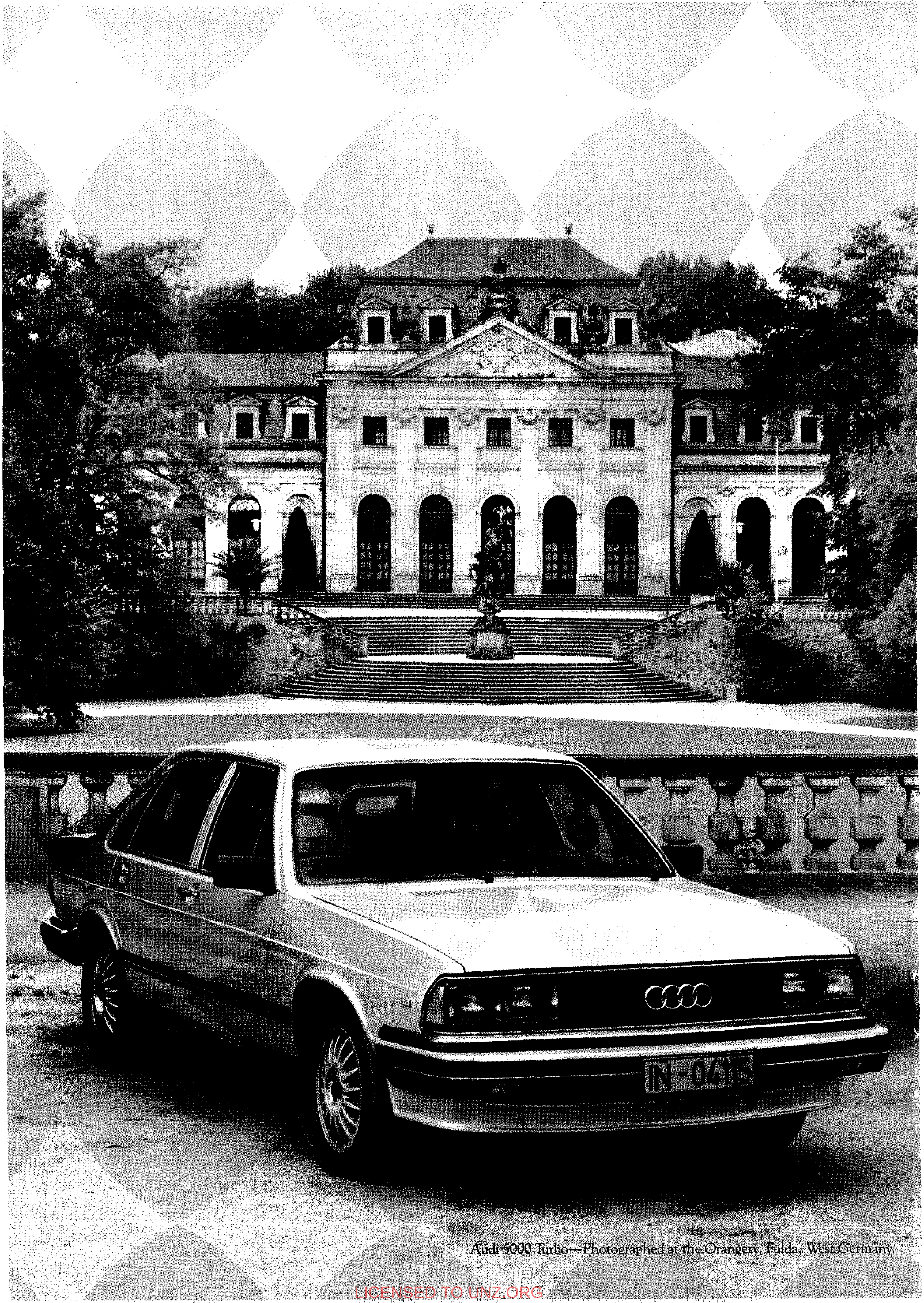
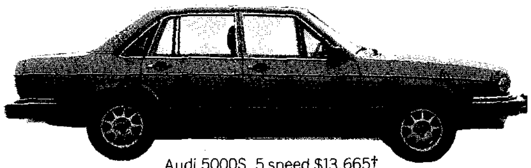


Audi 5000 Turbo—Photographed at the Orangery, Fulda, West Germany.

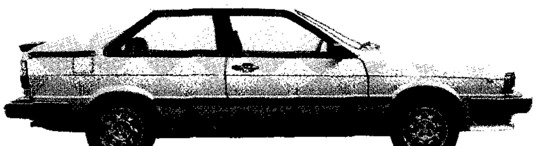
Only one car sold in America has 50 years of front-wheel drive.

The 1982 Audi.

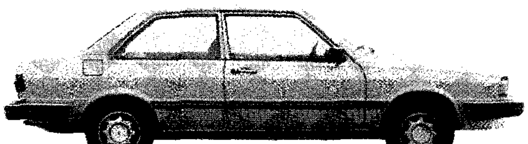


Audi 5000S 5 speed $13,665†
*EPA estimates mpg $\boxed{22}$ highway mpg 34

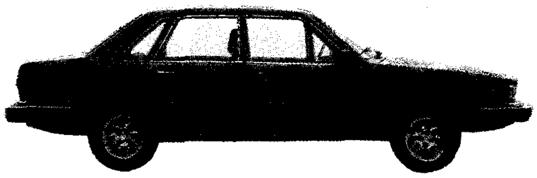
Audi 5000 Turbo $18,490†
*EPA estimates mpg $\boxed{18}$ highway mpg 26



Audi Coupe 5 speed $12,370†
*EPA estimates mpg $\boxed{24}$ highway mpg 37



Audi 4000 4E 5 speed $9,755†
*EPA estimates mpg $\boxed{28}$ highway mpg 42



Audi 4000 Diesel 5 speed $10,515† (alloy wheels extra)
*EPA estimates mpg $\boxed{38}$ highway mpg 52

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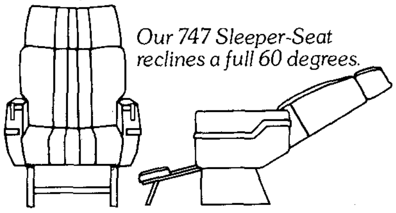

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on still-lifes, figures, and landscapes. Through Nov. 17. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Frances Barth / Diana Michener—Large abstractions, some of them diptychs, based on floral forms and done in mixed mediums. / Photographic studies of slept-in beds. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Dickson Carroll—Carved-and-painted-wood sculptures. Through Thursday, Oct. 29. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Claire Falkenstein—Paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 18. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Charles Gaines—A dancer's movements photographed at one-second intervals and plotted on a series of grids in accordance with a complicated formula worked out by the artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Another conceptual work, also in photographs. Through Nov. 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jack Goldstein—Large paintings of the night sky rocked with explosions and streaked with tracers and jet trails. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

K. H. Hödicke—A Berlin artist who paints large, vigorous figurative works in the Expressionist tradition of, say, Kirchner. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Guy Johnson—Painted-over photo-collages of small-town garages, wrecked automobiles, Bonnie and Clyde outlaw-heroes, done in a Surrealist manner. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Dennis Kardon—Large works of New Imagery, crowded with figures and suggestions of figures. Some of the pieces are in acrylics, and some are of cut paper. Through Nov. 7. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Amorphous blobs of variegated Rhoplex and acrylics framed in plastic boxes, to their advantage. Through Nov. 1. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Ken Kiff—Paintings and drawings. First one-man show in New York by an artist who was included in last spring's Museum of Modern Art show "New Work on Paper." Through Nov. 7. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Robert Kushner / Lynton Wells—Three huge paintings on unstretched canvas—extravaganzas of dancing figures, cupids, exotic plants, and insects of metallic fabrics by one of the pioneer Decorative artists. / Large paintings in which a troubled-looking man contemplates the various things that trouble him. Through Wednesday, Oct. 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Terence LaNoue—Abstract paintings (hangings, really) made of poured paint (in a mold) and Rhoplex. Through Nov. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt—Five huge isometric drawings in bold black lines of India ink painted on white walls—a visual jolt. In a back room are forty much smaller drawings of a similar nature. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Ju Ming / Mary Beth Edelson—Rough-cut figures, sculpted with a chain saw from huge cypress tree trunks. They represent, in a semi-abstract way, various positions in Tai Chi, a Chinese form of exercise. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. / Ten colored drawings from her "Trickster Rabbit" series, done on jute tagboard. Through Nov. 4. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Mary Neumuth / Ilan Averbuch—Monochromatic realist paintings: leaves floating on water, bare corn fields, and other landscapes. / An arch of roughly cut granite and other sculptures. Through Nov. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

David Stoltz—Colorful squiggles of rods, coils, ribbons, and twists of enamelled steel, arranged on the white-painted floors and walls of the gallery. Also welded-steel sculptures and preparatory drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Gilberto Zorio—Large sculptures, combining metal and terra-cotta, and a few drawings on varnished paper. Through Nov. 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

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Group Show—Recent works on paper by eleven artists, including David Winter (acrylic and colored-pencil drawings), Thomas Corey (architectural representations on translucent paper), and John Billingham (tiny paper sculptures). Through Wednesday, Oct. 28. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Rosemarie Castoro—Black-and-white wall pieces and other works from the past ten years. Through Nov. 14. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Denise Green—Large canvases in black, white, and red. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Downtown / Uptown—A show of contemporary works (video, sculptures, paintings) on loan from seventeen nonprofit galleries, all but one located below Houston Street. Through Nov. 6. (City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Thirty photographs from the personal collection of Julien Levy, who died earlier this year. Several of the prints are on view for the first time. Through Nov. 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the Museum of Modern Art, which (thanks to Mr. Levy and Berenice Abbott) has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Erwin Blumenfeld (1897-1969)—Work from throughout his career, including early noncommercial prints. The artist was in the forefront of European experimental photography but was best known here for his fashion work. Through Nov. 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Lucien Clergue—Photographs of Picasso in the last twenty years of his life. Through Nov. 6. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Mark Cohen—Photographs dated 1967 to the present. Through Nov. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gruen—Found objects (bottles, machine parts) are the subjects for still-life photographs. Through Nov. 14. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William Larson / Joe Deal—Photographs of small-town back yards in Arizona. / Photographs of areas in Southern California with geological fault lines. Through Nov. 14. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Platt Lynes (1905-55)—About seventy-five photographs: fashion, ballet, nudes, portraits. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dianora Niccolini—Photographs of surgical procedures (and worse) taken by the artist in her capacity as a medical photographer for metropolitan hospitals. Through Nov. 9. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

Victor Schrager—Recent photographs. Through Nov. 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Joel Sternfeld—Color prints from the past three years. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

American Vision—About two hundred prints selected by a jury in a contest that had four thousand entries from American photographers. Bonnie Grossman won first prize. Through Nov. 6. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University. Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—A show of two hundred color photographs from the past ten years. Among the forty-seven artists are Harry Callahan, Jan Groover, and Lucas Samaras. . . . ¶ Jane Evelyn Atwood, the first recipient of the W. Eugene Smith Memorial Grant, is showing studies of blind children, among other works. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8; open Sundays.) Both shows through Nov. 11.

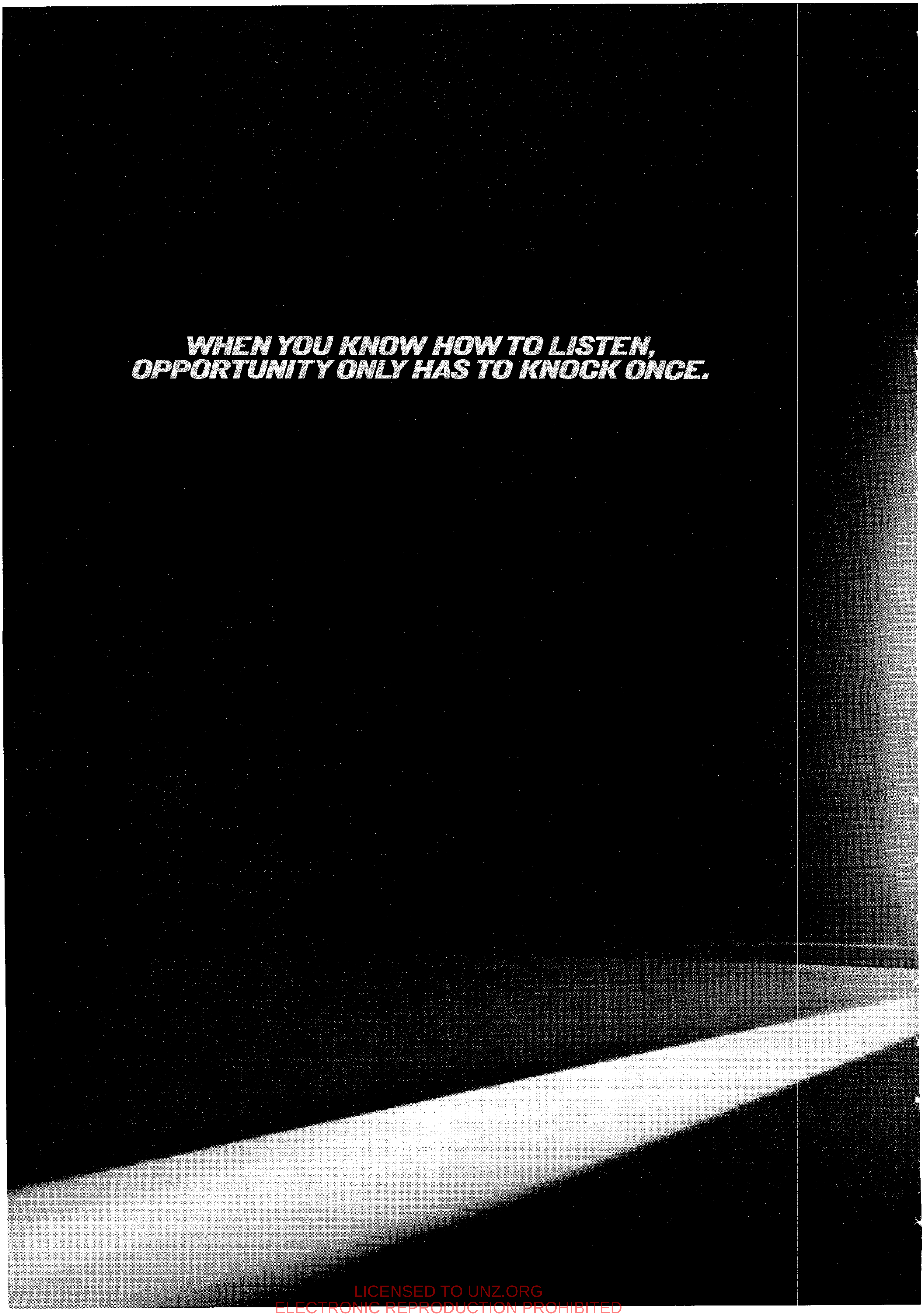
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

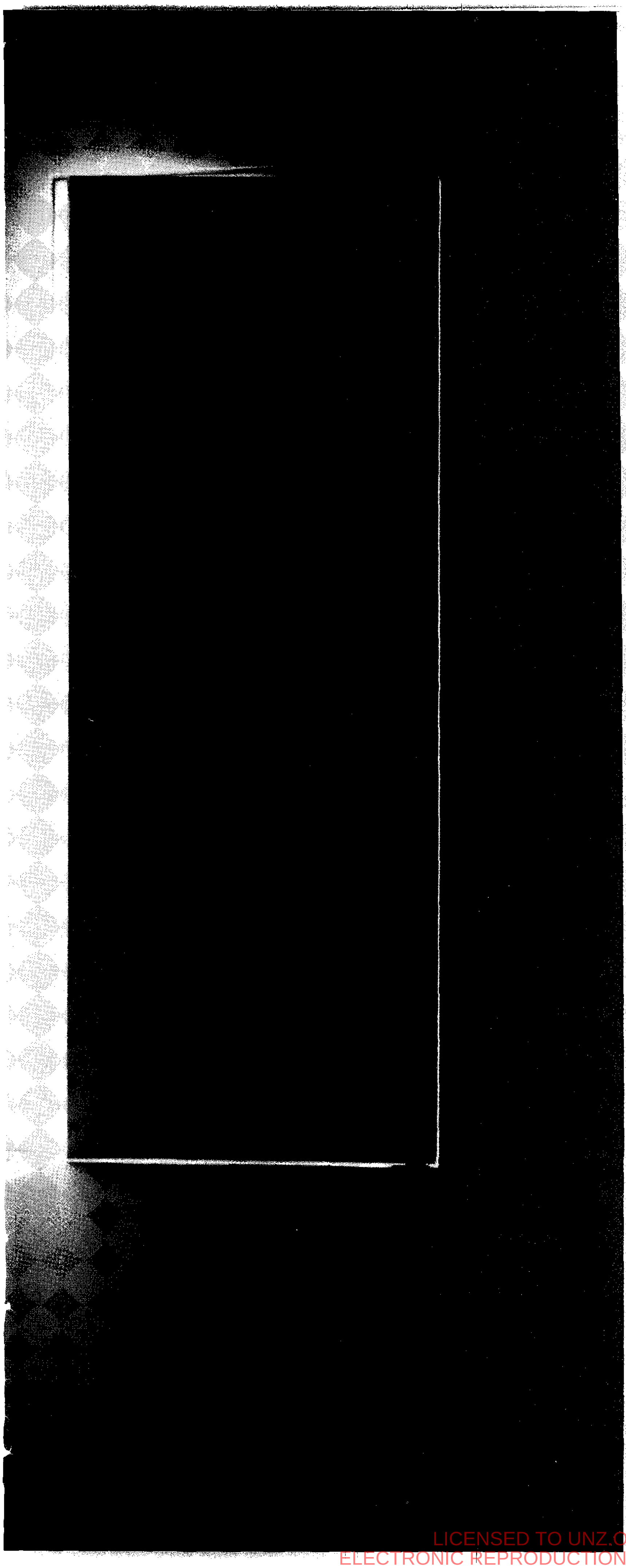
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Old Master paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, Lugano. A 1311 panel from Duccio's Maestà altarpiece and a pair of Goyas are among them. Through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ A display (in photographs) of Frederick Law Olmsted's and Calvert Vaux's plans and drawings for the creation of Central and Prospect Parks, plus historical and contemporary photographs and a topographical model of Central Park as it was in 1873, with its requisite balance of "turf, wood, and water." The show was put together by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and twenty etchings by four seventeenth-century Dutch printmakers: Allart van Everdingen and Esaias and Jan van de Velde (genre scenes and landscapes), and Romeyn de Hooghe (portraits, cityscapes, political caricatures). Through Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the career of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp: examples of her early abstract style; a number of marionettes she created for the Swiss Puppet Theatre in the mid-teens; two painted-wood Dada heads and watercolors from the nineteen-twenties; and drawings, gouaches, oils, and a series of painted-wood reliefs from the late nineteen-thirties. Over forty entries in all. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works, which date from the thirties, are from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 22. . . . **Photography:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. A complementary show is at the Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Photo-Realists Robert Bechtle, Charles Bell, Tom Blackwell, Chuck Close, Richard Estes, Audrey Flack, and Ron Kleemann showing a total of thirty-five paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and seventy-five paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Just over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done by Roy Lich-


WHEN YOU KNOW HOW TO LISTEN,
OPPORTUNITY ONLY HAS TO KNOCK ONCE.



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tenstein in the nineteen-seventies. Through Nov. 29. (Complementary shows are at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.; Leo Castelli, 420 West Broadway; and at Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.) . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and fifty recent drawing acquisitions, the works of a stellar—and diverse—cast: Prendergast, Gorky, Diebenkorn, Guston, Calder, Nevelson, Reinhardt, Steinberg, Arneson, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Nov. 29. A complementary show is at Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The microscope's role in the annals of science—from Leeuwenhoek through Louis Pasteur to the museum's 23,000-power scanning electron microscope. A mid-seventeenth-century illustration of a flea, which Leeuwenhoek considered "endowed with as great perfection in its kind as any large animal," is compared to a flea seen through a modern-day lens. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society (formerly Asia House), 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—The collection of Asian art assembled by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd is being shown in specially designed galleries in the Society's new headquarters. The two hundred and fifty objects—bronze and stone images from India and Southeast Asia, ceramics from China and Japan, scrolls and paintings also from East Asia—will be displayed on a rotating basis, so that the entire collection can be seen within a two-year period. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A tribute to the written word, bounded at one end by a full-size replica of the inscription on Trajan's column, and at the other by a word-processor. The evolution of writing implements (styluses, quills, felt-tip pens), accessories (inkwells, pencil boxes), surfaces (papyrus, vellum), and even desks is explored, as are penmanship and the learning of one's ABC's. A section on book arts includes a fifteenth-century encyclopedia entitled "Nuremberg Chronicle," an original Beardsley drawing, and lithographs by Delacroix for an illustrated "Hamlet." Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight strangely "modern" watercolors by William Blake (1757-1827) done late in his career as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and advancing in sequence from "John Bunyan Dreams a Dream" to "The Slough of Despair," and arriving at last at "The Gates of Heaven." Through Nov. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Nearly seventy early Buddhist works of art that have been borrowed from the Hōryū-ji monastery in Nara, where Buddhism was established in Japan by Prince Shōtoku Taishi in the seventh century. Included in the display are a late-seventh-century gilt-bronze Yumetagae Kannon and a ninth-century wood Jizō (both national treasures), painted and sculpted images of the Prince, and metal openwork decorations taken from the temple. Through Sunday, Oct. 25. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A hundred and seventy photographs, plus written material, all of which highlight the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). The photographs (including ninety taken in the early nineteen-sixties showing Kafka's neighborhood haunts) focus in part on his education, the women he knew, and the years before his death; the texts include first editions ("America," "The Metamorphosis"), author's proofs with notations ("A Country Doctor"), and memorabilia. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Wednesday, Oct. 21. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A tribute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of a hundred and twenty-five seventeenth-to-nineteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Rouen Museum: Watteau, Delacroix, Géricault, Poussin, Ingres, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Hanne Tierney (performance), Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Two exhibitions: Marc Blane's installation of collages dealing with urban decay. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . Dadaist and Surrealist works in print (in Rumanian, English, and French) by writers and painters originally from Rumania. Through Dec. 12.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Alan & Susan Raymond (a documentary film called "Hollywood"), Monday, Oct. 26, at 8:30; Arlene Flynn Dunlap (music), Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; Jamaican music festival, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Gary Hill's video installation. Through Saturday, Oct. 31.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show is called "Figuratively Sculpting" and consists, as you will have guessed, of sculptures of figures. About forty artists. Through Dec. 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

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JEANNE

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Ariel Bybee, John Alexander, and Ryan Edwards; conducted by Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Renato Bruson; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 7:30: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Birgit Nilsson, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, and Gerd Brenneis; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Matteo Manuguerra, Juan Lloveras, and Isola Jones; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Ariel Bybee, John Alexander, and Ryan Edwards; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 26, at 7:30: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Brenda Roberts, Eva Marton, Gwynn Cornell, Gerd Brenneis, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Miguel Cortez, and Renata Bruson; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Matteo Manuguerra, Juan Lloveras, and Isola Jones; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 7:30: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Birgit Nilsson, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Gerd Brenneis, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Matteo Manuguerra, Juan Lloveras, and Isola Jones; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè.

New York City Opera—Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Pamela Myers, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; conducted by Semyon Bychkov. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Attila," with Marilyn Zschau, Justino Díaz, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Barry McCauley, and William Stone; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 25: "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 25: A new production of Weber's "Der Freischütz," in an English translation by Andrew Porter. With Ellen Shade, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and David Cumberland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 27: "The Cunning Little Vixen," with Claudette Peterson, Nadia Pelle, Marc Embree, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 28: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ellen Shade, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and David Cumberland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Pamela Myers, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Semyon Bychkov. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 30: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Barry McCauley, and William Stone; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 31: "La Bohème," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Inga Nielsen, Perry Price, and Robert McFarland; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "Rigoletto," with Carol Vaness, Janis Eckhart, Richard Fredricks, and Vinson Cole; Henry Lewis. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Ainslee Cox directing performances of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" (in English). Staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Thursdays, Oct. 22

and 29, Saturdays, Oct. 24 and 31, and Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Goldovsky Opera Theatre—Boris Goldovsky directing a performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (in English). (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8; Friday, Oct. 23, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 7:30: A Haydn-Stravinsky-Mendelssohn program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8; Friday, Oct. 30, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7:30: A Mozart-Bruckner program, with Murray Perahia, piano.

Polish Chamber Orchestra—Jerzy Maksymiuk conducting a program of music by Handel, Bach, Rossini, and Schoenberg, with Miriam Fried, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Franck-Dvořák program, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting—A varied program, with Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3.) . . . ¶ The first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one devoted to music involving computers and laser and electronic innovations. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8. . . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—Walter Engel conducting a Beethoven-Mahler program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a Handel-Bach program, with Lionel Party, harpsichord, and Thomas Nyfenger, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Beethoven-Janáček-Rossini program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Bloomingdale Chamber Orchestra—George Marinner Maull conducting a Fauré-Beethoven-Haydn program, with Michael May, harpsichord. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3. For information about tickets, call 663-6021.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program entitled "The 'Amadeus' Rivalry," with Kenneth Cooper, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Paula Robison, flute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing a program called "English Music from the Hundred Years' War, 1337-1453." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Dvořák's Requiem, with Eleanor Bergquist, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; and David Evitts, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

RECITALS

Joseph Porrello—Tenor, with assisting artists, presenting the première of a song cycle by Gian Carlo Menotti, and other works. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A chamber group that performs without a conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Mark Westcott—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

All-Bach Program—With Ronald Roseman, oboe; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; Timothy Eddy, cello; Syoko Aki, violin; and Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Audito-

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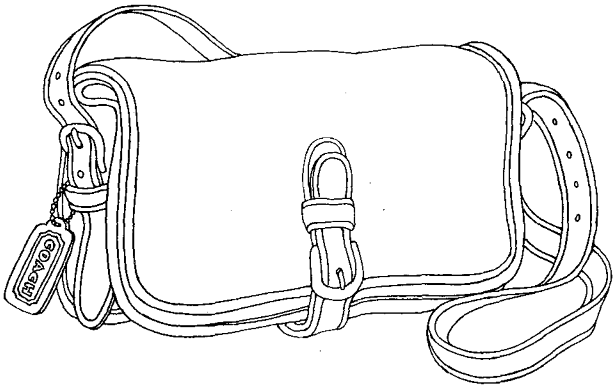
LEATHERWARE



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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rium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of four concerts, this one a program of music by Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Tchaikovsky. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

Matti Raekallio—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:30.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Marion Feldman—Cello, with Joseph Seiger, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Harvey Phillips—Tuba, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2:30.)

Music Before 1800—The first in a series of eight concerts, this one performed by the Baryton Trio. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Charles Castleman—Violin, performing the six sonatas of Ysaÿe. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

David Russell—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Osian Ellis—Harpist/singer. (Velez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Irene Gubrud—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Bach recitals. With the Tureck Bach Players, and Bert Lucarelli, oboe. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Carol Wincenc and Eliot Fisk—Flutist and classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 2.)

Rony Rogoff—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Zvi Zeitlin—Violin, in an all-Stravinsky program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—A program of baroque music on original instruments, with Jaap Schröder, baroque violin. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Aston Magna—Albert Fuller directing a Vivaldi-Boccherini program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players—Jens Nygaard directing a program devoted to the music of George Enesco, with Julius Baker, flute; Philip Smith, trumpet; and Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music—Oscar Shumsky, violin, Colin Carr, cello; and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2.)

Composers String Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting a survey of string quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one devoted to the Classical period. With commentary by Piero Weiss. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ensemble for Early Music—The first in a series of five concerts, this one entitled "Medieval Halloween." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. Los Angeles or Montreal. The second game will be played at Yankee Stadium Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:20; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games in the home park of the National League champion, Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 24, at a time to be announced; and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 4:45; and the final two, if required, at Yankee Stadium Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 27-28, at 8:20.

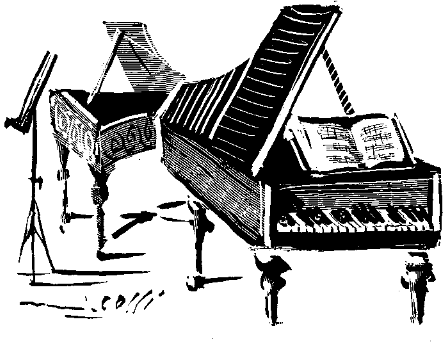
Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Boston vs. Milwaukee and Knicks vs. Nets (exhibition games), Thursday, Oct. 22, at 6. . . . ¶ Washington vs. Atlanta and Knicks vs. Chicago (exhibition games), Monday, Oct. 26, at 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:05. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Oct. 30, at 7:35.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 24:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 31** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Rochester, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Columbia, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 25: Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Shea Stadium, at 4. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, Oct. 28. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Miss Grillo, Thursday, Oct. 22; the Kelso Handicap, Friday, Oct. 23; the Turf Classic, Saturday, Oct. 24; the Long Island Handicap, Sunday, Oct. 25; the Pilgrim, Monday, Oct. 26; and the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31. On Saturday, Oct. 31, there will also be racing in the afternoon, starting at 1:30. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.



Running—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Oct. 25, at the toll-booth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end near the Tavern-on-the-Green, at West 66th St., at approximately 12:45.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Louise Glück and Linda Gregg reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ *Erica Jong reading from her own* works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ Carole Bovoso, Jamaica Kincaid, and others reading from their own works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ Daniel Hoffman and Frederick Morgan reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Robert Creeley reading from his own poetry. (Loeb Student Center, south lobby, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of the museums (exteriors only) of upper Fifth Avenue, sponsored by the organization Museum Mile, *will take place on* Sunday, Oct. 25. It *will* meet at El Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St., at 2. For information about tickets, call 722-1313.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 2 and 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings, among them Winslow Homer's "East Hampton, Long Island," some examples of the Hudson River school, and a number on Western subjects. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 2, and Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 10:15 and 2: Antique and period jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Ex*hibition hours: Tuesdays through* Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, Oct. 23, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian art. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Americana. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 2: Paperweights. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 22. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 10: The Cheney Wells Collection of glass paperweights from Old Sturbridge Village. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, immediately following the Wells sale: Paperweights and European glass. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 22, for both paperweight sales. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 10 and 2: Antique and period jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 2: Old Master and modern prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 2: Books and autographs. Exhibition starts Tuesday, Oct. 27. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 29, at 11: American and European furniture and decorations. Exhibition starts Monday, Oct. 26.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 25. Turn the clock back an hour.

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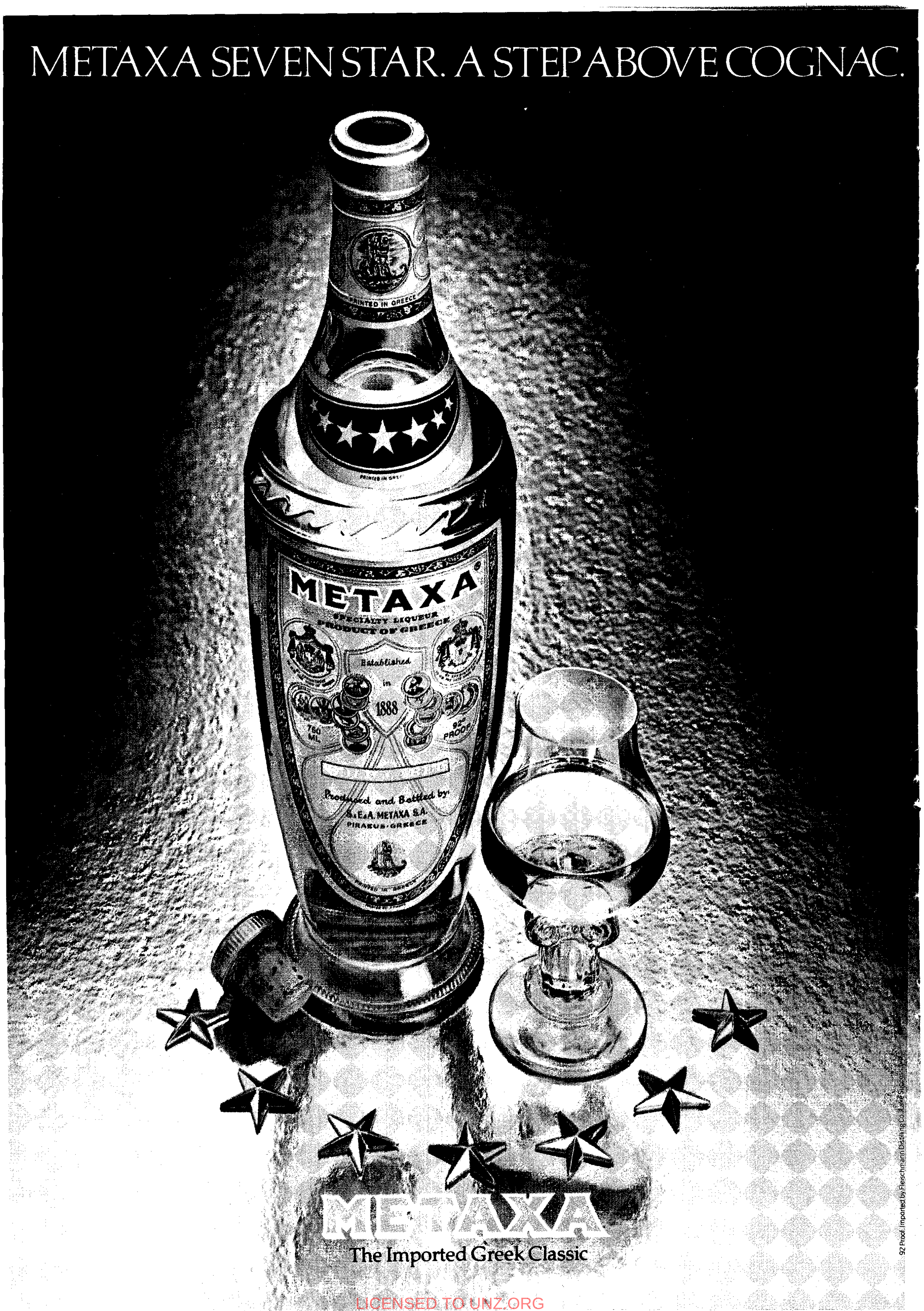
Rate Chart To find the rate between two cities, trace down the vertical column of one city to its intersection with the horizontal column of the other city, as illustrated.

	SAN FRANCISCO	PHILADELPHIA	OMAHA	NEW YORK	NEW HAVEN	MILWAUKEE	MEMPHIS	INDIANAPOLIS	DETROIT	DENVER	DALLAS	CLEVELAND	CHICAGO	BOSTON	ATLANTA
BOSTON															3.67
CHICAGO														3.50	3.50
CLEVELAND													3.49	3.50	3.50
DALLAS												3.67	3.50	3.67	3.50
DENVER											3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.67
DETROIT										3.67	3.67	2.92	3.24	3.50	3.50
INDIANAPOLIS									3.24	3.67	3.50	3.24	3.08	3.50	3.49
MEMPHIS								3.49	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.49
MILWAUKEE							3.50	3.24	3.24	3.67	3.50	3.49	2.92	3.50	3.50
NEW HAVEN						3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	2.92	3.50
NEW YORK					2.68	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.08	3.50
OMAHA				3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.67	3.50
PHILADELPHIA			3.67	2.92	3.08	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.24	3.50
SAN FRANCISCO		3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84
SEATTLE	3.50	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84

Bell System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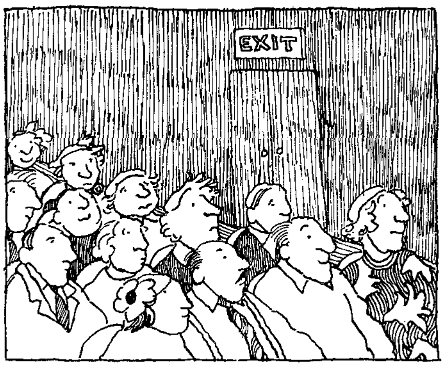

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 25: "Lightning Over Water" (directed by Nicholas Ray and Wim Wenders).
Oct. 26: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 27: "Lightning Over Water" (at 6 and 8); and (at 10) "Bigger Than Life" (1956; Nicholas Ray), with James Mason and Barbara Rush.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Oct. 27: "The Wild Party" (1975; James Ivory), with Raquel Welch, James Coco, David Dukes, and Perry King.
Oct. 28-29: "The Householder." (†)
From Oct. 30: "Shakespeare Wallah." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 22: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Luna." (†)
Oct. 23-29: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh; and "Serial." (†)
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Heartland." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Oct. 22: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.
From Oct. 23: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 29: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher.
From Oct. 30: "Looker" (Michael Crichton), with Albert Finney and James Coburn.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: ". . . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.
Theatre 2: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Theatre 3: "Rich and Famous." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"True Confessions." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 22: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher.
Oct. 23-29: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.
From Oct. 30: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Confessions." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Southern Comfort" (Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Arthur." (†)

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: ". . . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Theatre 2: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 29: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†) and "The Last Wave." (†)
From Oct. 30: "The Devil's Playground" (Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire." (†)
Theatre 2: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams. From Oct. 30: "Looker" (Michael Crichton), with Albert Finney and James Coburn.
Theatre 2: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Oct. 24: "So Fine." (†)
From Oct. 25: "Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Rich and Famous." (†)
Theatre 2: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 22: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.
Oct. 23-29: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.
From Oct. 30: "Mommie Dearest." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 22: "Arthur" (†)
From Oct. 23: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Theatre 2: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
". . . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.

R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher. From Oct. 30: "Looker" (Michael Crichton), with Albert Finney and James Coburn.
Theatre 2: "Prince of the City." (†)

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 27: "Tiefland" (1954; in German), directed by, and with, Leni Riefenstahl. From Oct. 28: "Lorang's Way". (1978; David and Judith MacDougall; in African tribal dialects, with English subtitles).
Theatre 2: A festival of Rainer Werner Fassbinder films (all in German): Through Oct. 24: "Effi Briest." (†) Oct. 25-28: "Jail Bait" (1972). From Oct. 29: "Satan's Brew." (†)

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 22: "Arthur." (†) From Oct. 23: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.
Theatre 2: "Rich and Famous." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: ". . . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 22: "Prince of the City." (†) From Oct. 23: "Cutter's Way." (†)
Theatre 4: "Prince of the City." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 24: "Prince of the City." (†)
From Oct. 25: "Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.
Theatre 2: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.
Theatre 3: "Contract" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).
Theatre 2: "Pixote" (Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Troupe" (Ari Nesher; an Israeli film, in Hebrew).
Theatre 2: "Heartland." (†)

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "Prince of the City." (†) From Oct. 30: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: "Arthur." (†) From Oct. 30: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 29: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher. From Oct. 30: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 29: ". . . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young. From Oct. 30: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Rich and Famous." (†)
Theatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 22: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown. Oct. 23-29: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher. From Oct. 30: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 22: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. Oct. 23-29: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh. From Oct. 30: "So Fine." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Southern Comfort" (directed by

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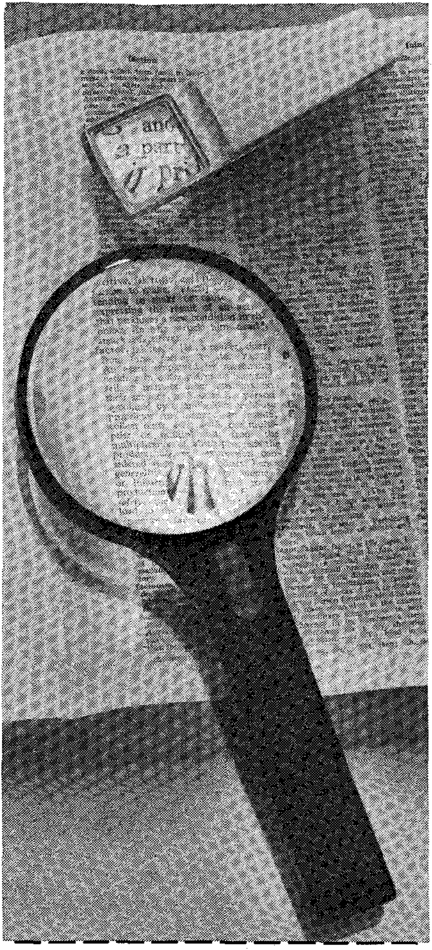

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Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.
Theatre 3: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 29: "So Fine." (†) From Oct. 30: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.
Theatre 5: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 6: "Arthur." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Mommie Dearest." (†)

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 22: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher. From Oct. 23: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 22: "Student Bodies" and "Night School." From Oct. 23: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher.
Theatre 4: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 29: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.
From Oct. 30: "Looker" (Michael Crichton), with Albert Finney and James Coburn.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
". . . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "True Confessions." (†)
Theatre 2: "Rich and Famous." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

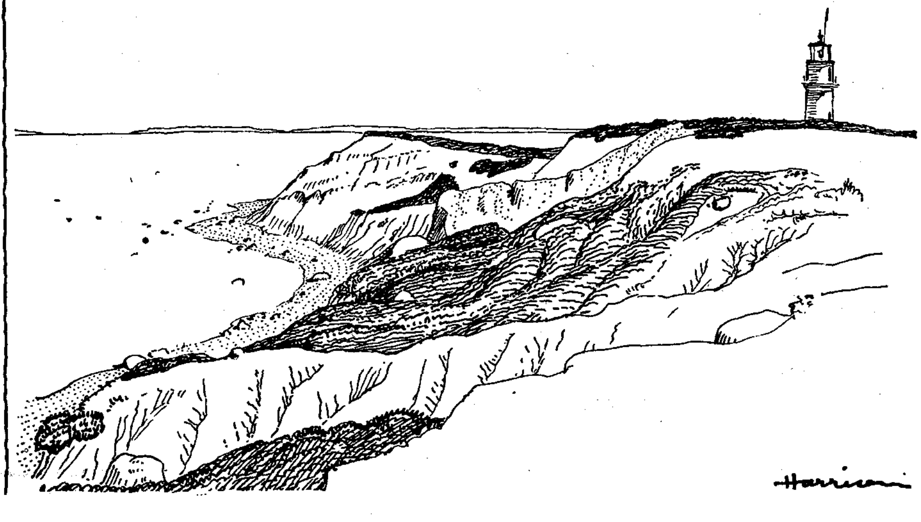
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 21: "The Uprising" (1981; directed by Peter Lilienthal; in Spanish). Mr. Lilienthal will be present at 9:40.
Oct. 22: "Truck Stop Women" (1974; Mark L. Lester).
Oct. 23-24: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam; and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.
Oct. 25-26: "Sympathy for the Devil" ("One Plus One;" 1968; Jean-Luc Godard), with the Rolling Stones; and "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1950; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, and Renée Cosima.
Oct. 27: "Snow Country" (1957; Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese); and "The Sound of Waves" (1954; Senkichi Taniguchi; in Japanese).
Oct. 28: "Knife in the Water" (†) and "Ashes and Diamonds." (†)
Oct. 29: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.
Oct. 30: "The Arabian Nights" (1973) and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), both films in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.
Oct. 31: "The Arabian Nights" (1973) and "The Decameron" (1971), both films in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
A mixed bag of films, shown several times on an erratic schedule. Among them are "Richard III," "Murder, My Sweet," "Farewell, My Lovely," "Lust for Life," "The Lost Honor of Katerina Blum," "North by Northwest," and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon." Each film will be shown two or three times over a two- or three-day period. Call theatre for dates, times, and other titles.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 22: "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Bed and Board" (1971; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.
Oct. 23-24: "Stir Crazy" (1980; Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, and Georg Stanford Brown; and "Silver Streak" (1976; Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, and Richard Pryor.
Oct. 25-27: "Our Hitler" (1980; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German). Part 3, "The End of Winter's Tale," and Part 4, "We Children of Hell."
Oct. 28-29: "Misty Beethoven" (1976) and "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" (1975). Both films X-rated.
Oct. 30-31: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Diabolique." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 22: "Senso" (1955; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), Farley Granger and Alida Valli; and "Il Grido" (1957; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Steve Cochran, Alida Valli, and Betsy Blair.
Oct. 23-24: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).
Oct. 25-26: "Variety Lights" (†) and "The White Sheik." (†)
Oct. 27: "The Red and the White" (†) and "The Round Up." (†)
Oct. 28: "El" (†); "Simon of the Desert" (†); and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).
Oct. 29: "The Drunken Angel" (†) and "The Lower Depths." (†)
Oct. 30-31: "Paisan" (†) and "A Voyage to Italy." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 24: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Eraserhead" (1980; David Lynch).
Oct. 25-27: "Stalag 17" (†); and "The



Bridges at Toko-Ri" (1955; Mark Robson), with William Holden, Grace Kelly, Fredric March, and Mickey Rooney.

Oct. 28-31: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Oct. 24: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck.

Oct. 25-27: "Excalibur" (†); and "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.

Oct. 28-31: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour." (†)

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Oct. 22: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Oct. 23-24: "Peeping Tom" (1960; Michael Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer; and "Onibaba" (1963; Kaneto Shindo; in Japanese), with Nobuko Otowa.

Oct. 25-27: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastasia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.

Oct. 28-29: "Crime and Punishment" (1970; Lev Kulijanov; in Russian), with Georgi Taratorkin.

Oct. 30-31: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Oct. 24: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

Oct. 25-26: "Chained" (†); and "Somewhere I'll Find You" (1942; Wesley Ruggles), with Lana Turner, Clark Gable, and Robert Sterling.

Oct. 27-28: "Captains of the Clouds" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, and Dennis Morgan; and "Ceiling Zero" (1935; Howard Hawks), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, June Travis, and Stuart Erwin.

Oct. 29-31: "Strawberry Blonde" (†); and "San Francisco" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 21: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1947; William Wyler), with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Teresa Wright, Dana Andrews, and Harold Russell.

Oct. 22: "Look Back in Anger" (1959; Tony Richardson), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Mary Ure; and "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962; Tony Richardson), with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay.

Oct. 23-24: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Oct. 25: "The Seven Samurai." (†)

Oct. 26: "The Dark Mirror" (1946; Robert Siodmak), with Olivia de Havilland and Lew Ayres; and "The Shanghai Gesture." (†)

Oct. 27: "Two Women" (†); and "The Ape Woman" (1964; Marco Ferreri; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi and Annie Girardot.

Oct. 28: "The Wild Party" (1975; James Ivory), with Raquel Welch, James Coco, David Dukes, and Perry King; and "Shakespeare Wallah." (†)

Oct. 29: "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers; and "Knight Without Armour." (†)

Oct. 30-31: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones; and "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 21: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.

Oct. 22: "The Baker's Wife" (1938; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu; and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

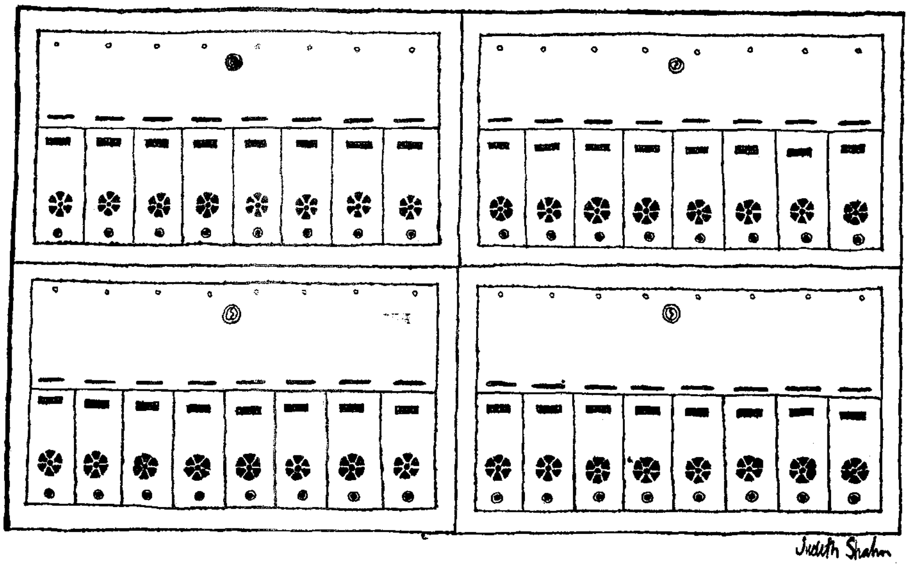
Oct. 23-24: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

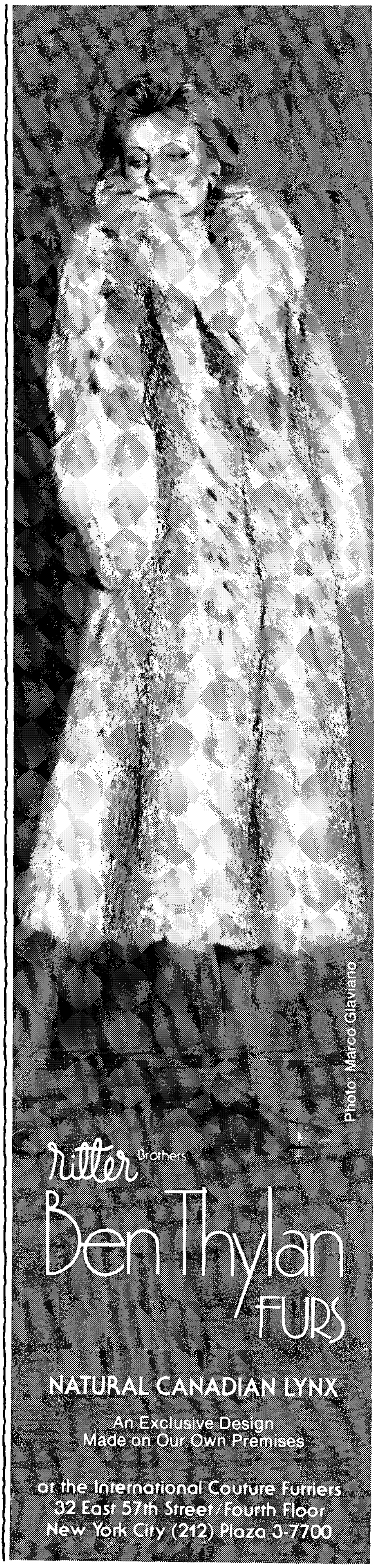
Oct. 25: "Ugetsu" (†); and "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Oct. 26: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.

Oct. 27: "Forbidden" (†); and "Ten Cents a Dance" (1931; Lionel Barrymore), with Barbara Stanwyck, Ricardo Cortez, and Monroe Owsley.

Oct. 28: "The Sun Also Rises" (†); and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King),





with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

Oct. 29: "Evergreen" (†) and "Second Chorus." (†)

Oct. 30-31: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (†); and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 22 at 2:30: "City Girl" (1930; directed by F. W. Murnau), with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: "Two Stage Sisters" (1964; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles), with Xie Fang and Cao Yindi. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 8:30: "Bus No. 3" (1980; Wang Jiayi and Luo Tai; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30: "Song of Youth" (1959; Cui Wei and Chen Huaiai; in Chinese, with English subtitles), with Xie Fang. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6: "Third Sister Liu" (1961; Su Li; in Chinese, with English subtitles), a folk opera, with Huang Wanqiu and Liu Shilong. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941; John Ford), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Donald Crisp, Sara Allgood, John Loder, Barry Fitzgerald, and Anna Lee. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2:30: "Bus No. 3." . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 5: "Two Stage Sisters." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2:30: "Second Spring Mirroring the Moon" (1979; Yen Jizhou; in Chinese, with English subtitles), with Zeng Songmao. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 5: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, and Agnes Moorehead. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at noon: "Conquest of Kanchanjungha" (1979), "Across the River" (1978; Chidananda Das Gupta), and "The Nomad Puppeteer" (1974; Mani Kaul). . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 2:30: "Third Sister Liu." . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6: "Clarence and Angel" (1980; Robert Gardner), with Mark Cardova and Darren Brown. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at noon: "Conquest of Kanchanjungha," "Across the River," and "The Nomad Puppeteer." . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 2:30: "Citizen Kane." . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 6: "Between Rock and a Hard Place" (1981; Kenneth Fink) and "Appalachia: No Man's Land" (1980; Darryl Hunt). . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2:30: "Second Spring Mirroring the Moon." . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 6: "Song of Youth." . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 2:30: "Cobra" (1925; Joseph Henabery; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 6: "City Girl." . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at noon: "Suez" (1938; Allan Dwan), with Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, and Annabella. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2:30: "Cobra." . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 5: "The Cock-Eyed World" (1929; Raoul Walsh), with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Lily Damita. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Oct. 23: "Landscape and Desire" (1981; Ken Kobland). Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Oct. 24-30: "Elective Affinities," a four-part film by Larry Gottheim—"Part I: Overture-Horizons" (1973), showing daily at noon; "Part II: Mouches Volantes" (1976), showing daily at 1:30; "Part III: Four Shadows" (1978), showing daily at 3; "Part IV: Tree of Knowledge" (1980), showing daily at 4:30, and Tuesday at 6:15. Mr. Gottheim will be present on Thursday, Oct. 29, after the 1:30 screening. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Oct. 21-24 at 8: "Documentary Profiles" (1980; Ed Howard and Ted Haimes). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2: A video program by Nam June Paik, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 8: A program of three films by James Broughton. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 8: "Switch! Monitor! Drift!" (1976; Steina). . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 8: A program of five films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 8: A program by Francis Lee, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 8: "Songs 1-22" (1964-66; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2: A video program by Barbara Buckner, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 8: "Song 23" (1966-67; Stan Brakhage).

Napoleon—Abel Gance's 1927 four-hour silent film. As an accompaniment to the film, the American Symphony Orchestra, directed by Carmine Coppola, will play apposite music written by Mr. Coppola. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 944-9300. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 22-24, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2:30.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Plaza, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Greenwich Playhouse; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 29.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 28.)

Chained (1934)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and a superabundance of M-G-M's big, turgid, melodramatic emotions. It's all somewhere between camp and plod. Clarence Brown directed; the cast includes Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, Akim Tamiroff, Una O'Connor, and Mickey Rooney. (Regency; Oct. 25-26.)

Chariots of Fire—With Ben Cross and Ian Charleson, directed by Hugh Hudson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 23.)

Diabolique (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. It sounds simple, but the characters seem fearfully knowing, and there are undertones of strange, tainted pleasures and punishments. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.' " Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster, and Charles Vanel, Noel Roquevert, and Michel Serrault. From a novel by Boileau and Narcejac. In French. (Cinema Village; Oct. 30-31.)

The Drunken Angel (1948)—Early Kurosawa about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written (by Kurosawa, in collaboration) with a liquid sense of shape. Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 29.)

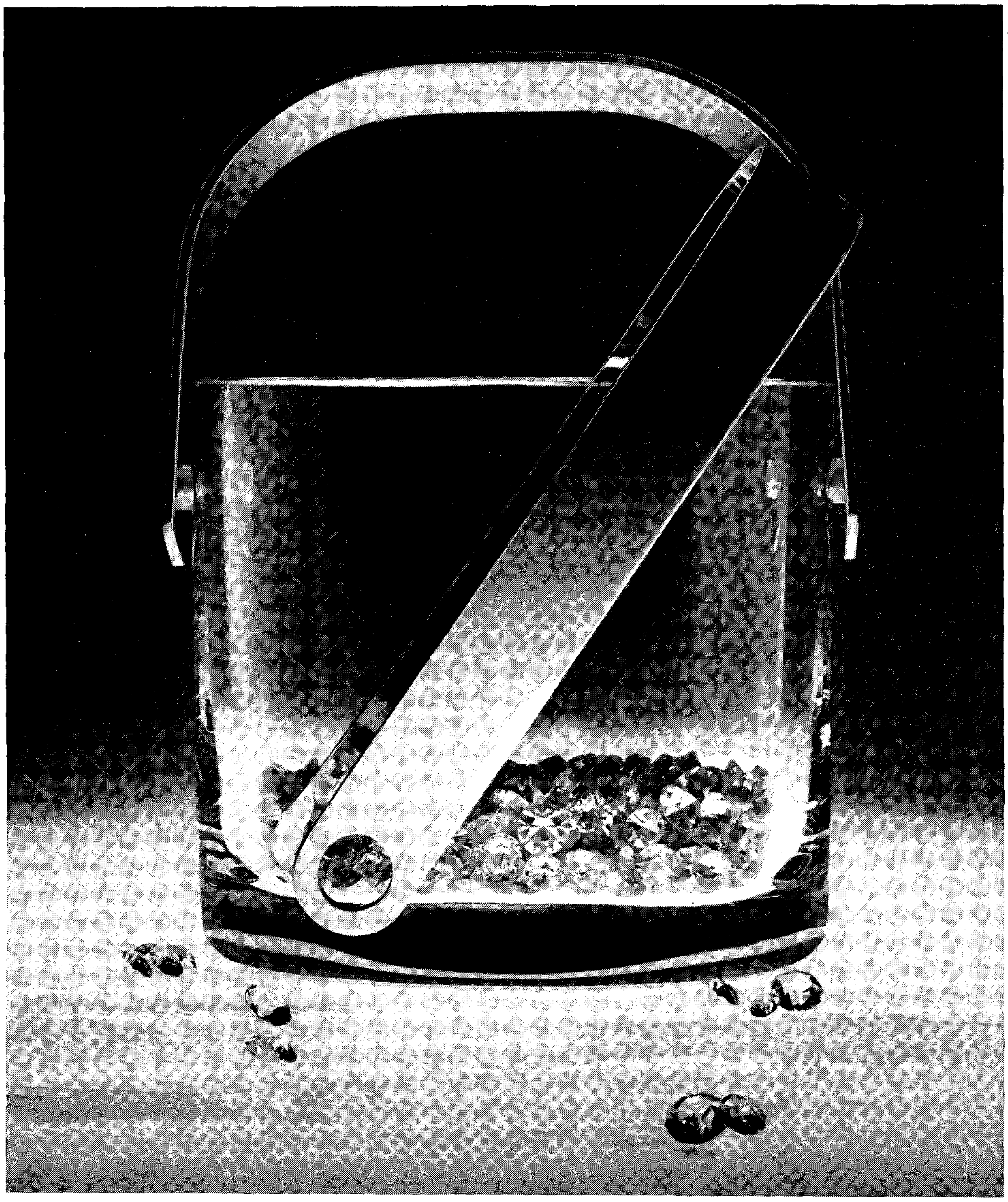
Effi Briest (1974)—The most polished of all the films by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi is played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's phenomenal acting troupe. Here she plays a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife edge (Wolfgang Schenck). After Effi has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that the baron would have done better to have married her mother, whom he courted "twenty years ago." Not much of a start for a teen-ager. Fassbinder has an interesting attitude toward Effi, whose beauty and vivacity he communicates, but he also knows that she is ambitious in puny ways that run along the track of Prussian convention. In German. (Film Forum; through Oct. 24.)

El (1952; literally, "He," but in this country it has sometimes been called "This Strange Passion")—Working in Mexico, Luis Buñuel made this mocking study of irrational love and jealousy—a film with suggestions of Freud and the Marquis de Sade. Francisco (Arturo de Cordova), a wealthy Catholic, marries Gloria (Delia Garcês), and the symptoms begin on their honeymoon; imagining that her former fiancé is in the next room spying on them, he thrusts a knitting needle through the keyhole. As the symptoms mount in an absurd but frightening crescendo, Buñuel makes his own thrusts at the Church, and by carrying the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity to paranoia, he exposes the insanity that's inherent in it. (One critic described the film as "an 'Othello' with the hero as his own Iago.") By the time Francisco takes needle and thread to his wife, one is still not convinced that the movie isn't ludicrous, but in the final scene, when Francisco has gone to a monastery and we see his crooked little steps (they are like the movements of his thoughts), Buñuel's daring is fully apparent. Except for the well-edited anticlerical sequences, however, one must be prepared to enjoy his daring (which usually takes the form of bizarre jokes) despite the careless, cheaply made look of the film. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 28.)

Evergreen (1935)—In the thirties, the flower-faced English Jessie Matthews, with her gorgeous satin pajamas and her famous high kicks, was the closest female equivalent to Fred Astaire. Musical-comedy lovers used to dream of a pairing of the two, but, except for Ginger, he was likely to be stuck dragging girls like Joan Leslie through their paces, while Jessie Matthews stayed in England and had to carry her movies by solos, or by comic turns with Sonnie Hale. Here (with Sonnie Hale) she dances exquisitely in a classic British musical—i.e., charming but a little extended, and less snappy than American musicals of the same period. She plays a double role—mother and daughter. Victor Saville directed; the songs, including "Over My Shoulder Goes One Care" and "Dancing on the Ceiling," are by Rodgers and Hart, and Harry M. Woods. (Matthews had had her greatest success in the stage version, which opened in London in 1930.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame,

FIRE AND ICE



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mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. The characters aren't scaled heroically enough for the myths built on their adventures, so we don't experience the elation that we have come to expect at the end of a heroic story, but the film gives us a different kind of elation. It's as if Boorman were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us. With Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 25-27.)

Forbidden (1932)—Movies about women who sacrifice everything for their married lovers or their illegitimate babies were big box office in the twenties and thirties, but they were generally concocted by masters of the tear-jerking craft, as in "Back Street," "Madame X," "Stella Dallas," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." The director Frank Capra wrote this story himself, and he just didn't have the knack. Despite Barbara Stanwyck's amazingly simple, direct performance, the picture is lifeless, and it was a box-office dud. There's a good early trip to Havana, but the heroine is unbelievably sacrificial over a span of twenty years. She gives up her baby girl to her lover (Adolphe Menjou), to be raised by his childless wife; she marries a nasty newspaperman (Ralph Bellamy) in order to further her lover's political career; she shoots her husband when he threatens to expose the liaison. Even after she's been in prison, she's still protecting her lover's good name. In all this time we never get a glimpse of what she sees in him. Jo Swerling's dialogue doesn't help: when the young heroine arrives late at her secretarial job and her boss asks if she realizes what time it is, she replies, "It is springtime." And there are such unfortunate lines as Menjou's casual, chatty remark to her (when she's already pregnant): "I meant to tell you before that I was married." Joseph Walker was the cinematographer; with Dorothy Peterson, Charlotte V. Henry, and Myrna Fresholt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27.)

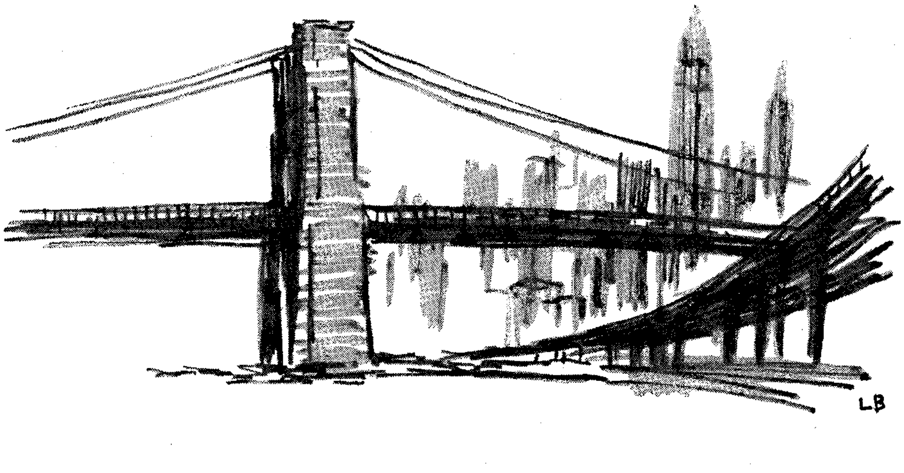
The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she isn't mysterious. We're not fascinated by Sarah; she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. It's all so controlled that everything seems to be happening punctually, even in the interpolated modern story about the actors who are performing in the movie version of Fowles' book. There are lovely moments, and a few have magical overtones, but most of the picture might be taking place in a glass case. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (In the modern scenes, Streep wears a short, straight hairdo—the most disfiguring star coiffure since Mia Farrow's thick wig in "The Great Gatsby.") (10/12/81) (Festival, and Little Carnegie.)

Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (10/8/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 28-31.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (Art; Oct. 28-29.)

The Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions: people are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. Some of the best lines of dialogue are voice-overs—the chatter of the dehumanized. Directed by Don Siegel. With Carolyn Jones, Larry Gates, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Based on a *Collier's* serial by Jack Finney. (A remake in 1978 was directed by Phil Kaufman, with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, and Brooke Adams.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 30-31.)



Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in modern Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 28.)

Knight Without Armor (1937)—The Russian Revolution and a beautiful countess who just escapes the wicked Reds. Alexander Korda's big show for Marlene Dietrich. With Robert Donat as her escort. Directed by Jacques Feyder. (Thalia; Oct. 29.)

The Last Wave (1978)—The plot of this Australian film is a throwback to the B movies of the thirties and early forties, and the dialogue—by the young director Peter Weir and his two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu—is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. Weir provides frog noises in the night, apparitions holding sacred stones, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for. But it's hokum without the fun of hokum; despite all the scare-movie apparatus, this film fairly aches to be called profound. The occult manifestations are linked to the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element, yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. But the film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his cheek muscles for ineffable sorrow. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 29.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese lodging house in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The inhabitants, blown about by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before shooting started, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved of this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 29.)

Luna (1979)—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (10/8/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

Mommie Dearest—The best that can be said about this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. It's deeper than an impersonation; she turns herself into Joan Crawford, all right, but she's more Faye Dunaway than ever. Her performance is extravagant—it's operatic and full of primal anger. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. (These destruction orgies were the most talked-about episodes in the book by Crawford's adopted daughter, Christina, on which the movie is based.) Alone and self-mesmerized, Dunaway plays the entire film on emotion. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando. Produced by

Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 30.)

Paisan (1946)—Roberto Rossellini made this episodic film after his first breakthrough with "Open City." Each of the six parts has a story and deals with an aspect of the war that had just ended. The present-tense semi-documentary visual style is innovative, the content less so, though the film is often hailed as a peak in the history of the screen. In English, French, Italian, and German. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 30-31.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 29.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Manhattan, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Oct. 24. . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 29.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Red and the White (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 27.)

Rich and Famous—With Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen, directed by George Cukor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, Greenwich Playhouse, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinerama.)

The Round Up (1965)—The Hungarian film director Miklós Jancsó made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kossuth's followers—twenty years after Kossuth's 1848 uprising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a corral in the middle of the great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny, highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black-and-white, and in Hungarian. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 27.)

Satan's Brew (1977)—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *agent provocateur* of a film about a non-writing writer (Kurt Raab) who decides to plagiarize Stefan George. The anti-hero is an irrational slob. In asking us to accept this sadomasochistic charade, Fassbinder is relying on our trust of his talent. In German. (Film Forum; starting Oct. 29.)

Second Chorus (1940)—A misbegotten Fred Astaire musical. At the time, it was generally considered his worst picture, and Astaire himself later concurred in the judgment. He plays an overage undergraduate—a swing bandleader who keeps flunking his exams so that he can stay in college. The band is actually Artie Shaw's, considerably augmented. Astaire's romantic and tap partner is Paulette Goddard, who manages the band, and his rival for her affections is Burgess Meredith. The funnymen, Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Conlin, don't compensate for the scarcity of good numbers. The most memorable song is the one known by the line "I ain't hep to that step but I'll dig it." H. C. Potter directed; Bobby Hackett dubbed Astaire's trumpet, and Billy Butterfield dubbed Meredith's trumpet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

Serial (1980)—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. Directed by Bill Persky, with Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld. (4/14/80) (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 23-29.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties it circulated, in a much shorter version, under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese. (Thalia; Oct. 25.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (Thalia; Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Art; starting Oct. 30.)

The Shanghai Gesture (1941)—Hilariously, awesomely terrible. Hollywood attempted to clean

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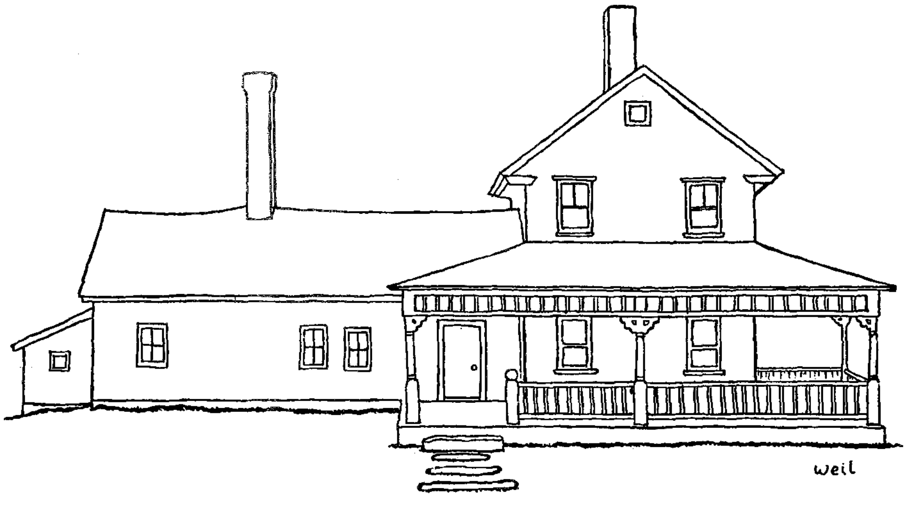

up John Colton's old melodrama about nightlife depravities in Shanghai; Mother Goddam became Mother Gin Sling (Ona Munson), and her establishment became nothing more disreputable than a gambling den. Josef von Sternberg proceeded to pack the orgiastic, smoky atmosphere with crowds of coolies, diplomats, roulette players, and "birdcage" girls, and in the foreground is one of the most ridiculous casts ever assembled. Victor Mature, in a burnous, as the languid Dr. Omar—his eyes welling with mysterious passions—is worth the price of admission, and when you throw in Gene Tierney, as Poppy, a rich girl going to the dogs (Tierney acts as if she's having a tantrum in Schrafft's over the fudge sauce), you've got a gorgeous travesty. Some of this effect is probably intentional, but the total effect couldn't have been. Walter Huston stalks through as Mother Gin Sling's former lover, and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya, Phyllis Brooks, Ivan Lebedeff, Mike Mazurki, Albert Basserman, Eric Blore, Marcel Dalio, Mikhail Rasumni, and John Abbott. Cinematography by Paul Ivano; art direction by Boris Leven. (Thalia; Oct. 26.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—Luis Buñuel made this short satirical feature (forty-five minutes) in Mexico; just before he did "Belle de Jour." It's a jovial comedy about the temptations of St. Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century desert anchorite who spent thirty-seven years preaching to pilgrims from his perch on top of a column; in both a literal and figurative sense, it's a shaggy-saint story. Simon (Claudio Brook) performs his miracles, and the crowds evaluate them like a bunch of New York cabdrivers discussing a parade: whatever it was, it wasn't much. He restores hands to a thief whose hands have been chopped off; the crowds rate the miracle "not bad," and the thief's first act with his new hands is to slap his own child. The Devil, in the female form of Silvia Pinal (much more amusing as the Devil than she is in her guises in other Buñuel films), tempts Simon and at one point frames him in front of the local priests, who are more than willing to believe the worst of him. He falls, of course, because of the animal instincts he has tried to deny. Buñuel couldn't raise the money to finish the film, and he resorted to a bummer of a jokey ending in which the foolish saint is transported to the modern world and left, a lost soul, in a Greenwich Village discothèque full of dancing teen-agers. Up to then, this little film ranks with Buñuel's finest; his technique here is so simple and direct that the movie is an aesthetic assault on bourgeois taste. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 28.)

So Fine—This is the first film directed by the comedy writer Andrew Bergman, and it's a visual insult: crudely lighted and framed, and jumping out at you. Jack Warden is Jack Fine, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer in debt to the mob; his most frequent line is "Holy s - - -," which he delivers whenever Bergman thinks the movie needs a really big laugh. The central gimmick is that Jack's college-teacher son (Ryan O'Neal) splits a pair of jeans and stuffs see-through plastic into the cheeks, and that this turns into a fashion craze. There are potentially funny scenes, but Bergman doesn't know how to give timing and polish to his own jokes. The film's only freshness comes from the lovely, tiny Italian blonde Mariangela Melato, making her American début as a mobster's wife; she's an erotic imp. (10/12/81) (Beekman; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 30.)

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Stalag 17 (1953)—In this rowdy comedy about Americans in a German prisoner-of-war camp during the Second World War, William Holden's high-voltage performance as the crafty cynical heel who turns into a hero won him a new popularity, as well as the Academy Award for Best Actor. He had been a sensitive but milder actor before, and even the despairing range he demonstrated in "Sunset Boulevard" hadn't prepared audiences for the edge and distinctively American masculine energy he showed in this role, which is rather like the roles that catapulted Bogart to a new level of stardom in the early forties. The melodramatics of the plot are low-grade, and the material, taken from a play by Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski—two ex-G.I.s who were interned in the actual Stalag 17—is still structured and performed like a play, but the gallows humor is entertaining, despite some rather broad roughhouse effects. Billy Wilder directed and had a hand in the adaptation, and it's a safe bet that he'd taken a long look at "Grand Illusion;" Otto Preminger does an Erich von Stroheim-*Kommandant* number. With Don Taylor, Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Neville Brand, Peter Graves, and Sig Rumann. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 25-27.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," a play by James Hagan about life at the turn of the century. Cagney is an unnervingly energetic dentist who is crazy about Rita Hayworth but who goes and marries de Havilland. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Regency; Oct. 29-31.)

The Sun Also Rises (1957)—Perhaps more fiestas and bullfights than are quite necessary, but Tyrone Power (Jake Barnes), Errol Flynn (Mike Campbell), Ava Gardner (Lady Brett Ashley), Eddie Albert (Bill Gorton), and many others contrive to turn the Hemingway book into a reasonably literate film. Directed by Henry King. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 28.)

True Confessions—With Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall, directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Sutton, and R.K.O. Cinerama.)

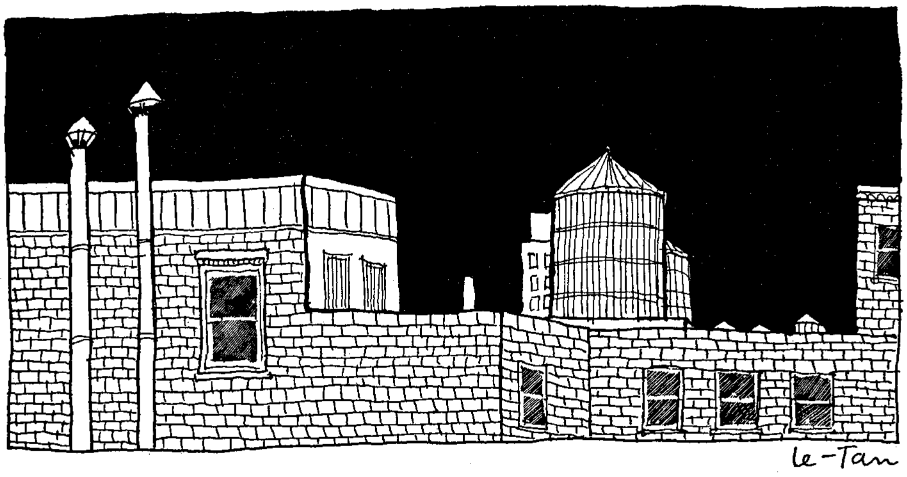
Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soldiers. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia; Oct. 27.)

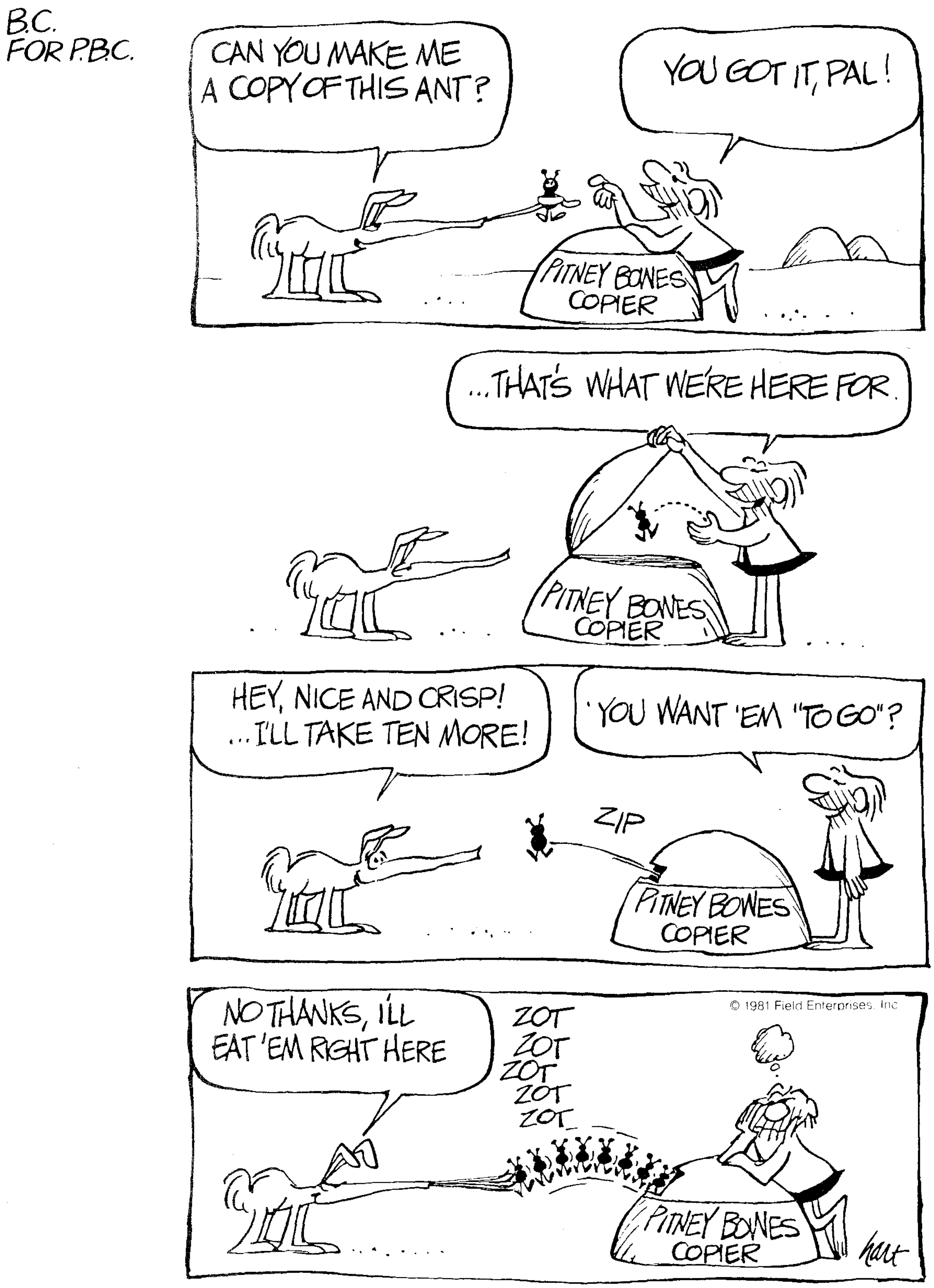
Ugetsu (1953)—This subtle, violent yet magical film is one of the most amazing of the Japanese movies that played American art houses after the international success of "Rashomon" in 1951. The director, Kenji Mizoguchi, handles the narrative in two styles: barbaric sequences dealing with greed and civil war that seem realistic except that the characters are deliberately animalistic and are symbolically acting out the bestial side of man; and highly stylized sequences dealing with the aesthetic, luxurious, and romantic modes of life. When the hero (Masayuki Mori), a grunting peasant potter, develops self-awareness and becomes an artist, the meanings multiply. The film is upsetting and unspeakably cruel at times, and then so suggestive and haunting that it's confounding. When, in the midst of serene elegance, the phantom Lady Wakasa (Machiko Kyo) offers the potter-artist rarefied sensual delights, you know how he feels as he cries, "I never imagined such pleasures existed!" Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. With Kinuyo Tanaka as the potter's wife. In Japanese. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 25.)

Variety Lights (1949)—This first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director) has a backstage story with a theme that he returned to later in the big, trashy phantasmagoria "Juliet of the Spirits." Giulietta Masina plays the aging mistress of the head of a touring company; he goes off with a younger woman, then returns to her. It's a very simple and, in some ways, tawdry film, but Fellini shows his extraordinary talent for the dejected setting, the shabby performer, the fat old chorine, the singer who will never hit the high note. Though he deals with "artists," he doesn't deal with talent or artistry; his specialty is revealing the shoddiness of theatrical life and the forlorn hopes of the performers. For Fellini, the magic of show business is in self-delusion. He achieves some of his most memorable images in the sequence with a troupe on a back-country road at night and in the stageshow representing the glorification of a sex goddess. With Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio, Folco Lulli, and John Kitzmiller. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 25-26.)

A Voyage to Italy (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene, the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), which is deeply marred by banality and clumsiness. Screenplay by Rossellini and Vitaliano Brancati; cinematography by Enzo Serafin. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 30-31.)

The White Sheik (1951)—This affectionate satire on glamour and delusion is probably the most gentle and naturalistic of Federico Fellini's films, but it was not a success, maybe because it is a little flat in places. The heroine, Brunella Bovo (also the heroine of De Sica's "Miracle in Milan"), has come to Rome for her honeymoon, but the devotion of the groom (Leopoldo Trieste) is much less important to her than her infatuation for the White Sheik—the hero of a photographic comic strip. She rushes off to find her ideal, and the cheap, crude actor (Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance) tries to rise above himself, to the level of her fantasies. The White Sheik, it turns out, is far more a creature of self-delusion than the star-struck bride. The groom, deserted, sad, and anxious, wandering at night in the piazza, finds solace in conversation with a lively, friendly little prostitute (Giulietta Masina; Fellini later developed this episode into "Nights of Cabiria"). Among those who worked on the story and script (the movie was the source idea of Gene Wilder's "The World's Greatest Lover") were Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Michelangelo Antonioni. Music by Nino Rota. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 25-26.)

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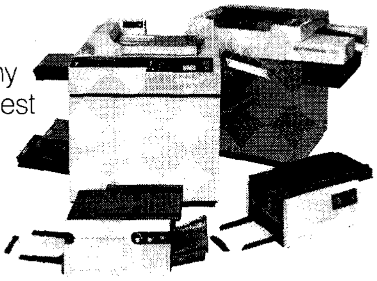

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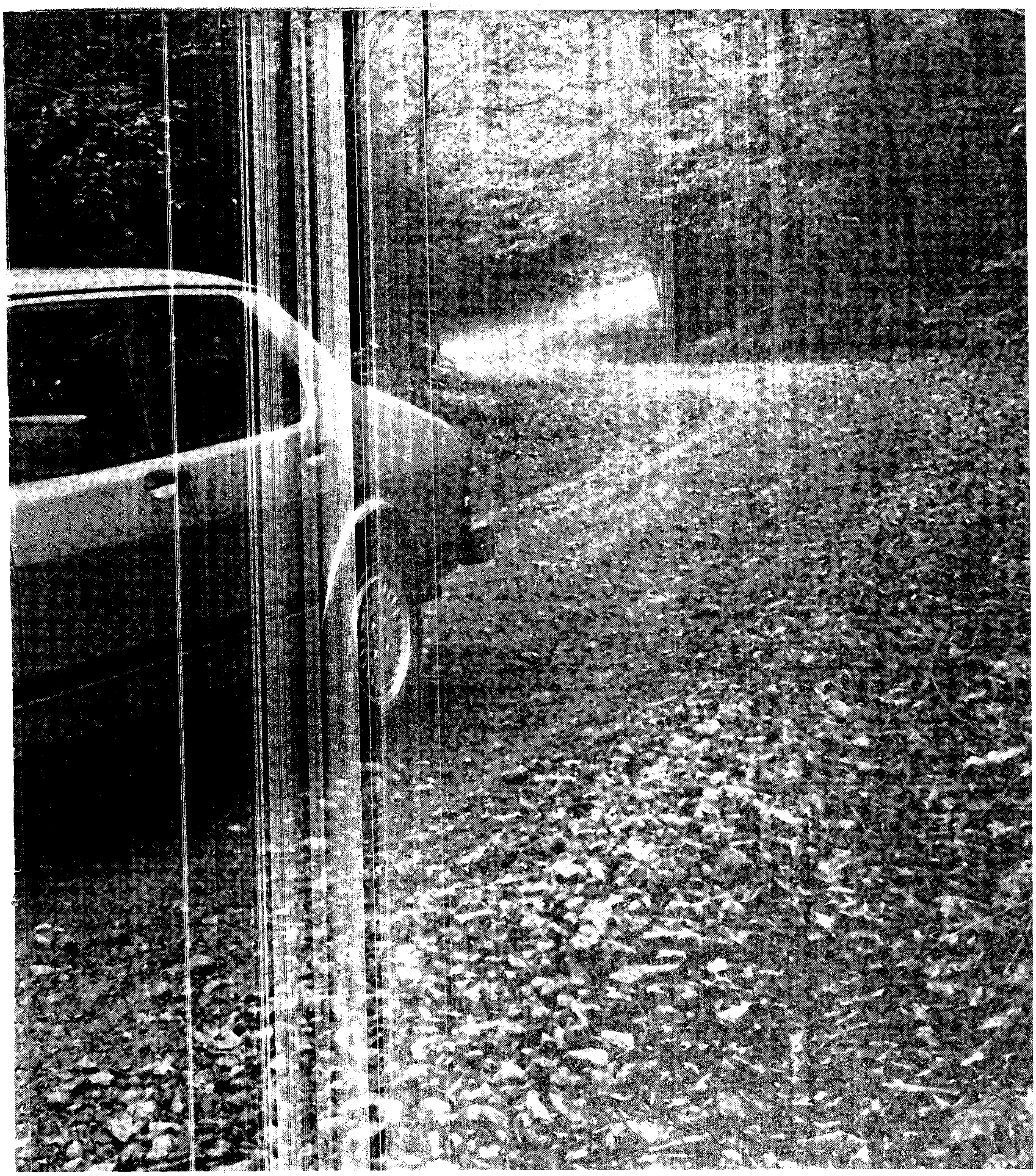

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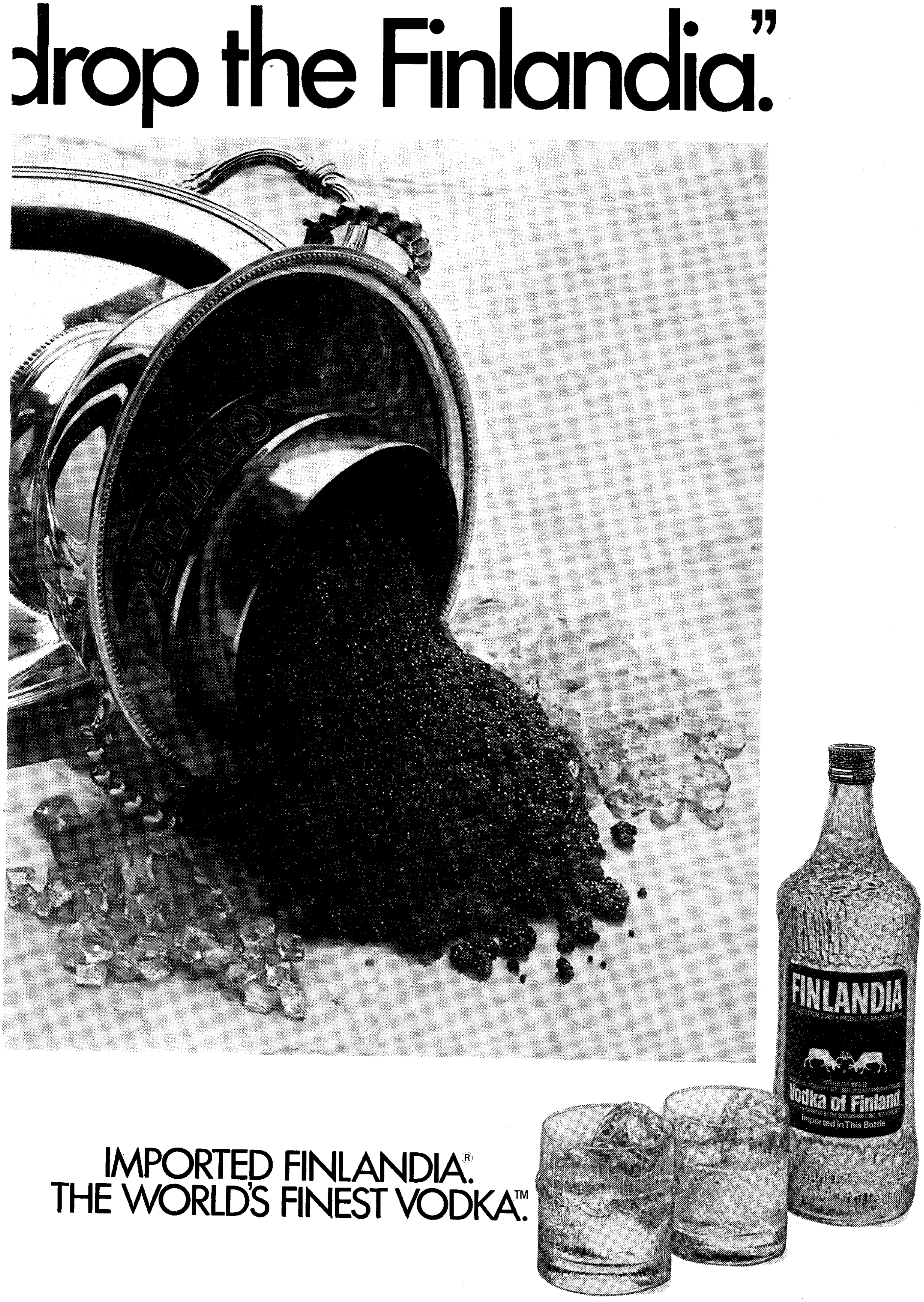
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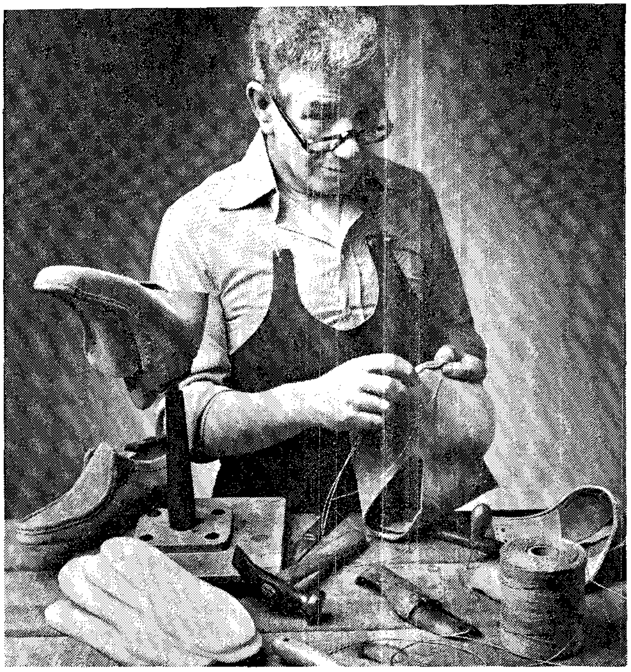

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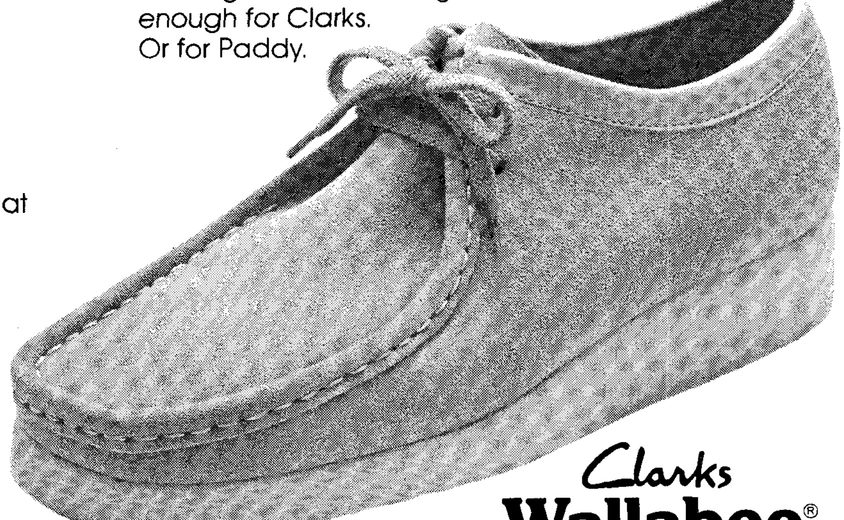

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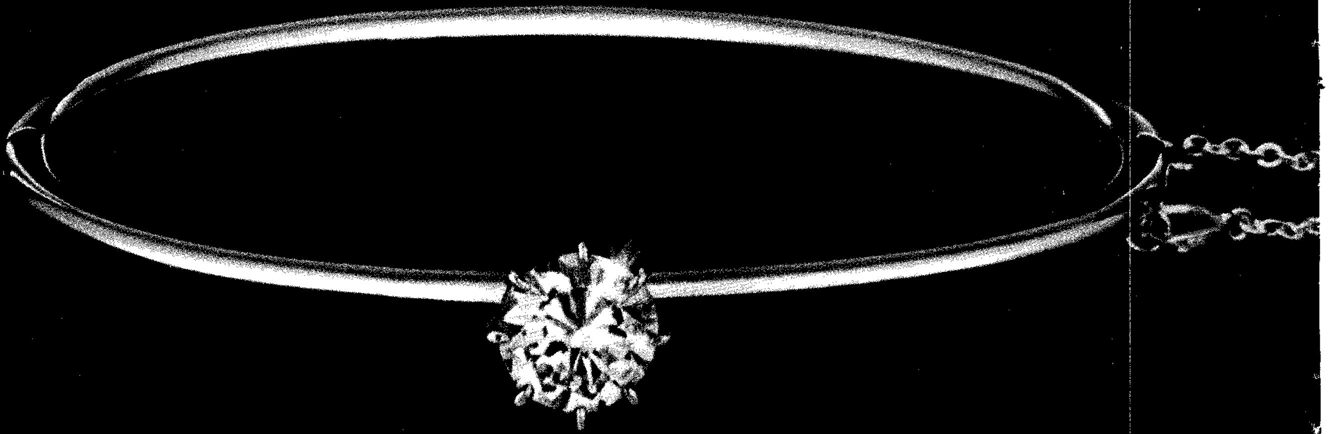

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Until you see the look in her eyes.
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A RARE GIFT.

The one and a quarter carat diamond bracelet shown is enlarged for detail.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

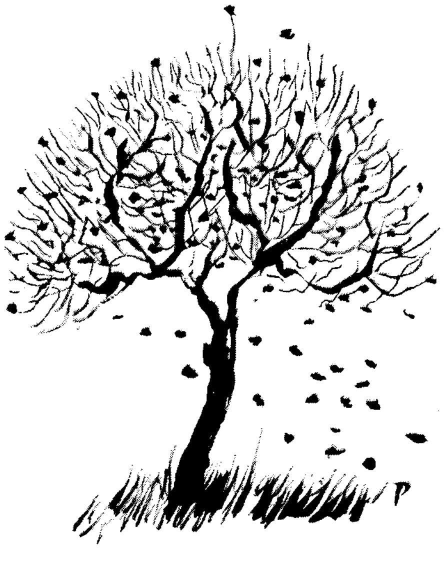
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

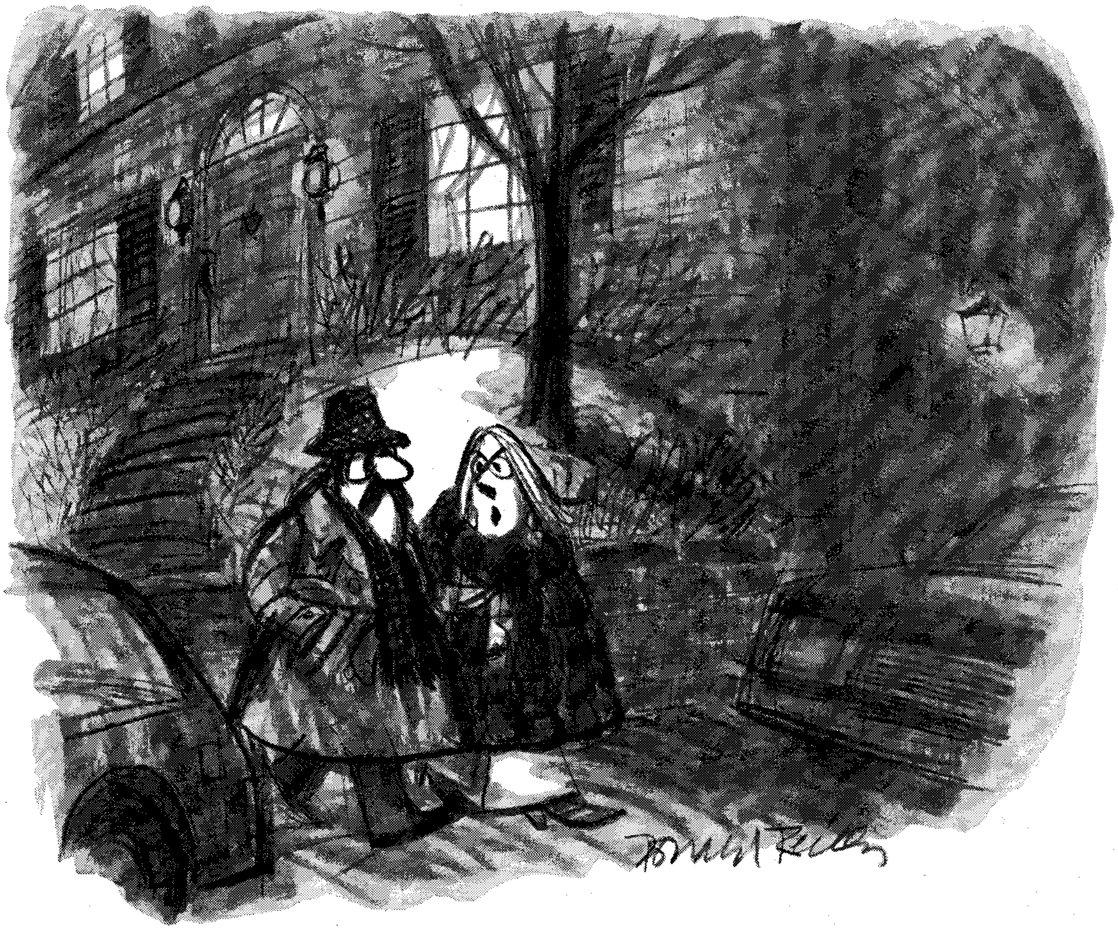
Notes and Comment

IT is the busy season once again for the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission, the federal agency that oversees the commercial nuclear-power industry. Disturbing safety problems, in seemingly epidemic patterns, have broken out at one set of nuclear plants after another. First, there was the announcement a few weeks ago that a key part of the reactor-cooling system at eleven plants was corroding. Several of these plants have been shut down for repairs. Others will soon have to be. The repairs can keep them off line for a year or longer and cost their owners hundreds of millions of dollars. Then there was the news that in thirteen plants the reactors themselves might be in danger of rupturing under certain conditions. The heavy steel walls of these tanks—which hold the plants' uranium fuel—are becoming brittle, N.R.C. officials explained, and, under the stress of certain kinds of accidents, might shatter like glass. How this trouble can be fixed, and at what cost, remains to be determined. Finally, there was the recent, last-minute discovery made just before the reactor of the Diablo Canyon plant, in California, was loaded with fuel for its initial start-up. Engineers who had been assigned to shore up the plant in order to provide increased protection against earthquake shocks had erred, and used diagrams for the wrong reactor, the Pacific Gas & Electric Company announced. "It is a first-rate screw-up," N.R.C. Commissioner Peter Bradford commented.

The N.R.C. staff has been puzzling over the onrush of safety difficulties, and searching, like specialists at the Center for Disease Control, for the mystery bacillus that is spreading the contagion. If officials think back to the lessons they learned in March of 1979, they will have the beginning of an answer. We refer not to the celebrated event of that spring—the accident at Three Mile Island, which surely did reveal a great deal about the N.R.C.'s regulatory competence—but to a less publicized event earlier in the month. Officials at the Beaver Valley Nuclear Power Station, another of Pennsylvania's nuclear facilities, discovered a "discrepancy" that in many ways resembles the problem at Diablo Canyon. Consulting engineers from the firm of Stone & Webster, in analyzing the stresses that might damage components of the Beaver Valley plant during earthquakes, used a computer to make the necessary calculations. Unfortunately, the computer was programmed with a formula that the N.R.C. considered technically erroneous. This was an "outright error," N.R.C. Commissioner Victor Gilinsky said. But how could such a mistake have gone undetected by federal safety reviewers? Harold Denton, the director of the N.R.C.'s Office of Nuclear Reactor Regulation, has explained the procedure by which the mistaken computer method was approved. "Stone & Webster said we will use this code. We said, 'Fine, that sounds like an accredited kind of code,' " Mr. Denton told the commissioners. Official approval of the company's safety-analysis method could be granted as simply as that because, he admitted, the N.R.C. staff "did not look" at the technical details of what the company was doing. For the fact of the matter was and still is that the N.R.C. staff makes it a practice to delegate most of the responsibility for plant-safety analysis to the companies building the plants instead of doing the work itself. The N.R.C. "audits" what the companies do but manages to cover only one or two per cent of the safety-related aspects of a plant. The degree of safety in the rest of the plant—and even the kind of equipment installed in it—is often anybody's guess. At Beaver Valley, the inquiry into the mistaken computer calculations produced a further surprise: a number of the pipes in the plant had not been installed according to the blueprints. Errors similar to this one were found at many other plants.



The nuclear-power program, being without the benefit of strict federal safety regulation, expanded rapidly in the nineteen-sixties and the early seventies. Then the rising cost of building nuclear plants caused many utilities to cancel the ones they had planned. As the program enters the nineteen-eighties, the prospects for increased reliance on this energy source grow still dimmer, with some of the plants built during the boom years starting to come apart at the seams—in some cases, literally. The demonstrators at Diablo Canyon could not halt the start-up of the plant, but company engineers were able to do so all by themselves. It may be too early to write a post-mortem for the country's once-ambitious nuclear-power program, but if it ultimately collapses we suspect that it will be not because of the



"What do you expect from an evening at the Fulhams'—Berlin in the twenties?"

strength of the opposition but from wounds that it inflicted upon itself.

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A FRIEND from East Hampton writes:

On the east end of Long Island, the notion of the smart and fashionable Hamptons dies every Labor Day, only to be resurrected on Memorial Day. Last weekend, walking down Main Street, I felt I was entering a great painting titled "Peaceful Emptiness." A few people strolled along Main or Newtown Lane, or sometimes even a goodly complement, but never a crowd. They were going to the shoe store, or to Engel Pottery to look at ceramics and woven baskets, or to The News Co. for a paper. The fish store on East Main had locked its doors—a disappointment. Scallops are in season. I spent most of the morning at Home, Sweet Home, where John Howard Payne lived—a house named after his famous song, which is hummed both in England and in Japan. A gray shingled structure, with one of the most sharply slanted roofs in town, the house dates back to about 1690. A windmill behind it sets it off. Wisteria clings to the south wall; lilac is at the front door. The kitchen is a step down from the rest of the house; its floor was originally covered with sand—insulation against the cold and a disposable absorbent that could catch the sputters from the pots over the fire and the grease from the fireplace oven. For more than two centuries, the house was occupied by people whose family names are still alive and well in East Hampton. Then, in 1907, a couple from Brooklyn, the Bueks, took it over. The Bueks were collectors. The rooms overflow with English china—Staffordshire, Spode, Wedgwood—and pewter. Lustreware and crystal are all over the place—on tabletops and desks, in cabinets. Any object that reflected light was a boon to dark houses built in the seventeenth century and restored in the twentieth. The morning I was there, the interior of the house, a matter of lambency and shadow, mirrored the day outside: the sun shone through silvery-gray clouds almost as if it meant to stay. The rural air of the fisherman and the farmer had come back to East Hampton, and nature breathed a chilly sigh of relief. Cocktail parties on great lawns, hundreds of people telling their life stories at top speed, even real-estate gossip were as far away as summer. I went to look at the ocean: two fishing trawlers kept their courses out on the horizon. Back at the house, blue jays, perched in a tree, were less raucous than their summer kin; even loudmouths take a change of season seriously. Nuthatches, thrushes, creepers, and flickers made guest appearances, and a chipmunk ran across the deck as if something had to be done fast before winter set in. Fiery leaves climbed the trees. A lamp in a window shed grace and warmth. In fact, light seemed the most important thing around.

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Starting Out

WE recently bumped into our friend the expatriate Englishwoman, with a jar of homemade marmalade in her hand. "I've just been to call on a young countrywoman named Katie, and she gave me this," our friend said. "You and I may be getting back into the autumnal social swing, but Katie's just getting launched. She's in her first job and her first little flat, and she has just—to use her term—'come out' to New York. You'd think Manhattan was a colony, or something. She's so full of beans, so thrilled with her new life, you've simply no idea. She's undilutedly English, still, in every way. There's not a trace of Bloomingdale's in her dress, not a scrap of Azuma in her décor. And she set to and boiled up her own supply of breakfast marmalade on her hot plate as soon as she moved in. She said that what even Zabar's charged for a one-pound jar of Frank Cooper's coarse-cut Oxford was absolutely scandalous, and she has to stretch her salary too carefully for extravagances like that. But she takes such pleasure in everything about her new nest it's really a delight to see. She's forever shifting her bits of furniture about. In fact, this afternoon I found her looking somewhat dishevelled from struggling to fit the refrigerator into the closet. She said that she'd planned the maneuver for days and days, and that putting the old fridge in there had helped to muffle its hum. She gave me a very thorough guided tour of her one-room flat—from the two old saucepans she'd picked up for a dollar to the geranium cuttings she'd started and the antique Staffordshire cherub she'd brought from her room at home. I suppose she reminds me of myself at that age, so thrilled to be independent, so content with ordinary little things. It makes me cross to think of all the possessions I've disposed of over the years which Katie might have been able to use. Someone had given her an old pair of red velvet curtains. She'd made a rather clever sort of window drapery with one and used the other to cover her narrow bed. I got the feeling that she likes to recline on that red divan on evenings when she's in her home alone—dreamily stroking the velvet pile as she reads Edith Wharton, schemes up amusing little dinner parties, and wonders whether she shouldn't move the chest of drawers back where it was in the first place."

Dirt

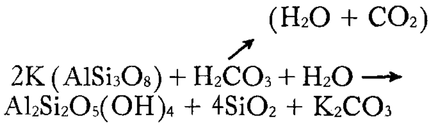
A WINDOWLESS classroom on the fiftieth floor of Two World Trade Center. Flag in the corner. Green blackboard. It's the 1981 Fall Garden School: Growing Vegetables in the Big Apple. The Cornell University Coöperative Extension and the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets are behind this idea. This week's seminar is on site preparation and soils, and John Ameroso, horticulturist for the New York City Urban Gardening Program in Brooklyn, is in charge. We're taking notes:

If you had a bowling ball covered with dust, that would show you what soil is in relationship to the earth.

It took millions of years for nature to form the earth's first foot of soil, but in twenty years you can develop two or three feet of soil by planting crops.

The first plants on earth were your mosses, your lichens.

The basic soils: residual, glacial, stream deposit, and loess. Loess is formed through wind action. The wind picks it up and dumps it. That's what happened to Egypt.



$$2K(AlSi_3O_8) + \overset{\nearrow (H_2O + CO_2)}{H_2CO_3} + H_2O \longrightarrow Al_2Si_2O_5(OH)_4 + 4SiO_2 + K_2CO_3$$

This is feldspar turning to kaolin and quartz in the rain. Kaolin is clay. Quartz is sand. (Sand is quartz!)

Sand particles are large and round, but clay particles are small and flat. One particle of clay is the size of a bacterium. Ninety pieces of fine gravel would weigh a gram, but it would take over ninety billion pieces of clay to make a gram.

Clay carries a strong negative electric charge, so things cling to it. A fly sticks to the ceiling in much the same way. Under a microscope, you can see that a fly has disproportionately big feet.

The black soil you buy in Woolworth's is muck soil, high in organic matter.

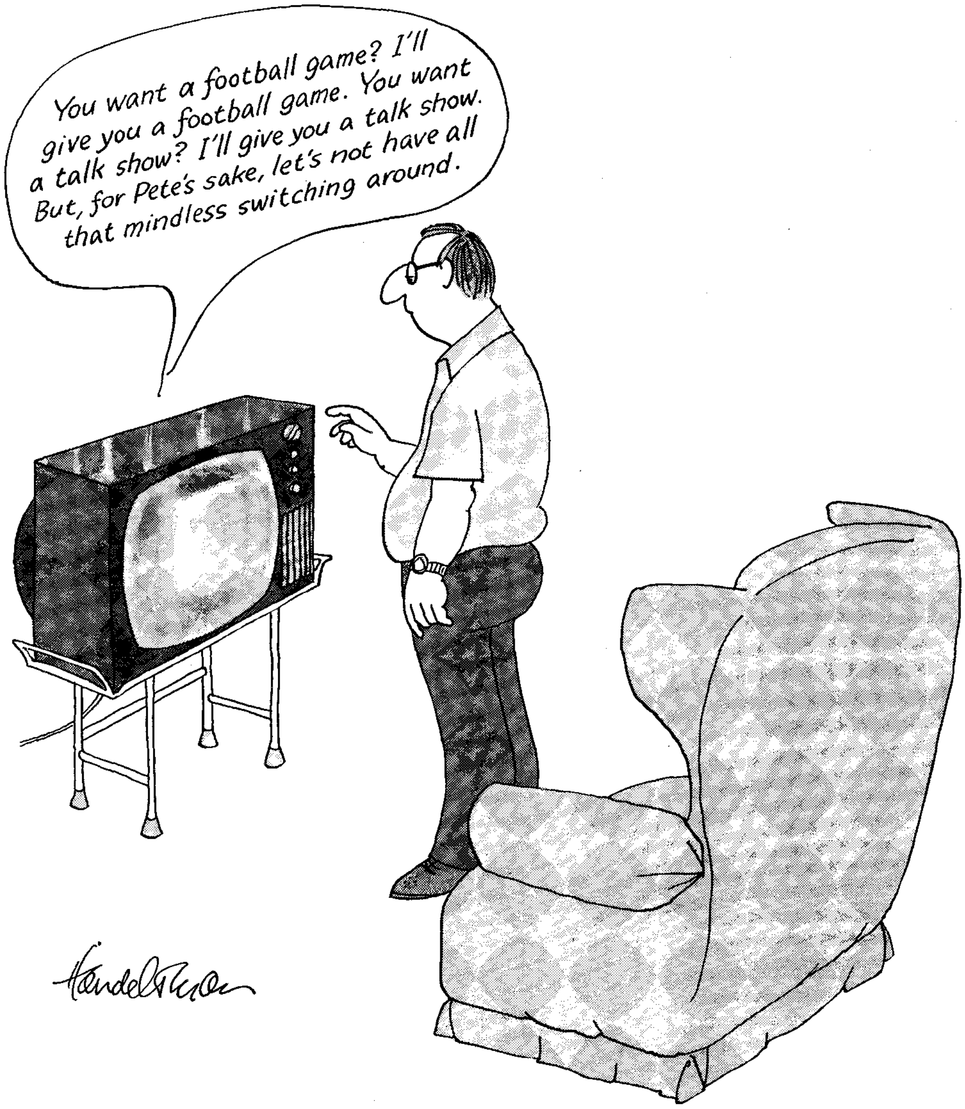
To find out how porous your soil is, take two Tropicana-orange-juice jars and pour six inches of water from one into six inches of soil in the other. If the resulting level is nine inches, you have a fifty-per-cent porosity, which is a good thing.

A good loam soil weighs eighty pounds a cubic foot; poor soil weighs a hundred pounds a cubic foot.

If you have a clay soil, forget about early-season crops like lettuce and peas. Clay soils are late soils.

If you find black soil on the lettuce you buy, that's muck soil.

When the Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock, they noticed the Indians putting oyster shells on the ground. That was to keep the pH level bal-


You want a football game? I'll give you a football game. You want a talk show? I'll give you a talk show. But, for Pete's sake, let's not have all that mindless switching around.

anced—a way of getting limestone into the soil. The Europeans had never thought of liming.

For an acre, you need two hundred and fifty pounds of phosphorus but only a pound of boron. Beets love boron. Beets need boron to form their roots. Fling a handful of borax into the garden.

Some good natural fertilizers: bean straw, winery pomaces, greensand, hoof and horn meal, tobacco dust and stems, dried blood meal, cocoa-bean-shell meal, fish scrap.

A slide show: lots of pictures of dirt; a muck field with snow fences to prevent wind erosion; a vacant lot with bulldozers; a pickaxe in a garden bed (city soil is "bricky"); a dump truck dumping topsoil; a spading fork; a rake; a soil-test kit; a seed bed; a hoe making a furrow; some compost piles ("Compost is like your leftover broccoli"); a cold frame of Oriental vegetables; a patch of winter wheat with a crumpled soda can in it; a big hole in the ground.

You can keep raccoons out of your garden by putting a radio in an empty plastic basket. They don't mind music, but they can't stand late-night talk shows.

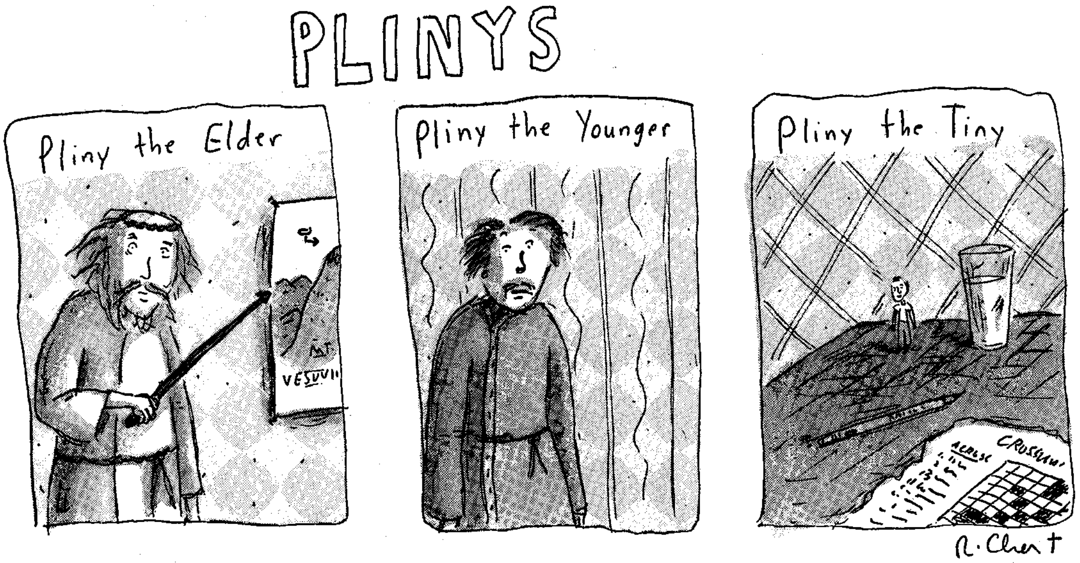
Lagniappe

SALIENT contents of the waiting room of the William Kaufman Organization, a midtown real-estate firm with offices thirty-nine stories above Madison Avenue: a miniature train, a toy waterfall, a kaleidoscope, two ticktacktoe boards, a gyroscope, an electronic game called Simon, and a jar of jelly beans. Salient contents of the inner sanctum of Melvyn Kaufman, eldest son of the late, eponymous founder: a drafting table overburdened with blueprints, a brown pasteboard scale model of a forty-story office building, and Melvyn Kaufman himself. Mr. Kaufman, who, with his brother, Robert, runs the family business, is a dark-haired, fleshy-faced man in his mid-fifties. He has boisterous self-confidence and an unequivocal Type A personality. The other day, he invited us to come chat about the forty-story office building. The actual building, the offspring of the blueprints and the pasteboard model, has nearly reached completion, at 767 Third Avenue, on the southeast corner of Forty-eighth Street. The Kaufman Organization has already built three other skyscrapers on Third Avenue—at 711, 747, and 777—and also four office buildings downtown, in the financial district. As eager as Mr. Kaufman was to talk about 767 Third Avenue, he couldn't avoid being distracted by other business. He spent most of the time standing at his desk shouting into a telephone.

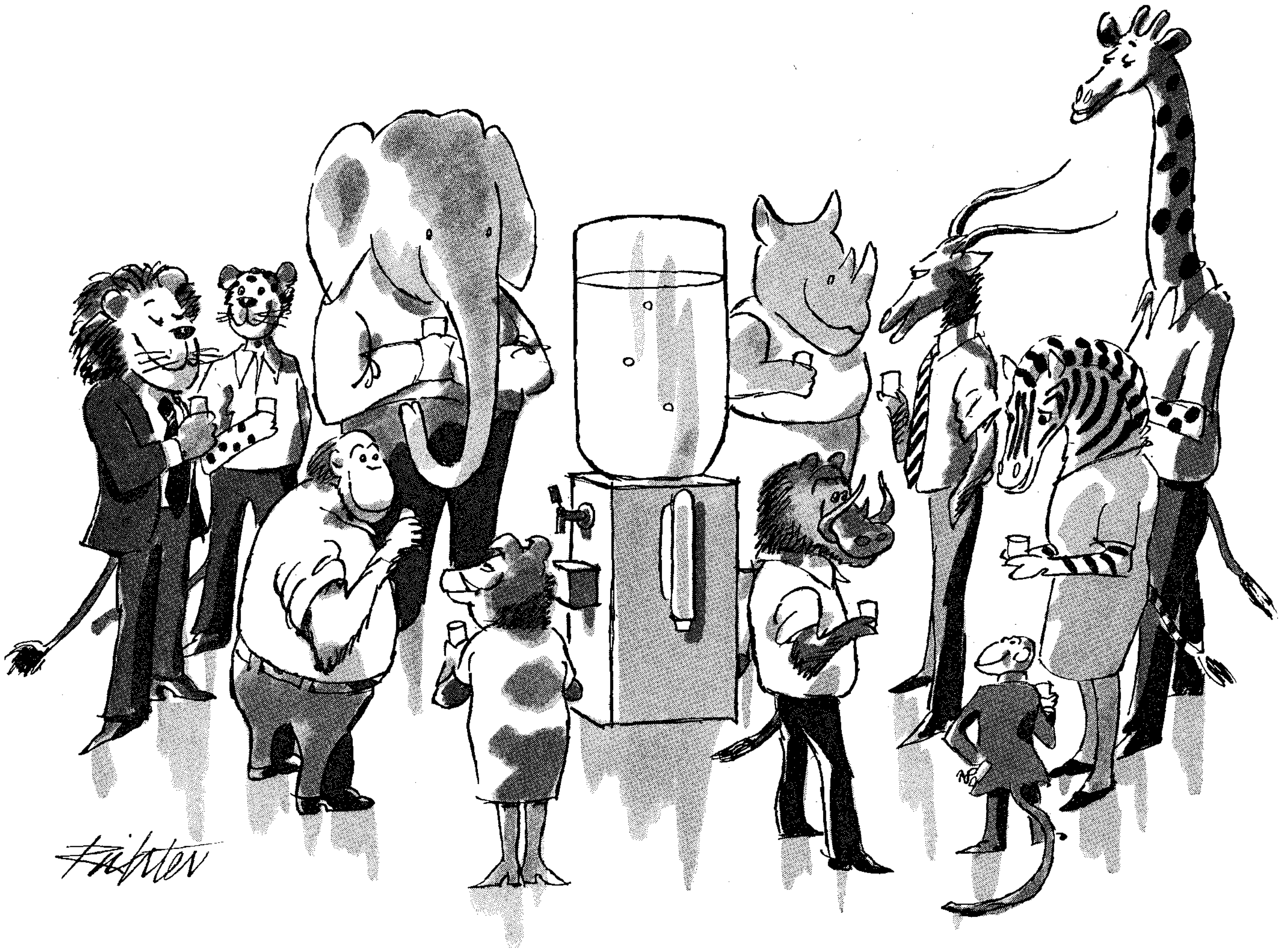
"Listen to me," he said to one caller. "I know Howard's a lunatic, but their mistake is I'm a maniac. Do you understand? Do you know what I'm up against? I've got three deals to close before the end of next week and a fourth about to be signed—a mortgage, at two o'clock this afternoon. And there's another deal in Cincinnati, and I've got to fly out there for *that* next week. Are you listening to me? My voice is going. You know, I am a very rich man. I don't have to *take* this kind of a beating. I mean the physical beating. I am *bug*-eyed with exhaustion. I'm about to keel over."

Between calls, Mr. Kaufman left his desk and crossed the room to admire the scale model. The site of 767 Third Avenue, in Turtle Bay, was formerly occupied by one-half of a nine-story apartment house, which the Kaufmans also own. The surviving wing, a mirror image of the demolished structure, stands about thirty feet away from the east wall of the new building. Rather than leave the apartment-house wall blank, the Kaufmans have decided to equip it with a thirty-five-foot-high vertical chessboard, which will really be used for chess. This gesture will provide the tenants on the lower floors of the office building—most of them employees of Nixdorf, a data-processing-equipment manufacturer—with a view.

The Kaufmans specialize in architectural lagniappe. One of their downtown buildings, at 77 Water Street, has a sculptured rendering of a Sopwith Camel on the roof, along with a lighted AstroTurf runway. The entrance to another, at 127 John Street, is a corrugated-steel tunnel with interior illumination of blue neon. The upper stories of 127 John Street are set back above the seventh floor. The setback creates a gravel terrace—visible from neighboring structures—which is adorned with a design of an enormous canary being pursued by an even more enormous cat. The plaza surrounding 747 Third Avenue is paved with small brick mounds, each of which is topped with an umbrella. Although Mr. Kaufman gets quite involved in the decisions that lead to these appurtenances, he resents any implication that the appurtenance is as significant as the building that comes with it. When he decided that we had asked one question too many about the giant chessboard, he said, "Yeah, there's a chessboard. But so what? That's like talking about the necktie a guy's wearing when you've got a whole guy there."



One morning the following week, we met Mr. Kaufman at 767 Third Avenue for a look at the whole guy. (Mr. Kaufman happened to be wear-



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ing a dark-blue cotton sports shirt and, instead of a tie, a white neckerchief. It matched a white handkerchief in the breast pocket of his blue silk suit.) Construction of the skyscraper began in May, 1980, and the first tenants moved in this past August. As Mr. Kaufman stood on the sidewalk on the north side of Forty-eighth Street and stared up at the almost finished product, he said he considered it "the most sensuous building in New York." Its exterior is made of horizontal bands of rust-colored brick alternating with black-aluminum-framed windows. All the vertical edges are gently rounded. The lobby, which Mr. Kaufman showed us next, contains far more wood than is usually found in a public building—oak doors and door frames, oak benches, oak window frames.

Outside again, we looked at scaffolding anchored to the wall of the apartment building where the chessboard will go. Mr. Kaufman explained how it will work: a metal frame, the outline of a chessboard, will be attached to the wall; the squares within the frame will be painted in dark and light shades; each chess piece will be of fibre glass, with a pair of welded-metal handles, and will fit into a slot in the frame. A move on the chessboard will take place each Wednesday at noon, with the help of a chess consultant, Fairfield W. Hoban, and an orange industrial lift called a Supertopper. Mr. Kaufman asked the doorman and the handyman from the apartment house to bring out a couple of chess pieces. They emerged with two kings—one blue, one beige, each about two and a half feet in diameter. The first game, which will get under way within a month, will recapitulate a 1924 match between Richard Réti and Savielly Tartakower, two grand masters, who were accustomed to a smaller chessboard.

There is still quite a bit of bricklaying to be done at street level: a crew of masons was busy constructing an elevated seating area on the plaza that surrounds the north and east sides of the building. When we asked Freddy Recine, the foreman, how soon his work would be completed, he said, "I don't know. We started this job six months ago. You never know when you're gonna finish. You know your birthday—right? But what else? You know when you're born, but you don't know when God calls for you. Same thing with a job."

When the masons are done, Mr. Kaufman will be able to add his final touch to the building. On the plaza, there is a recessed area, extending to the curb along Forty-eighth Street, which he intends to use as a driveway and parking space. "The law requires that we put in a loading dock at this level," he said. "But this plaza is for people, not trucks. We don't want trucks making deliveries in here. So we've bought a truck. It's a 1929 Ford pickup. We found it on Long Island. It's now in a garage at Ninetieth and First Avenue. When the time comes, my daughter and I are going to drive it down and park it here permanently. Want a ride?"

THE NEW WASHINGTON: AN INSIDE STORY

Mr. Wick said he thought that economically pinched Americans of today enjoyed viewing the luxurious Washington way of life of the Reagan Administration members, much as Americans who suffered in the Depression enjoyed watching Hollywood stars in the movies. "During the Depression," said Mr. Wick, "when people were selling apples and factories were still and guys were jumping out windows because they lost everything, people would go to the movies. They loved those glamour pictures showing people driving beautiful cars and women in beautiful gowns, showing that people were living the glamorous good life."—*The Times, quoting Charles Z. Wick, a member of Mr. Reagan's Kitchen Cabinet.*

AN autumn afternoon in Washington—mysterious, delirious Washington!—and all along glittering, office-lined Pennsylvania Avenue a fleet of gleaming stainless-steel buses was loading up tourists for the two-hour guided excursion of Governmentville, Image City, Tax Town, or, as it's often referred to by its residents, Our Nation's Capital. Sturdy, sweaty, plainly dressed, and somewhat pinched, the visitors from Iowa, Alabama, Vermont, Kansas, Idaho put their money down and climbed aboard—the dumpy, dull-faced folks Norma Desmond once called "those wonderful people out there in the dark." They sat down wearily and waited for a brief glimpse of the glamorous good life, a glimpse that would make their own defeated and despair-filled lives a little bit more bearable.

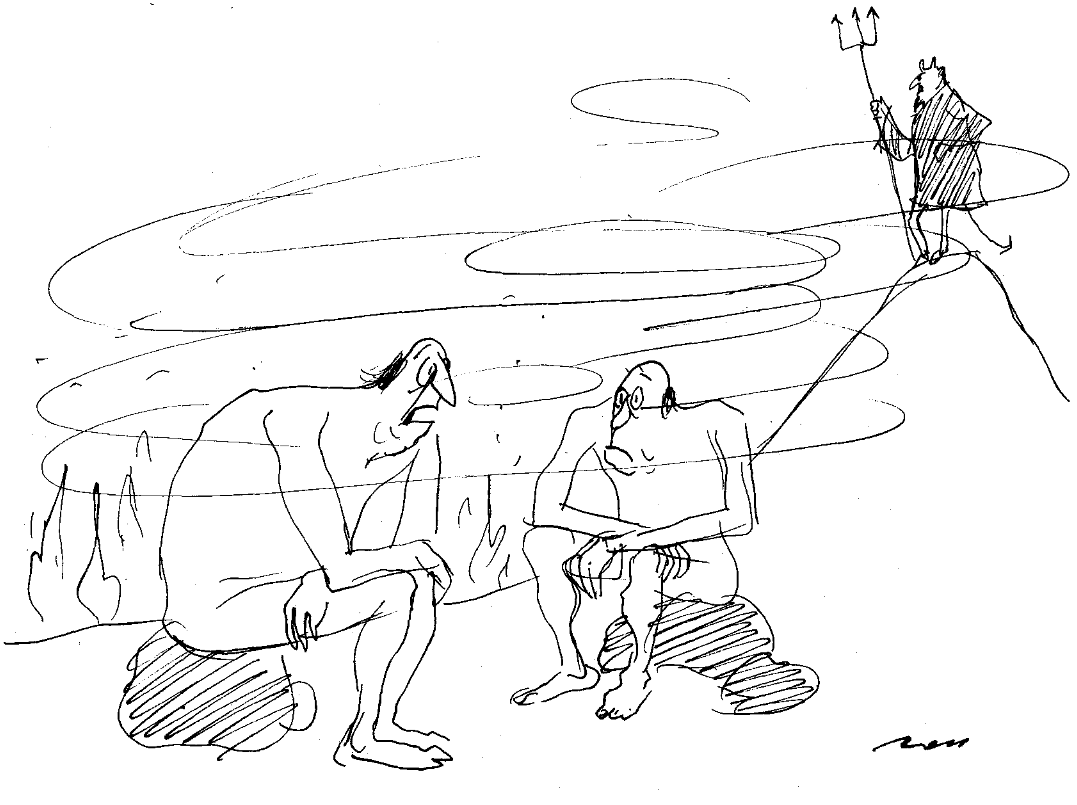
"See the Homes of Department Heads," the signs beside the waiting buses read. "See the Homes of Alexander Haig, Donald Regan, James Watt, William French Smith & Many Many More. See Exclusive Restaurants, Stores, Hotels, Apartment Complexes! Visit Sites of Gala Affairs. See Malt Shop Where Sandra O'Connor Was Discovered."

"Yesterday I seen William French Smith come out of a candy store," a large woman in pink stretch pants and a "Wahoo for Washington!" T-shirt confided to a gaunt, sad-eyed woman sitting next to her on the first bus. "Wally says to me later, he says, 'Myrt, it musta been someone else,' but I knowed it was him. He was as close to me as that little gimpy guy in the cardigan up there. He give me a big smile and I about fell over. Then he got into the biggest limo you ever seen, and away he went. I'll remember that as long as I live. You know what they call him? They call him 'the Attorney General of the United States.' Ain't that beautiful?"

"You got the binocs, Myrt?" a skinny old man in the seat behind her piped up.

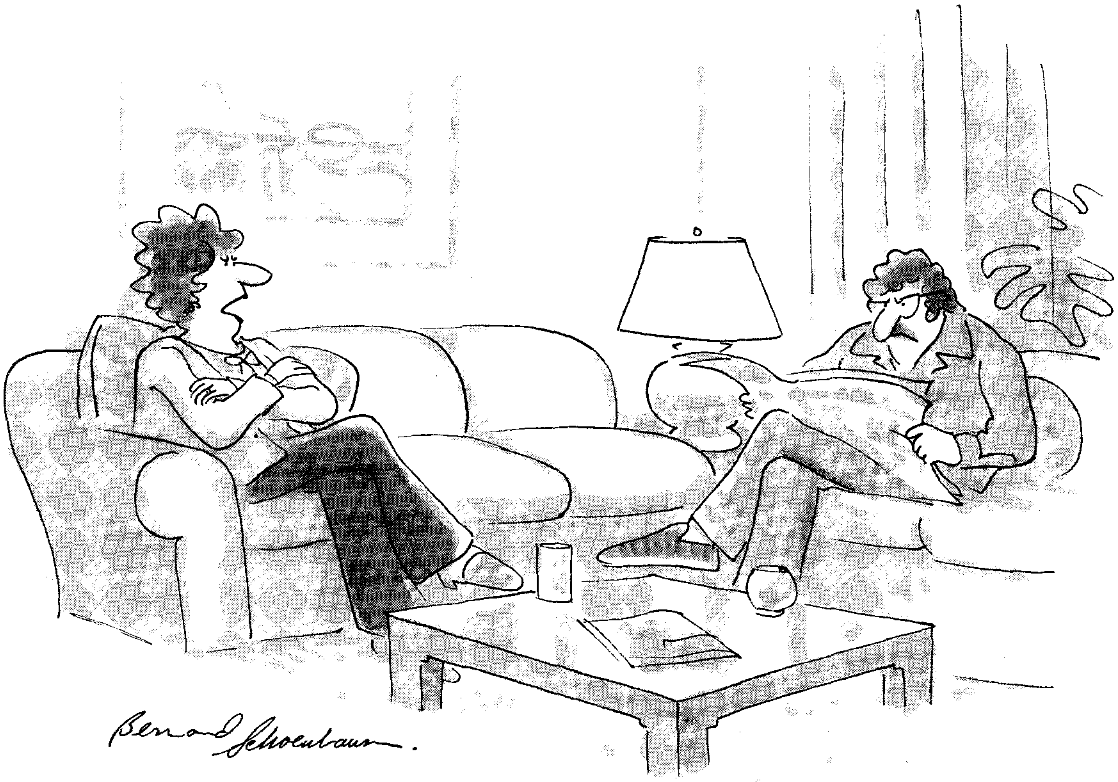
"In my purse," she snapped. "You can't see nothing anyway. Blind as a bat," she added, muttering to herself.

Her seatmate pulled the lever on the armrest of the reclining seat and leaned back and closed her eyes. "Me and Carl scrimped and saved for two years to come here," she said wearily. "I waitressed at the Elks Lodge on weekends, he worked nights at the worm ranch, now here we are—I can't believe it. Last night I dreamed I saw a striped tent on the White House lawn and an orchestra playing and beautiful cars parked in the driveway and women in beautiful gowns walking across the grass. I walked up to the front gate and the Secret Service said, 'Oh, hi, Mary Frances!' and I looked down and I had on a yellow chiffon gown, with rubies and emeralds and diamonds all over, and I walk in and first person I see is David Stockman. He looks at me and I look at him and I start to run and he runs after me and in the Rose Garden he grabs me and takes me in his arms and he is gasping for breath and his big eyes are looking into mine and he says, 'Don't ignore what you feel this moment! Don't pretend that you don't feel exactly what I feel! I *need* you, Mary Frances. I've wanted this all my life—your intensity, your passion, your hunger for life!' Then I woke up in the Travelodge and Carl was asleep and the TV was on. It was *him* on the TV, talking about budget cuts, just like Carl does, but it was different—it was a certain way he looked at me, a way he smiled. I don't say this to Carl, but I have strong feelings I will not be going back to Des Moines."



"It seems I committed the seven deadly sins, plus a miscellaneous assortment of sins totalling one hundred and fourteen."

"TICKETS, ladies?" A young man in a blue blazer was standing in the aisle next to them, with the faint trace of



"You're just lucky I have the gift of compromise."

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a smirk etched across his tanned, handsome face. He had heard some of what Mary Frances had said, and as he punched the last tickets and jumped off the bus he could hardly keep from laughing out loud.

"What's so funny, Chuck?" his friend and fellow-worker Jim asked him quizzically.

"Coupla doozies in that load," Chuck snorted. "Buncha nuts. One of 'em thinks Stockman is trying to seduce her on 'Meet the Press.' "

Jim turned, a far-away look in his eyes. In the distance he saw the Washington Monument beyond the White House and the Treasury. Maybe I'm crazy, too, he thought to himself.

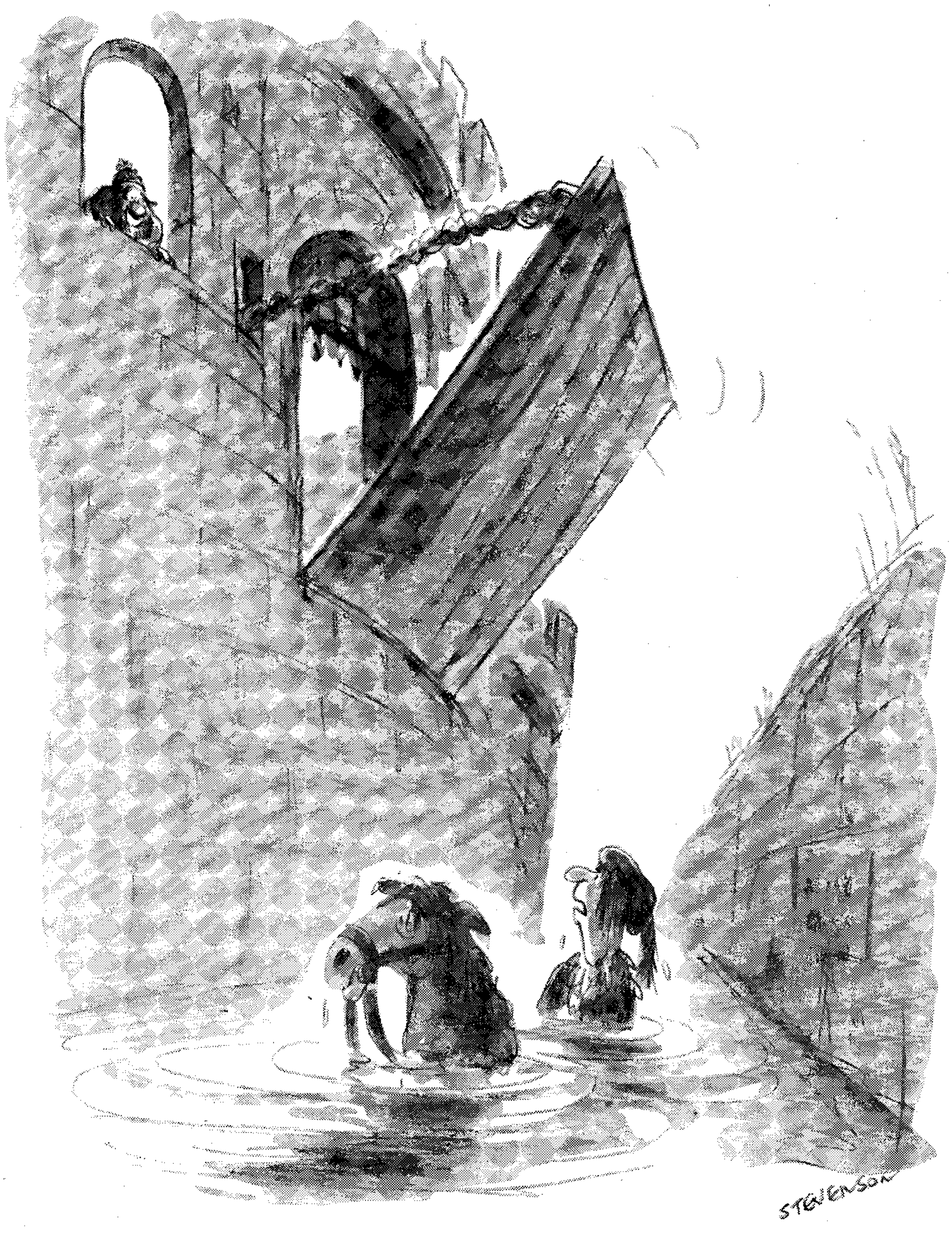
A former campus radical, Jim had first felt drawn to Nancy Reagan in September, 1980. On television, smiling and clapping for her husband, she sometimes turned and looked directly into the camera and seemed to ask Jim to come to Washington to help her and her family in an important mission that would be revealed to him later. "America is the land of promise," she seemed to say. "I want you to be very happy."

Now he and Chuck shared a studio apartment in Potomac Beach, where Jim often heard his friend, a neo-liberal, attack Washington as a city of sham, a maker of myths, a vender of illusions, and ridicule the tourists as rubes and suckers. Jim also had his doubts about the tourists—the hordes of dreary men and women with their souvenir tax-cut pens and their souvenir hats shaped like the Capitol dome, who bought issues of *Federal Romance* and *U.S. Government Confidential*, and trudged the city streets looking for the rooming house where Stockman lived when he was only a congressman, the booth at Le Bistro Louis XIV where columnist George Will holds court, the parking lot where George Bush lived (for two months in 1978) in the back seat of a 1965 Buick, when his name was Waldo Pflueger and all he had was a dream of success and a box of Ritz Crackers. There was something forlorn about it all, Jim knew, and yet whenever he walked down the Mall at night and looked across the Potomac to Arlington and saw there on the hill behind the old Lee Mansion the illuminated fifty-foot letters that spelled "WASHINGTON," he felt the pull of the dream that supported his life and kept him going—the dream of becoming an Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Interior—the very word breathed mystery, hinted at intimate secrets to be discovered, suggested the glamorous life of the Administration insider. Jim had recently borrowed two hundred dollars from his mother, back in Topeka, to enroll in the Academy of Administration, a night school on the second floor of a dingy stucco building around the corner from Dupont Circle. Max Hugel had gone there. So had Drew Lewis, James Baker, and Edwin Meese. Every Tuesday and Thursday night, Jim attended Spokesman class, and every Wednesday night he worked with a small improvisational press-conference group in the basement of a church. On Friday nights, he took dancing lessons. One evening there, his speaking instructor took him aside. "Listen, kid," he said, putting a sympathetic arm around the young man's shoulders, "I know you think it could happen tomorrow—the call from Interior that will make all of this worth it, but, believe me, I've seen this town eat people up and spit them out. You're a nice guy. Go home, marry the girl, raise a family. Someday you'll thank me."

"I am aware that I do not speak well," Jim wrote his sweetheart that night. "But did you know that they have speechwriters here in Washington who make these big guys sound a lot smarter than they really are? Judy, I still believe that with one lucky break I can become an Assistant Secretary, right alongside James Watt, and I hope that you still believe. Someday I will send for you and we will live in a $750,000 house in Georgetown and be invited to fabulous parties. Please don't give up on me, darling, for it is your faith that gives me faith in myself."

AS the tour bus rolled past the Pentagon ("The fourth-floor corner window where you see the blue satin drapes is the office of Caspar Weinberger," the bus loudspeaker blared out. "In his office Mr. Weinberger keeps more than seventy-five suits, some valued at more than one thousand dollars each, and three hundred pairs of shoes, many of them custom-made in Europe and flown to this country"), across the Potomac ("On these historic waters, members of the Cabinet frequently spend long weekends aboard their luxury yachts, some of which are up to one hundred feet in length. The President's yacht is two hundred feet in length and can remain completely submerged for up to three weeks"), and past the Lincoln Memorial ("Here, a few short weeks ago, Mr. Reagan celebrated the passage of his tax bill with a dinner party for three thousand. Marine parachutists entertained the guests with precision jumps into the Reflecting Pool, as freshman members of Congress served cold tenderloin of beef and candied carrots. The fruit salad alone came to more than six thousand dollars"), Wally and Carl stared straight ahead, stunned by the thought of the bundle this trip was costing them. Myrt and Mary Frances were planning a night on the town next, with cocktails at Nero's and dinner at the Top Hat—a blowout from which they were unlikely to escape for less than a hundred bucks per couple. Both men had hoped to return home the next morning, but now their wives were talking about renting a cab to revisit some of the high points of the bus tour. Myrt was sure she had seen Pat Buchanan peering out from the garage beside his palatial McLean, Virginia, residence, and Mary Frances had spotted a semi parked in front of the Charles Percy mansion, with "Venice Catering" emblazoned on the trailer. A man in a formal white suit was unloading crates of demitasse cups from it, using a silver forklift. Mary Frances was sure the Percys were preparing for a party, and she had a strong hunch that David Stockman would be there. "Don't laugh, Myrt, but I feel that if I could only touch him it might clear up my arthritis," she whispered.

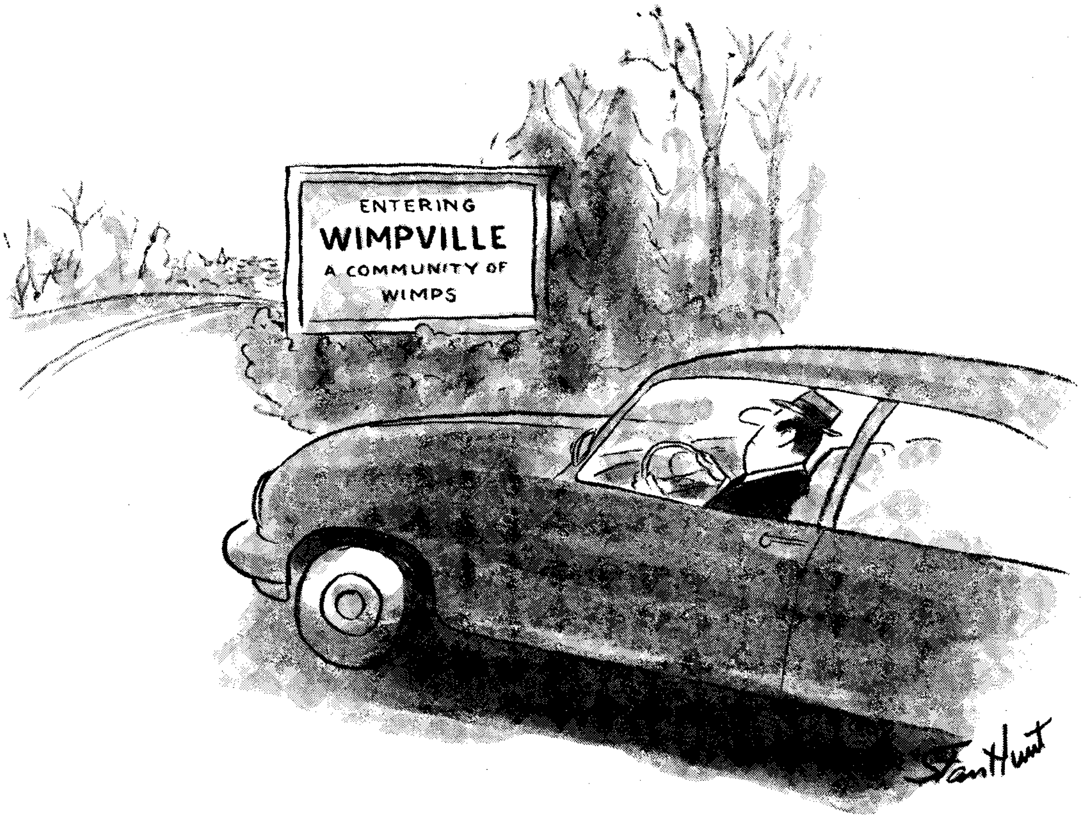


"Very funny, Your Royal Highness."

Minutes before, riding past the Vice-Presidential mansion at the Naval Observatory ("Il Gazebo della Marina"), she and Myrt had pressed their faces against the window, hoping for a glimpse of George Bush. They had read his biography, "The Rest of Him: The George Bush Story," and loved it—the saga of an unemployed tile-setter who, while on his way to the welfare office one day, had spotted a scrap of newspaper stuffed in the coin-return of a pay telephone, unfolded it, and read that Mr. Reagan was conducting a national talent search for a Vice-President—but there was no sign of Mr. Bush in the yard now, although they did see two black Alfa Romeos with gold trim, a large steel cage containing three ocelots, and several servants busily hanging flaming torches from the trees.

What they didn't know was that George Bush was sitting alone in the seat directly behind Wally and Carl. How could they? He was wearing dark glasses, a red wig, and a false face that had taken him three hours to apply. And yet, for George Bush, it was worth all the trouble.

He had never learned to accept the luxurious way of life of the Reagan Administration. In his heart, he was only himself, a mere tile-setter, and after all these months he still felt uneasy in his mansion, with its Moorish-style ballroom panelled in walnut and red brocade, its gold-leaf ceilings and marble floors, its terra-cotta figurines of mermaids and serpents and Egyptian deities, its grand staircase ascending to the gymnasium-sized master bedroom with the canopied bed done up to resemble a Chinese pagoda, its immense moat surrounding the mansion, its ornate Mayan lawn statuary, its giant swimming pool in the shape of the White House. No, he escaped from his new home whenever he could and mingled unnoticed among the common people. It gave him perspective, he thought, to see Washington from the outside. For a few hours now and then, he could be himself and not a glamorous figure admired by millions. "My dream is to buy a few acres in some little town where the New York *Times* isn't delivered, where 'The CBS Evening News' doesn't go, where you and I can keep a few chickens, raise vegetables, and be real people together," he had said to his wife one night on the South Portico of the White House, to which they had slipped away for a few minutes from a lavish party attended by hundreds of persons whom he had privately described as "phonies."



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The bus rolled to a stop in front of Lafayette Square, and as the disguised man made his way down the aisle he was tempted momentarily to reveal himself to the two women and to take them into the White House and show them the plain truth about Washington. But no, he suddenly decided; it was far better to let them keep their dreams. Without their illusions, he thought sadly to himself, they would be utterly destroyed.

"Excuse me," Myrt said, tapping him on the arm. "Can you tell me which way is the Justice Department?"

"Sorry," he mumbled, avoiding her eyes. "I'm a stranger here myself."

THERE are millions of stories in Washington. These have been some of them.

Carl, *Wally*, and *Myrt* returned to Des Moines the next evening, where they continue to follow the activities of the Reagan Administration on television and in the newspapers. *Myrt* keeps a scrapbook on William French Smith.

Mary Frances remained in Washington, hoping to get a job chopping vegetables in the White House Commissary. Several weeks later, she was hired as a waitress in the Senate Dining Room, where Jesse Helms, Howard Baker, and David Durenberger regularly sit in her assigned area. Through Senator Baker, she obtained a one-night waitress appointment for a gala dinner at the Reagans' ranch and was flown out to California and back. She had a color photograph taken of herself with the First Family. "The Reagans are good eaters," she wrote to *Myrt*, "but David Stockman is awful finicky. He sent his lobster back to the kitchen three times. I coulda killed him."

Chuck was discovered one day by *George Bush*, who overheard him ridicule the Republican élite and promptly hired him as a personal aide. The two often drive around the city in an old car and do ordinary things. *Mr. Bush* has been seen recently walking along the C. & O. Canal, looking at exhibits in the Smithsonian, or eating a hot dog on the south side of L Street, between Nineteenth and Twentieth.

Jim was happy for *Chuck*, and yet his friend's good fortune also depressed him, pointing up as it did his own slim prospects. One night, after writing long letters to his parents and to Judy, he took a bus to Arlington and walked up the hill through the cemetery to the base of the illuminated "WASHINGTON." He climbed the "W" and stood there for a long moment admiring the dazzling lights of the city. Then he threw himself over the edge. His fall was broken by a safety net installed there many years before, but as he landed his head hit his knee—a sharp blow, causing complete amnesia. Three days later, he was found in a pitiable condition by a wealthy Administration couple who prefer to remain anonymous. They took him into their home, and have surrounded him with every imaginable luxury. This does not seem to have restored his faculties.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

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"Lost . . . lost," Russell muttered. "I was lost. Trail disap . . . peared. There was an altar . . . I climbed on it to see . . . fell. Fell for a long time. Injuns got me . . . they taken me."

"Where did they take you?"

He raised his head and looked slowly around, his eyes staring and empty. "I don't know. I just don't know."

"Those Injuns," somebody said, "they didn't take your gun?"

"Paid it no mind," Russell said.

Bell's horse stepped forward. "Are you Russell?" he asked.—*"The Californios," by Louis L'Amour.*

C'mon, Bell. We saw your lips move.

GILA FLAMBÉ

THE woman with the menus stops me by the cash register, because the restaurant is crowded and she doesn't think she has a table for one. I'm soaked after running across the jammed parking lot in the hot rain, so I'm not sympathetic when the woman, whose lips are a juicy red, shakes her head and gazes forlornly around the room. "Nobody ever comes in alone," she says.

I point to a small man sitting by himself in a corner.

"Oh," she says, straightening the menus on her arm. "That's Mr. Pelham. I forgot about him."

"Well, maybe he'd like company?" I don't want to sit there, but it's better than nothing.

"No. He always eats alone."

Mr. Pelham occupies a small table near the kitchen doors—not a good table at all, but it has two chairs, one of them empty, and there isn't another unoccupied chair in the room. The restaurant used to be a hardware store; now it's all done up in cheesy L.A. late-thirties gear, the hardboiled version—palms, ratty paintings, neon, ersatz columns, colored lights, pale-salmon walls in bad plaster, black tile floor. The waitresses slink around in period evening dress; the blondes make an effort at Veronica Lake. There's a lot of smoke-colored taffeta and lamé in evidence. This is my first trip.

"Why don't you ask him," I say. "He looks like he could use a friend."

The woman with the menus doesn't want to do this, but after another look around she agrees, and slides across the room toward his table, narrowly missing a waitress in a shiny dress who's carrying a tray of squat cocktails.

There's a commotion in the corner; abruptly Mr. Pelham gets up and pushes the menu woman aside. He's short. He stands awkwardly, bent forward, his fists planted on the table, his black raincoat still tight around him, and he stares across the room at me. I point at him, then at myself, then back at him; he says something to the woman, then sits down. She flaps her hand at me, telling me it's all right, I should come over.

Pelham looks fifty. At the neck of his raincoat—only the topmost button is undone—the bright, starched, tightly buttoned collar of a white dress shirt is visible. He isn't wearing a tie. On the table, half covering the chrome wire rack of sugar packets, there's a black hat with a ribbed band. I remove my raincoat and drop it onto the floor next to the second chair. "Thanks," I say. "I didn't want to bother you, but"—I turn and look quickly around the room—"there's no place left to sit. My name's Harold. Sometimes I'm called Zoot." I stick out my hand, but Pelham doesn't look up from his soup. He's bent over the shallow dish, blowing on the soup, pulling away occasionally to whisk his spoon around the rim. "I'll move if something opens up, O.K.?"

Pelham's hair is thin and sticking to his scalp. "I'm waiting for somebody," he says. "You'll have to move when she comes."

A woman who can't be twenty hands me a glassy scarlet menu. She's wearing a black dress with thin straps and a feather motif in sequins up under the bodice. She looks good. I ask her to keep an eye out for a vacant table, but she doesn't seem to understand.

"Mr. Pelham has been kind enough to let me join him until another table becomes available."

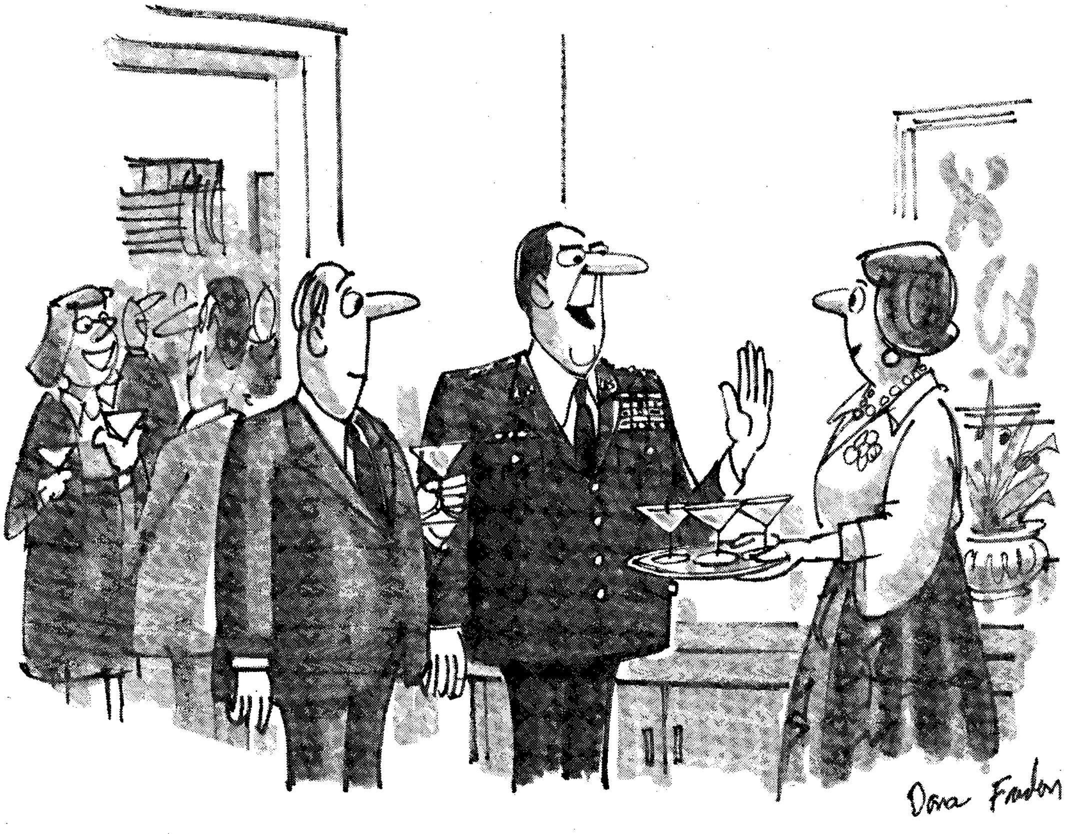
"Oh," the waitress says, reaching for the menu she's just given me.

"I'll keep it." We have a little tug-of-war over the menu, very quick, which she gracefully allows me to win. She's not sure about the water glass she's holding, but finally decides to leave it.

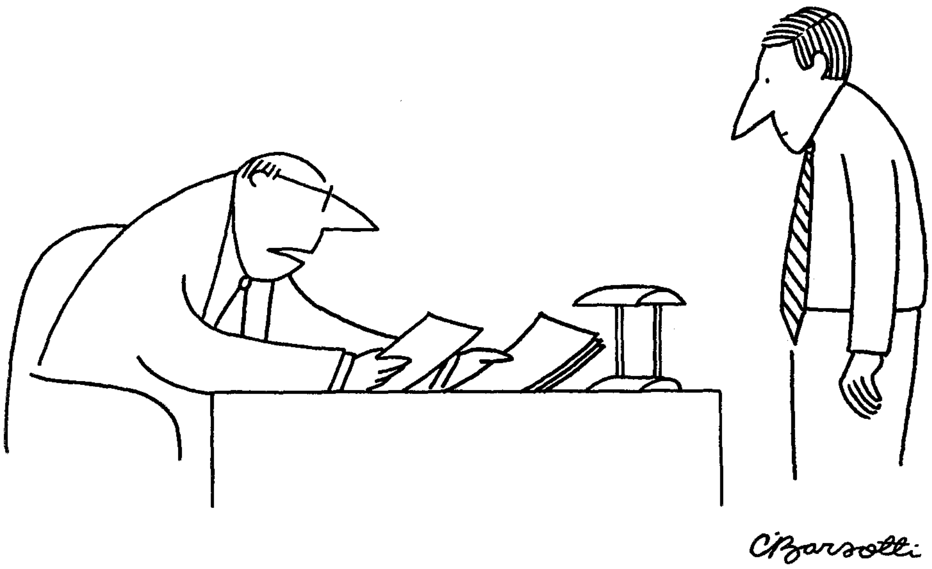
Pelham says, "Don't stain the table," so I open the menu and slide the glass onto one corner of it. There's an eight-foot-high potted palm behind him, and every time the kitchen doors swing open, one of the largest fronds sways, brushing the back of his head, and he jerks out of the way.

"I'm not alone all the time," he says. "I've got people come to see me night and day." He's looking very carefully through his soup, picking up spoonfuls, twisting them to catch the light, then dripping the soup back into the dish. "Don't get the idea that I'm bad off."

"O.K.," I say, and drink my water. There's a dark, irregular stain on the corner of the menu; I try to put the glass back exactly



"No more for me, thank you. We're being tested all over the globe."



"I think, Netherton, you've hit a towering pop-up."

where it was. "You come often? Here, I mean?"

"What're you, an accountant? You run a small store or something? You're not from the Board of Health, are you?"

"No." I wish I'd waited at the door. "No, I just came to try the food."

He laughs and drops the spoon into the saucer. "Yeah, and I love yams," he says. "Slinky's food is nothing. She goes off to Vassar or someplace and suddenly everybody's stiff for her."

"The desserts—somebody said they were good."

"Her aunt. Slinky's idea of dessert is a weekend with wet hair in a station wagon." He presses a hand to his forehead, then slides the fingers back over his scalp, gluing new points of dark hair to the skin. He rolls his eyes. "Look at these people—why the hell don't they go home? Go to Bonanza, for Christ's sake."

Looking around the room, I wonder the same thing. Bonanza's not so bad, and you can usually get a table.

Pelham looks at me for the first time since I sat down. "What're you doing here, Mac? You're out of town and it's raining and you're here alone—don't that beat all. Where's your beautiful wife? Where's your beautiful house?"

I grin and shrug stupidly, aiming for camaraderie. "No wife, no house. My beautiful car's in the lot outside, only it's a Chevrolet."

Pelham shreds four crackers into his soup, which must be room temperature by now. "Zoot? What kind of name is that? That's a stupid name."

I nod and study the menu, trying to decide whether I want to stay. I've been called Zoot since I was a kid—my father played lousy saxophone and loved Zoot Sims. "It's all tongue, boy," he used to say while we listened together to a Sims record so loud it rattled the figurines in my mother's china cabinet. "Tongue and breath." And we sat, listening, my father's open saxophone case on the sofa, the horn a light, glistening gold, until late into the weekend nights. As nicknames go, Zoot isn't so bad. "My dad was a musician. He gave me the name."

"I know a guy named Stick," Pelham says. "And I used to know a guy named Nipple, but he got his throat cut on a rig in the Gulf. Stick's a bowling champion somewhere—Little Rock, maybe. He's got himself set up with a bar called the 7-10 Club, something like that." Pelham flakes more crackers into the dish. His soup is beginning to look like day-old cereal.

"Stick," I repeat.

Two couples come in together and are seated at a table against the far wall. I catch the eye of the woman with the menus, and she tosses her head a little to indicate that she gets the message.

"Yeah. Stick. And you're Zoot. And I'm Blink, because I never do. Ain't that wonderful."

I EAT a small steak while Pelham watches, still nursing his soup. The steak isn't bad. The waitress with the sequins says she's sorry ten or fifteen times, talking, it seems, more to Pelham than to me. She suggests a dessert that turns out to be a circle of fresh pineapple embedded in a square of white chocolate and topped with curled almond shavings.

"I need a ride," Pelham says while I add the tip on the Visa slip. "Hot young thing like you can afford to give me a ride, can't you?"

"Sure. Where're you headed?" It's a reflex; I don't know why I'm agreeing. Maybe it's the way Pelham looks—the eyebrows and the sallow skin and the disdain. Maybe I want to prove I'm not such a rotten fellow.

"It ain't far," he says. "I'll buy gas if you want to be pissy about it. I've got to meet somebody, and my Lamborghini's in the shop."

"Fine. O.K."

"Course if you're too busy I'll just crawl." He pushes his chair back from the table, deposits the hat on his head, then falls to his knees and crawls toward the entrance. For a minute I think he's crippled, but at the door he gets up and gives the menu woman a hug, then brushes his knees. He signals for me to hurry up. I'm still seated at the table, trying to figure out what's going on, when he shouts, "Let's move it, kid," as if we were Marines in a movie.

The first thing I do when I get the car started is look at the gas gauge: half a tank, plenty. Then I turn on the windshield wipers and turn off the radio. Pelham jams his hands in his raincoat pockets and says, "That way," jerking his head to the right. "How old are you, thirty? Thirty-five?"

"Two," I say, wheeling out of the parking lot. "Where're we going?"

"I'll tell you where to turn." He stares straight out the windshield. "I'm fifty today. When you're fifty, it goes very fast. You people don't know that."

We drive through town, which is eight blocks of two- and three-story buildings, then go out a winding road past the industrial section, past some kind of all-lit-up oil refinery, and out onto an old highway that used to be the truck route; it's raining heavily, so I can't see much except the occasional brights of a passing tanker truck.

"I'm going to help you out, kid,"

TWO POEMS

(After Balthus)

THE WINDOW

The woman who is waiting for the evening draws
a black line over one eyebrow, then rises from
her dressing table, walks to the gramophone.

Immediately, the tremulous voice of Ada Falcon
singing "Garden of Desire" fills the room
like a perfume whose smell slides over the walls,

over the table by the window and into the autumn
afternoon, crosses the street and drifts through
the top-story window of a retired clerk who sits

in his slippers at a table shuffling cards. His
wife is making cabbage soup and all day that smell
has filled his life. Now the tango draws him toward

the window, where in the street he sees two children—
perhaps six or seven, poised cheek to cheek, their
joined hands thrust forward like the prow of a ship—

who remain motionless as the woman on the record
sings about loss. As he listens, the clerk recalls
dances he attended as a young man, thinks of a dance

at the seashore where he had gone with his parents.
The dance floor was a pier over the water, and pines
along the shore swayed in a summer wind. Standing

at the window, the man begins to see strings of
colored lights, the band in white shirts with blue
ruffles on the sleeves. He tries to picture the faces

of the girls, but sees only a style of hair, a ribbon;
smells the mixture of perfume and sweat; sees the ocean
with whitecaps emerging like messages from the dark.

He assumed he would someday cross that ocean,
win for himself a life of wealth and excitement—
all the things that never happened—but his life

took other, unexpected turnings: a job in an office,
illness, a childless marriage, days falling around him
like scattered cards, bringing him at last to this
small apartment on a small street where his life
seems wrapped in the smell of cabbage soup.
Looking down at the boy and girl poised motionless

in the street, the man wants to call to them.
But what could he say? Instead, he turns aside as
the children take one step, then another, hearing

only the music as their feet stumble forward,
gripping each other tightly as they spin and dip.
Look, they say, see how gracefully we are dancing.

GETTING UP

The cat with yellow eyes doesn't yet realize
the bird is made from paper and wood. Hesitating
at the edge of its basket on the bed, the cat
stares at the toy bluebird in the girl's hand.
The girl wants to know what it's like to kill,
wants to see the cat embarrass itself, then start
washing itself. She leans back on white pillows,
white sheets, one foot just touching the floor.
She is naked and holds the bird in her right hand;
with her left she coaxes the cat, encouraging it
to leap as she watches intently with narrowed eyes.

Around her, she hears the house stirring with
morning activity: smell of coffee from the kitchen,
a door slamming, and her father's feet on the stairs.
Soon she must get up, dress for school in her
blue skirt, white blouse. Her father will drive her
on his way to work, while she finishes a report
on Argentina and its exports. Once at school,
she will join her friends, all dressed as she is,
and together they will proceed through the civilized
unwinding of their day. But now, naked with her cat,
she is learning about death and the desire
to kill; she is learning about humiliation and
the manipulation of power; and it's as if
the entire day ahead were a great inverted
pyramid resting on its tip upon these few seconds,
as the girl waits, her lips parted in a half smile,
and the cat takes a half step, preparing to leap.

—Stephen Dobyns

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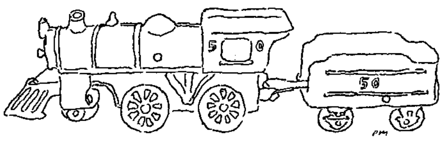
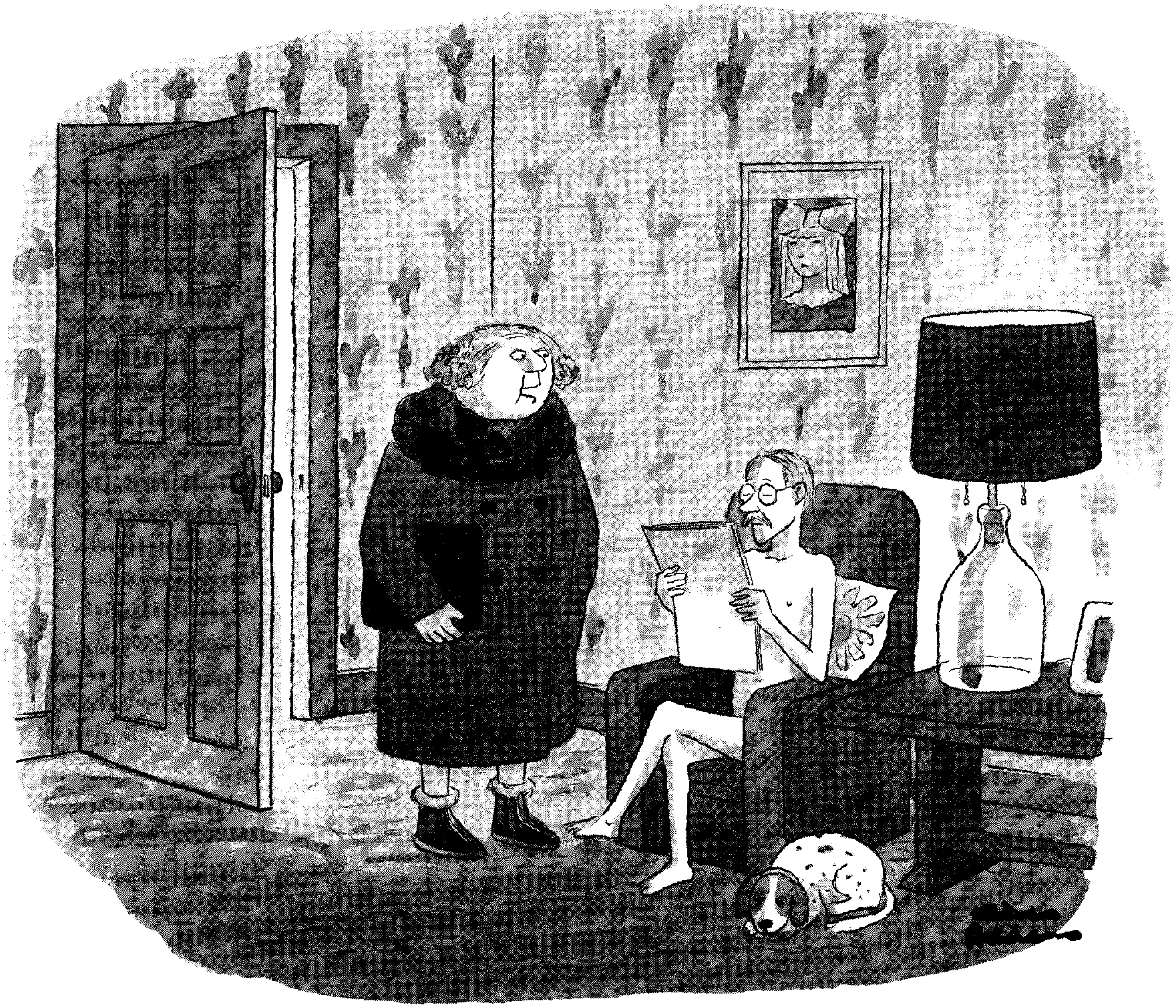
Pelham says after we've been driving a few minutes in silence. "I'm going to introduce you to Melba."

Oncoming lights make the rain on the windshield look alive, the way the water pops off the glass and flies into midair. I wait for Pelham to tell me about Melba. Suddenly he says, "Here. Turn here."

I spin the Chevrolet onto a red clay road full of potholes and brown standing water. We buck and heave in the front seat of the car, and there's nothing to see but the hood, the rain, the almost pumpkin-colored road. We go a little way, and I start to say something but Pelham pulls his hand out of his raincoat pocket and grabs my arm. "O.K.," he says. "Here. Stop. Cut the lights and sit tight." Then he yanks the hat down over his forehead, opens the door, and pushes out into the rain.

I do what he says. With the lights off I can't see anything at all; at first I can't even see the steering wheel in my lap. I know where we are, how far we are from town, but when lightning cracks somewhere in the distance to the left, I'm too slow to catch it, and see only empty space, a field—no trees or buildings—before the blackness closes in again. Pelham's only been gone a minute or two, but it seems longer. I pull the knob that turns on the instrument lights so I can read the clock: nine-eighteen. It's ridiculous—I can't leave the poor bastard in the rain in the middle of nowhere. There's no place to turn the car around anyway; I'd have to back up the three-quarters of a mile to the highway. I feel stupid for getting into





"You know something? You're very tough to shop for."

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this. I start the car, snap on the lights, and punch the horn button a couple of times; he doesn't show, so I lock all four doors, then turn the engine and lights off and listen to the chatter of the rain.

Pelham knocks on my window, and I roll it down. "Come on out, kid. It's O.K." He's got an umbrella—one of those oversize golf umbrellas with alternating wedges of color, red and white. "Got to get you inside, get you into some dry clothes."

"Inside what?" I say. "There isn't a place for miles. I'm leaving."

I begin to close my window, starting the car at the same time. He shouts, "Wait a minute, kid. Hold on."

"You want a ride back to town, Pelham?" He's got on different clothes—a red checked shirt under the raincoat. "I'm going."

"Sure, kid. Sure. Hold on a minute. Let me get Melba." He goes off again, and I sit there with the motor running. It's nine-thirty-seven.

Melba's a dog—coal black and the size of a small pony. When we get her into the back seat, she shakes herself off, throwing water all over the inside of the car. Pelham hammers on the passenger window; that door's still locked. "Fifty yards up, there's a drive," he says, getting into the car. "You can turn there."

I go out a lot faster than I came in, the car bouncing and sliding through the holes and the slop; when I make the highway, we head for town, driving fast. Pelham is talking to the dog, which has vanished from the rearview mirror. "I knew right where you'd be, Melba," Pelham says. "Came for you just like I said I would, didn't I?" He talks all the way. When I take the turn into the parking lot outside the restaurant too fast and slide the rear end into the back fender of somebody's white Mercedes, Pelham says, "Attaboy."

"O.K," I say, pushing the shift lever into park and turning off the engine. "Get the dog out." I go around to the back of the car to see how bad the damage is. Pelham eases the dog out of the rear seat, holds her on a tight chain, and heads for the restaurant, twirling the bright umbrella. People are lining up at the windows of the building, rubbing the glass and peering out. It looks as if my bumper is caught in the Mercedes' rear wheel well, and the tire there is flattening fast. I jump on the trunk of my car, trying to free the bumper, but the jumping doesn't do any good; the cars are hooked tight.

At the cash register inside I tell the woman what's happened and give her the Mercedes' license number.

"That's Miss Landson's car," the woman says. "You sure know how to pick 'em. Wait here and I'll get her."

I look around the restaurant. There are lots of empty tables now. Back toward the corner where I ate dinner, Pelham comes out of the kitchen carrying what must be a new bowl of soup, the huge dog right behind him.

Miss Landson looks twenty-five and calm, like a hippie girl who suddenly got rich. Her hair is long, straight, thin, and brown. She comes out through the swinging doors of the kitchen talking to the cashier; she's wearing Levi's and lime-yellow running shoes—Nikes, from the look of the decoration—and a denim jacket. As she passes Pelham, who's sitting at the same table playing with the soup, she taps him on the back. She extends her hand when she's still ten feet away from me. "Ericka Landson," she says. "We had a wreck?"

"Only a small wreck, but you lost a tire. I'm sure there's no problem—I mean, Allstate will take care of it."

"Maybe we ought to have a look." She smiles at me and walks toward the door. "It's still raining, I guess." The tail of the jacket is curled at the bottom in back; she doesn't seem to have a shirt on underneath. "Betsy," she says, turning to the cashier, "bring a couple of umbrellas, will you?"

"I'm sorry about this. I was going too fast coming in. It got away from me."

Ericka stands with the door slightly open, looking out into the parking lot. "I heard that. My husband tells me you were mad at him for making you go get Melba."

"Excuse me?" I heard what she said; I just need a minute to get used to the idea. "Oh, yes. Pretty dog. Big."

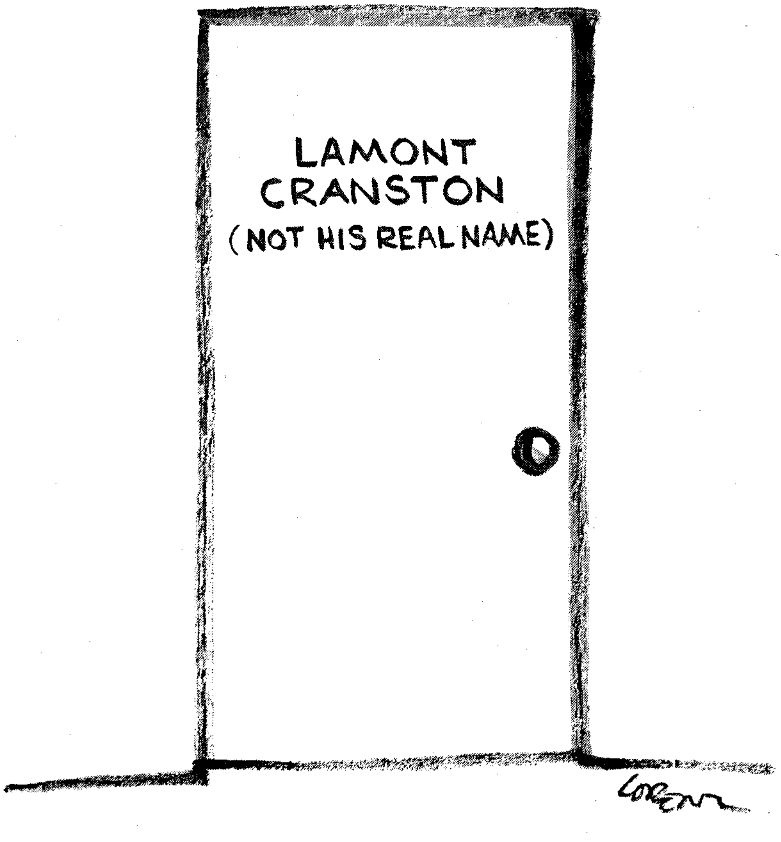
She laughs. "Dumb. She's afraid of the rain. That's why Warren wanted to go get her, although I don't know why he didn't drive himself." She lets the door close, then looks at her watch, which is black and digital, like an underwater watch. The cuffs of her jacket are rolled twice; she has small, masculine hands, long fingers, clear nails, no wedding ring.

"I sat with him at dinner. Your husband, I mean. Only I didn't know he was your husband."

Ericka looks across the room at Pelham. "He likes soup," she says. "Today's his birthday."

Betsy comes out of the kitchen with Pelham's red-and-white umbrella and a second, tan one. Pelham looks up as she passes him, then looks at the two of us standing inside the front door. He seems to chuckle to himself, a vague grin creeping up on one side of his face. "This is all I could find, Miss Landson. This brown one is busted. Carlos has a good umbrella, but he couldn't find it."

"Take one," Ericka says, pointing to the umbrellas. I take the tan and follow her out into the rain. Her shoulders are broad; she's a big woman but not heavy—like an athlete, a runner.



Our cars are awkwardly banged together at the edge of the now almost empty lot. A street light hanging off a telephone pole just beyond the entrance to the lot throws a ghoulish green-white light on the wet cars, and they glisten. The Mercedes is covered with thousands of mirrorlike bubbles. Ericka squats between the cars to assess the damage; the tire on her Mercedes is spread out like a pool of tar under the chromed wheel. She fingers the lug nuts as she surveys the situation.

"I tried jumping on mine, but it didn't help."

"No. It wouldn't," she says, standing. "It'll come out when we jack this one up to replace the tire. The fender's torn a little." She comes out from between the cars, fishing in a breast pocket, from which she pulls a ring of keys. "Let me check the spare. I don't want to get somebody out here if the spare's no good."

She opens the trunk of the Mercedes, then bends under the lid and flips up the carpet to get at the spare. When she closes the trunk, she looks at my car and says, "You didn't do so badly, outside of the tail-light. It's Warren's fault, really—he likes intrigue."

We go back inside. She suggests I sit down at a round table near the cash register while she takes care of the cars. "I'll bring coffee in a minute," she says, heading for the kitchen. Pelham watches me strip off the raincoat, shake it lightly, and drape it over the back of a chair. When I sit down to inspect my shoes, Betsy arrives with two cups of coffee. "Miss Landson'll be out in a minute," she says. "Did you want something else? A nice dessert?"

"I don't know." I look past her at Pelham; he's working on the soup. "No. I guess I'm fine."

Betsy turns to look at Pelham too, then whispers to me, "It's his birthday today. He's a nice man—he really is. I don't think it makes any difference that he's so much older than she is."

"No," I say, nodding. "I agree with you. Thanks, Betsy."

The last diners are leaving, pushing arms into raincoats, picking up purses, straightening clothes. A small fellow in a navy chalk-stripe suit, coral shirt, and regimental tie stops alongside my table and hands Betsy a ten-dollar bill. She says, "Thank you," and folds the bill twice, then slips it under her wide patent-leather belt.

The guy turns to me. "What, you staying all night?"

I look at Betsy; she raises her eyebrows and rolls her eyes in a quick half circle. The guy looks at me as if he expects an answer.

"What's that mean? Who're you?"

Ericka slips up behind him before he has a chance to answer. "Hello, Bill," she says. "Did you enjoy dinner?"

Bill grins uncomfortably and catches up with a weak-faced woman who is waiting for him in the aisle.

Three Chicano busboys are noisily stacking dishes in spattered gray rubber trays. Betsy and two waitresses cluster around the cash register, smoking and counting the evening's receipts. Pelham has put his soup on the floor for the dog, which laps hungrily at the dish while Pelham watches, expressionless.

"You dance?" Ericka says, holding her coffee to her lips with both hands. Her eyes seem very bright.

"Not much. You?"

"Sometimes I go to this cowboy bar out on the bypass—Boots, it's called—and dance all night. I love it. It's going to take a while for the Triple A people to get here—maybe we should go out?"

"I don't think so, thanks," I say, watching Pelham and the dog. "We've got no cars."

"Oh, I've got a truck in back. Warren can stay here and take care of the accident."

"He'll love that."

"It's O.K." She turns and looks over her shoulder, her elbows still planted on the table. "Hey, Warren. We're going out to Boots; you come out when the wreckers get finished, O.K.?"

Pelham looks up from the dog, then closes his eyes and drops his head maybe a quarter of an inch. He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out two car keys on a thick yellow string.

"Toss it," Ericka says. He does, and she shoves her chair back, leaping off the floor to make a one-handed catch. "Come on, buzzard," she says, grabbing my arm. "I'll teach you every dance I know. Let me have your keys for Warren, so he can bring your car out."

I give her my keys, and she takes them across the room and hands them to Pelham, then squats down and cups the dog's ears. The dog stops eating long enough to look up and lick her lips, soup dropping off its black jaw. Ericka says something to Pelham, then pats his calf, and they both laugh.

I put my raincoat on. For a minute I leave the collar of the coat turned up, but then decide it looks too stupid that way, and fold it neatly down.

"Let's go, youngster," Ericka calls. "Don't be shy, now."

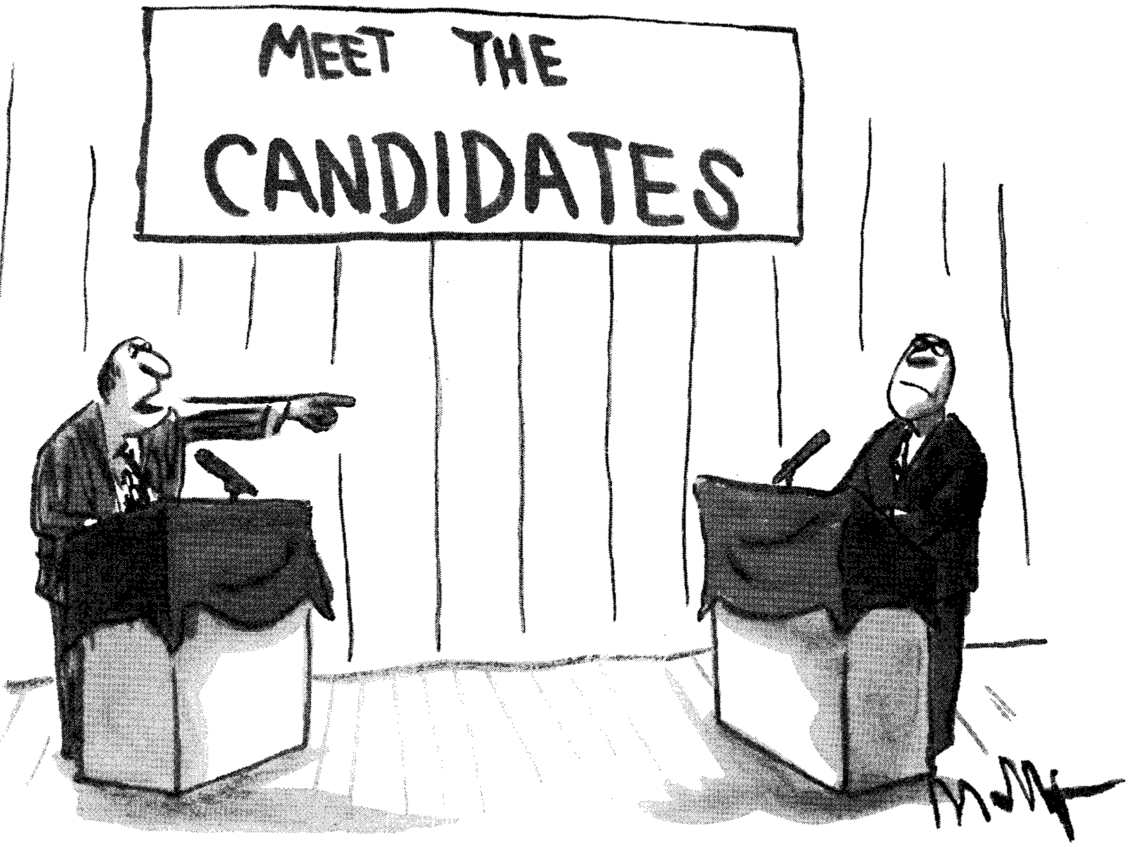
The truck is parked in a narrow alley in back of the restaurant; the passenger side is so close to the brick wall that I can't even squeeze between the fender and the wall, much less get into the truck. The rain has let up.

"I'm already having a good time," Ericka says. "You want to drive?"

"I don't want to go."

"Listen to the man, will you? The man's got 'Born to Bop' tattooed on his neck and he's talking about retirement. Try this side over here, Slick." She does a little two-step, opening the door for me.

ERICKA LANDSON did a year at Sarah Lawrence, hated it, and went to Georgia Tech, where she took bachelor's and master's degrees in chemical engineering. She delivered the diplomas to her father on a Thursday and bought the building for her restaurant the next day. That was almost a year ago; since then her father



"And let us never forget, friends, it was my opponent who predicted this god-awful mess we are in the midst of."

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died and left her half a million dollars in cash and three times that in land.

"So I married Warren," she says while we're sitting in the cab of the Ford Ranchero waiting for the attendant at the Sinclair station to return with her credit card. "I'd been in love with him since I was a kid. He had a lot more money than I did, so I figured I was safe."

The attendant, a boy with wet blond shoulder-length hair and giant lips, stops in back of the car to write the license number on a charge slip, then pushes the green plastic clipboard in Ericka's window. "I like this weather," he says. "Brings out the bugs. Get me plenty of food for my Gila monsters."

"I want those lizards," Ericka says. "I need them for my menu. The palates of the customers demand monster."

The boy grins messily; the grin distorts his face, drawing the lips tight over a row of brown teeth. "I believe you'd try it, too, Mrs. Landson," he says. "But they gonna come dear."

"And go dearer," Ericka says, passing the clipboard back out the window. "We'll call them Bobby Murtaugh's Gila Flambé—how's that sound?"

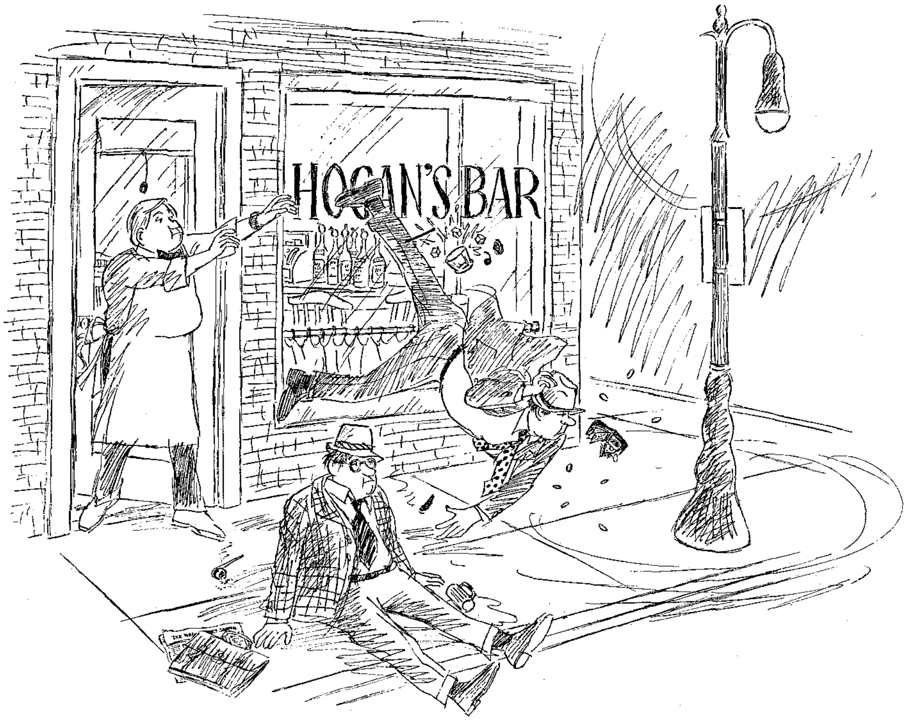
"Put a little spinach around the edges too, huh? I love spinach." He tears her carbon of the slip from between his copy and the company's copy and hands her the tissuey sheet. "And some melon balls, all different colors."

"We'll leave the heads on. Let the customers see what they eat."

"They gonna have to pay, though," Bobby Murtaugh says. "Gilas ain't easy to copulate, know what I mean?"

Ericka starts the engine, then holds up her hand in a stiff salute. "Amen. Things is tough all over. Thanks, Bobby."

The kid takes a step back and watches us pull out; when we get to the edge of his station, I turn around and see him crawling around the pump island, hunting for bugs.



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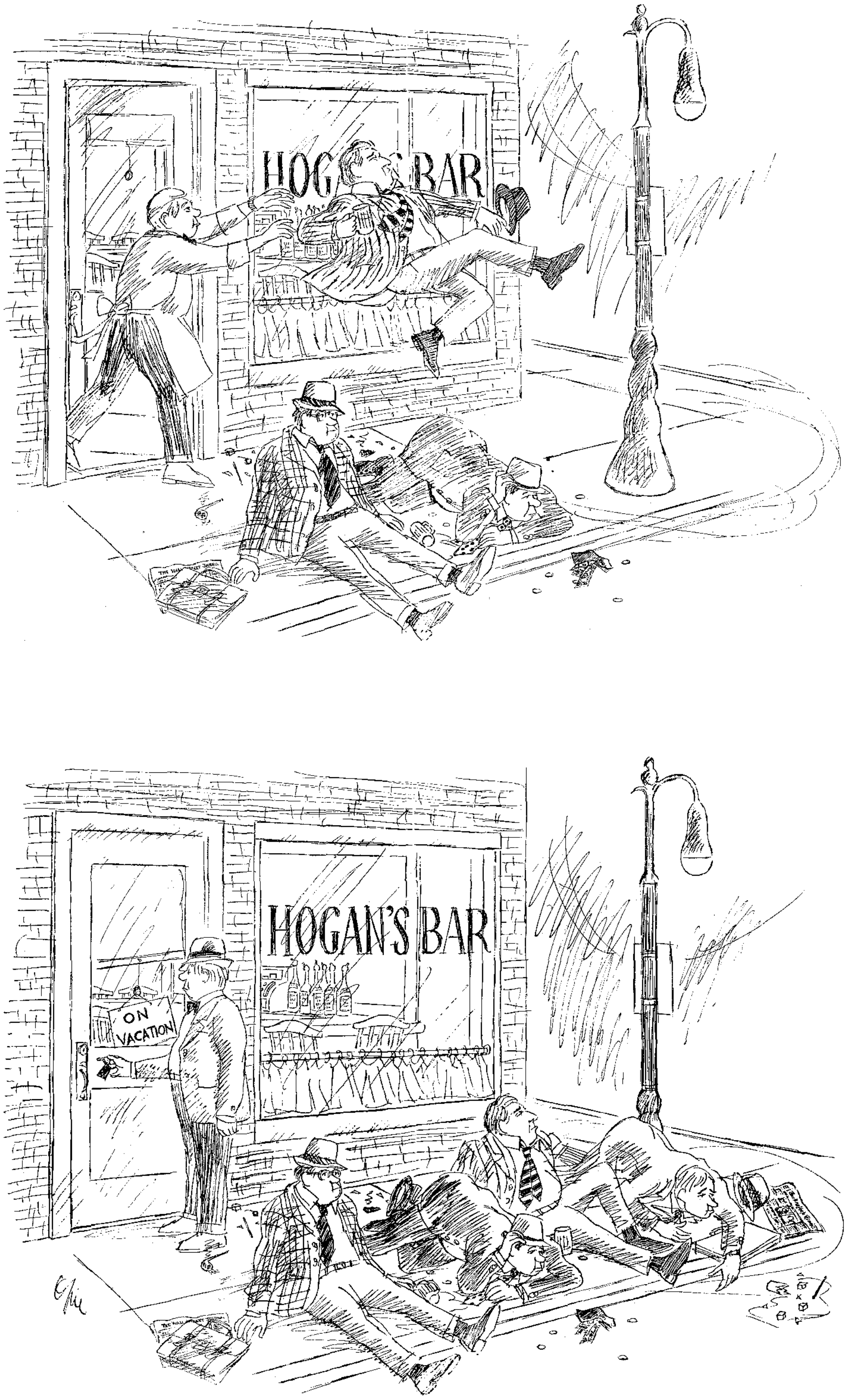
The highway heading out of town is the same one Pelham had me on earlier, but the thunderstorms have moved off to the east, where they sit like huge colored cliffs, made visible by the diffused lightning. The rain is so spare we drive with the Ranchero windows open. "I don't feel like dancing," she says after we've listened to the tires on the wet road for a while. "I dance all the time. Dancing makes me sick to my stomach." She turns to look at me in the headlights of a passing truck. "This isn't routine. I made it sound routine, but it isn't."

I shrug, then put my right arm out the window parallel to the ground, palm flat, and play that kid's game of flying the hand as if it were the wing of an airplane.

"Sometimes I hate it out here," Ericka says. "Living out here away from everything." She puts her hand out the window and does the same thing I'm doing, makes the hand swoop and dip in the air by slight twists of her wrist. "Warren helps."

One headlight of the Ranchero is out of whack, aimed upward and off to the side, and as we slip down the highway the light glitters on the telephone wires.

"He reads everything," she says.



"He gets papers from all over the country and reads them; he reads books all the time; he subscribes to forty-seven magazines. When he goes to Houston, we have to buy new luggage to bring back all the stuff he buys. He's got three computers at the house—three. You'd think one would be enough."

"More than I've got."

"Ask him for one, he'll give it to you. They're a lot of fun at first." She slows the truck and points out the window at a clay road cutting out into the field on my side of the highway. "That's where you were earlier, when you came to get Melba. Warren has a trailer out there in the woods. We live back toward town."

"How long will it take to untangle the cars? I mean, maybe we should turn around here somewhere?"

"I don't know your name—what's your name?"

"Harold Ohls."

"What are you, French?" There's a Union 76 station ahead, and Ericka slows as we get near. The place is a diner too—white wood siding and a big horizontal window like a lozenge. One of the rounded pieces of glass is badly cracked; struts of two-inch tape have been stuck on to hold it together. "Let's get something inside before we go back, O.K.?"

Ericka orders chicken-fried steak, cream gravy, mashed potatoes, green peas, toast, and iced tea, then looks up from the greasy vinyl-sleeved menu. "What about you?" I order Coke and lemon pie, then nod agreeably when she says, "I always eat late. Want me to put something on the jukebox?"

The waitress, a pudgy woman wearing a purple satin-look bowling shirt with "GlueSlingers" in gold script across the back, gives Ericka a handful of quarters in exchange for some bills and disappears through the swinging door into the kitchen. Ericka pushes the coins into the jukebox, then hovers over the selections, pressing big colored buttons. By the time she gets back to the table, the room is filled with rock and roll. "The original Doctor Funkenstein," she says. "You like it?"

The diner is no bigger than a single-car garage; all three tables have red linoleum tops with rippled-chrome strips wrapped around the edges. The chairs don't match the tables or each other, except that everything in the room seems to have pitted tubular-chrome legs.

"What's Pelham going to do when he gets to that place and we're missing?" I ask, leaning back so the waitress can deposit my pie, which is perched on thick restaurant china with cordovan triangles in a circle around the rim.

"Warren won't go to Boots—he never does. He'll just go to the house and wait. He's long-suffering—remember that word? He didn't want to marry me, but he'll kill you if you hurt me."

My fork is wrapped tight in a paper napkin. "That's funny. Is he going to kill you if you hurt me?"

"Eat your pie, why don't you?"

"Happily," I say, pulling the fork out the end of the rolled napkin. One of the tines is missing. I show this to Ericka and then start on the pie. "We're not doing so well, are we?"

"We're not supposed to," she says. "How is it?"

"Pretty good. You want some?"

"Dessert is later." She grabs my free hand and yanks it across the table, then pins it to the red linoleum and bends over to inspect the fingernails. "These are a mess. I can clean them up if you want me to."

"Maybe later."

Her food arrives on a brown oval plate with portion dividers; the dirty-whitish gravy has been liberally applied so that it seeps from one section to the next in an uninterrupted flow. Ericka starts with the toast, plunging the corner of the first piece into the thick pool on top of the potatoes. I finish the pie and then watch her eat. She asks a couple of questions—what do I do, where was I born?—but then she loses interest and concentrates on the food. We go through the rest of the dinner in silence. I'm tired.

"Now," she says, when she's finished. "Now we dance." She tears a couple of napkins trying to get a whole one out of the chrome-faced dispenser screwed to the table just under the window.

"Please—no dancing tonight, O.K.? Tonight let's go home."

She unbuttons one of the pockets of her denim jacket and brings out a five-dollar bill. She puts the money on the table and gets up. "No dancing?" she says, affecting a hurt expression. "You seem like kind of a drip, Harold."

"Thanks."

In the car she says, "We'll have cake with Warren and then you can go, O.K.?"

THE house is modern, white as ice and lit up like a circus. My car is parked in the U-shaped drive next to the Mercedes. Warren is inside watching a bank of three Sonys; he's wearing a black silk robe with scarlet piping, and under that he's got on green pajamas. Melba is asleep beside his chair. "You have fun?" he asks his wife.

"We decided to have cake," she says. "You need cake."

"What's on?" I ask, motioning toward the televisions.

"A movie, Tom Snyder, and 'Love Boat.' "

"I got the truck filled up," Ericka says. "Harold didn't have such a great time. We went out to the diner. I don't think he knows what's going on." She sits on the arm of Pelham's chair, facing the televisions. She rubs the back of the dog's neck.

"We don't have any problems," he says. "That's easy enough. Slinky's looking for a companion because I wear out fast."

"Me too," I say. "Sorry."

"I'll get the cake," Ericka says, heading for the kitchen. "I made it myself, Harold. It's really good."

"Her aunt made it. I've had it before," Pelham says when Ericka's out of the room. "It's pitiful-looking."

I laugh sympathetically. "What about the cars? How're we going to work that out?"

"Don't worry about the cars."

"I won't if you'll send me something I can give the insurance guy."

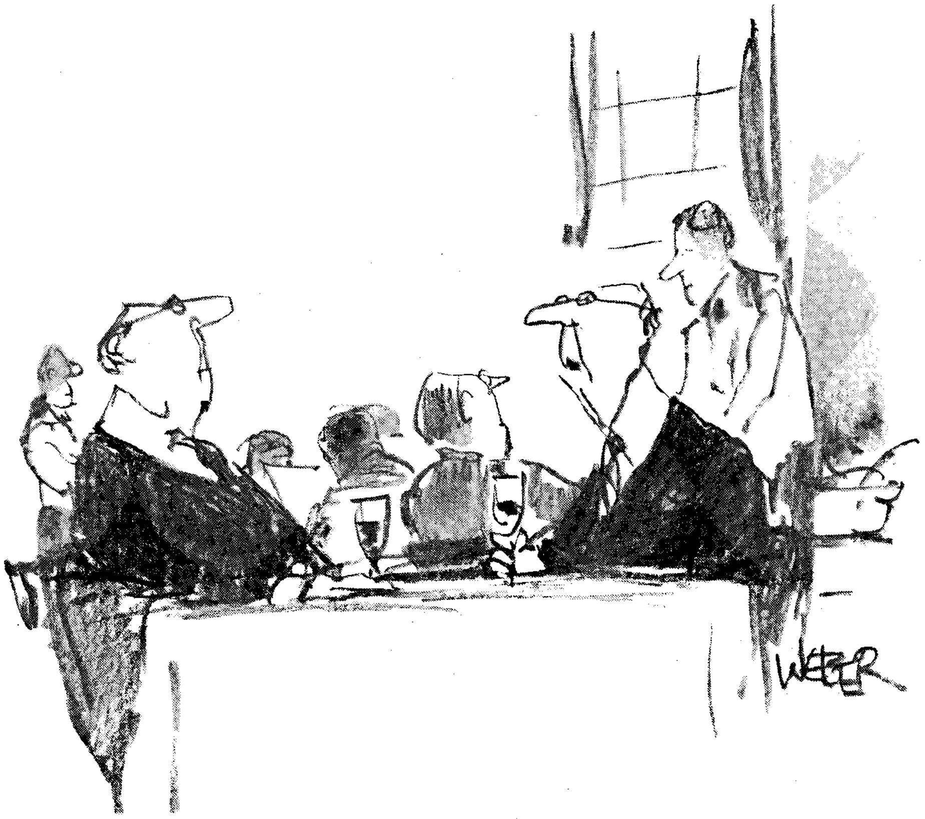
"Yeah, well," Pelham says, waving at the sofa, "it just isn't necessary. What you're supposed to do is distract Slinky, but I don't guess you're going to."

I drop my raincoat over a ladder-back chair near the door, then take a seat at one end of the sofa. We sit there in silence watching the televisions. All three of them have the sound on, so that what we hear is a garbled, random mix of talk and music. Pelham pets the dog and looks from one screen to the next, his eyes shifting from left to right with habitual precision. Then all three stations start commercials at the same time—a Pepsi ad, a car ad, and an ad for perfume—and all three look the same: dramatic silvery colors, surreal spaces, glittering sexy women. "Look at that," I say, pointing.

"I know," Pelham says, without turning around. "Good."

Ericka comes back into the room carrying a tray on which is a large flat cake stuck full of lighted candles. The icing is sherbety orange. She puts the tray on the coffee table and starts to sing "Happy Birthday," gesturing for me to join in. I'm embarrassed, but I sing along. Pelham hangs on to his composure for a minute, then grins and starts singing. When we finish the chorus, Ericka starts it again, and everybody sings loud this time, complete with conductor's gestures, vibrato, and three-part homemade harmony. The singing wakes Melba, who yawns and shakes, then steps up to the coffee table waving her big tail and rips a four-inch hole in the cake's fruity icing.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME



"Most of my dealings are with Morgan Guaranty Trust. As a matter of fact, I have their T-shirt."

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

Whistler Jason Serinus will whistle Tuesday, October 6, for three hours at Samadhi, 2001 Van Ness Avenue, at Jackson Street. He will whistle while people float for an hour in a Samadhi tank.

PERSONAL HISTORY

VEDI-I

ORPHANAGE

I REMEMBER the train whistle. It blew with a rush of steam. Hurriedly, Daddyji drew my palms together within his own huge ones, said the Hindu farewell, "*Namaste*," lifted me through the compartment window, and handed me to Cousin Prakash. "You are a man now," he said. This sentence of my father's was to become the beginning of my clear, conscious memory. In later years, I would recall it again and again, as if it were the injunction of my destiny. Cousin Prakash held me out just in time for Mamaji to kiss me before the train started moving.

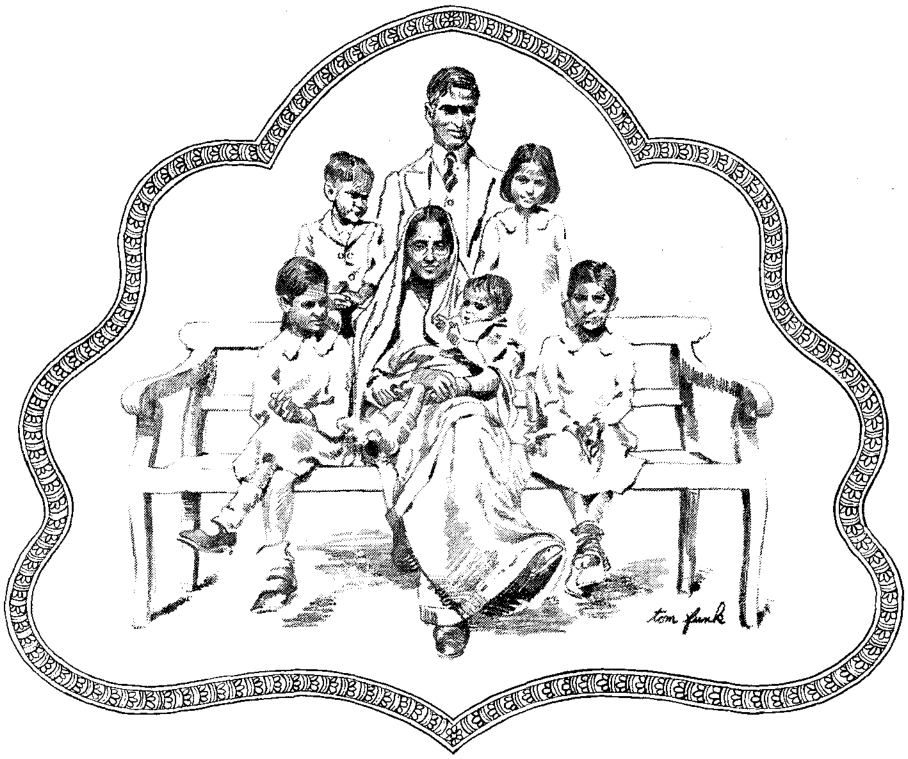
What Daddyji would later remember about my going away in the train was the chill of the February day. Mamaji, however, would remember that she was oblivious of the cold as she held me tight against her chest at the station and felt my tears streaming down her neck; I seemed to sense that something awful was about to happen to me. "Vedi's not yet five," she said to Daddyji. "He's too young for a blind school."

"Do you want him always to be holding on to your sari?" he asked. "Or do you want him to make something of himself?"

She remembers that her impulse was to say, "I don't know if I want Vedi to make anything of himself," but she was a Hindu wife, and so she said nothing more. The train was hooting.

I remember that I didn't really understand until the train was moving forward—going ever faster, and getting more regular-sounding through the open windows—that I was going away. I called for Mamaji and Daddyji. I cried. I slept. I forgot. I remembered. I kicked against the leather berth. I banged my fists against the compartment wall. I cried. I slept. I woke to hear Cousin Prakash say, out of nowhere, "This is an express train, Vedi."

Cousin Prakash was a son of Daddyji's only sister. He was going to Bombay to try his hand at writing scripts for the cinema—he kept on calling me, affectionately, Actor. He loved Daddyji as he loved his own father, and my brother and sisters and I all thought of him as a brother. He was fond of me, but he didn't like looking after me; a bachelor, he didn't know what to do with a small child. I'd never been alone with him before, and I didn't like being with him on the train. He would say "Actor, why are you crying?" and "Actor, do you want to go to the bathroom?" and "Actor, would you like a glucose biscuit?" I couldn't say why I was crying, but I always wanted to go to the bathroom and I always wanted a glucose biscuit.



I remember that we were on the train for a day and a night and more. The air blew in through the open windows, covering my clothes, my hair, my berth with more and more grit and soot let fly by the engine. I remember that at one station Cousin Prakash bought me, through the open window, a packet of anise seeds coated with sugar. I remember thinking how much I liked him, and feeling happy in a surge.

At the Victoria Terminus in Bombay, we took a closed tonga, which Cousin Prakash called a victoria. I had never been in a closed tonga, and I asked him why the tonga and the station had the same name, but he was busy reading a newspaper and didn't answer.

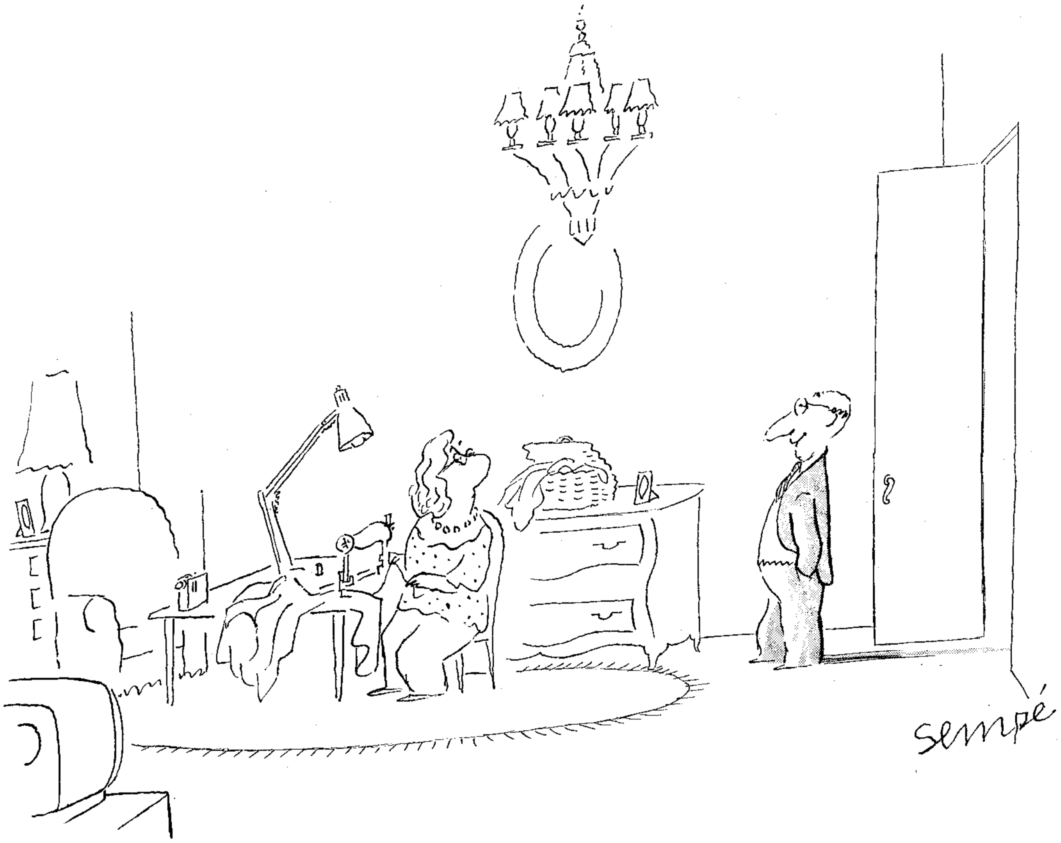
I tried to pull the newspaper from his hand. "Daddyji explains everything!" I cried, and I begged him to take me home. But he ignored me.

Finally, he said, brushing the train soot off his clothes, "School, Actor—they'll teach you there how to read and write. You'll be very happy in the nice school."

As he spoke, the victoria slowed down. "This is the area, Sahib," the victoriawallah said.

Cousin Prakash, as he later told me, was mildly surprised to see that Dadar was a low-lying industrial area with open drains. It appeared to consist of dirty tenements, small, rickety wooden market stalls, and two gigantic textile mills. The mills were surrounded by seemingly impregnable stone walls—broken only by heavy iron gates and topped with barbed wire—and had tall chimneys billowing smoke. In fact, there was such a sooty smell in the air that Dadar could have been just another compartment in a train.

As Cousin Prakash later told it, the victoriawallah almost drove past the school, because he took it for a tenement. The school—a narrow, three-story structure of dark-gray stone with a small bird's nest of a tower—was wedged between the two mills and stood opposite some crumbling brick tenements, and laundry was hanging out of its windows. But the victoriawallah managed to bring the victoria to an abrupt stop just past the front of the school. We got down, and Cousin Prakash told the victoriawallah to wait. Even then, Cousin



"Do you realize, Helen, that as of today I've been operational for thirty-four years?"

Prakash says, he was not sure that we had been brought to the right place. But then, looking up, he saw a plaque next to a gate and read this:

To the Glory of God
Opened January 15, 1920
by
H. E. The Hon. Lady Lloyd
This Institution for the
Blind Standing on a Site
Provided by Government
Was Built from Funds Given
In Equal Proportions by
Many Interested Friends &
The Government of Bombay
Superintendent Miss A. L. Millard
Architectors Messrs Gregson
Batley and King
Clerk of the Works Mr. T. Gangaram

Inside the gate and just a few steps across a postage stamp of a courtyard was a veranda. On it I heard the clatter of brass utensils being pushed away against the bare floor and the rustle of people getting up. Several male voices said something to us in a language I didn't understand. (It was Marathi, the language of Bombay.) It sounded funny, like baby talk, and yet the voices were cracked and raspy, like those of some scary goblins I had once encountered at the Exhibition Ground in Lahore. ("You are a man now" was a gleaming memory, but there were other, wordless memories.)

"Why do they speak in that strange way?" I asked Cousin Prakash.

"He is bold," someone said, in broken Hindustani. I spoke Punjabi, but I could understand Hindustani, which I had heard at home from servants and venders.

"He's a new student," Cousin Prakash said, in Hindustani. Many hands reached out and touched me, almost tickling me in their welcome.

Cousin Prakash asked the boys on the veranda if this was their tiffin hour.

They answered in a jumble.

"It's Saturday."

"We have a long tiffin hour."

"It's tiffin hour."

"Where is your American-trained principal, Mr. Ras Mohun?" Cousin Prakash asked.

A boy took us up a flight of stairs, to a smaller veranda, and showed us into a room opening off it.

A man with a high-pitched voice, almost like Mamaji's, bent down and said something to me in another language I didn't understand. (The man was Mr. Ras Mohun, and he was speaking English.)

Mr. Ras Mohun, as he later recalled, hadn't thought that when it came down to it my parents would actually send me to his school. He could not quite believe that people of class and position, like my parents, would send a totally blind child of scarcely five to a school in a city thirteen hundred miles away—with a strange language, a strange climate, strange food—on the basis of a perfunctory correspondence, in which the question of how a well-to-do Punjabi child would survive in a Marathi-speaking orphanage (the school had about forty destitute boys and girls of all ages, most of them without known parents) was barely touched upon. Then he saw me walk into his sitting-and-dining room—the room off the upper veranda—with Cousin Prakash. Mr. Ras Mohun was struck by how much I looked like a normal, sighted boy, and for a moment he thought I must be not the boy intended for his school but a sighted son of Cousin Prakash. Even after I was introduced, he continued to believe that I had some sight, because, he says, he'd never before seen such normal-looking eyes and such an open, cheerful expression on the face of a blind child.

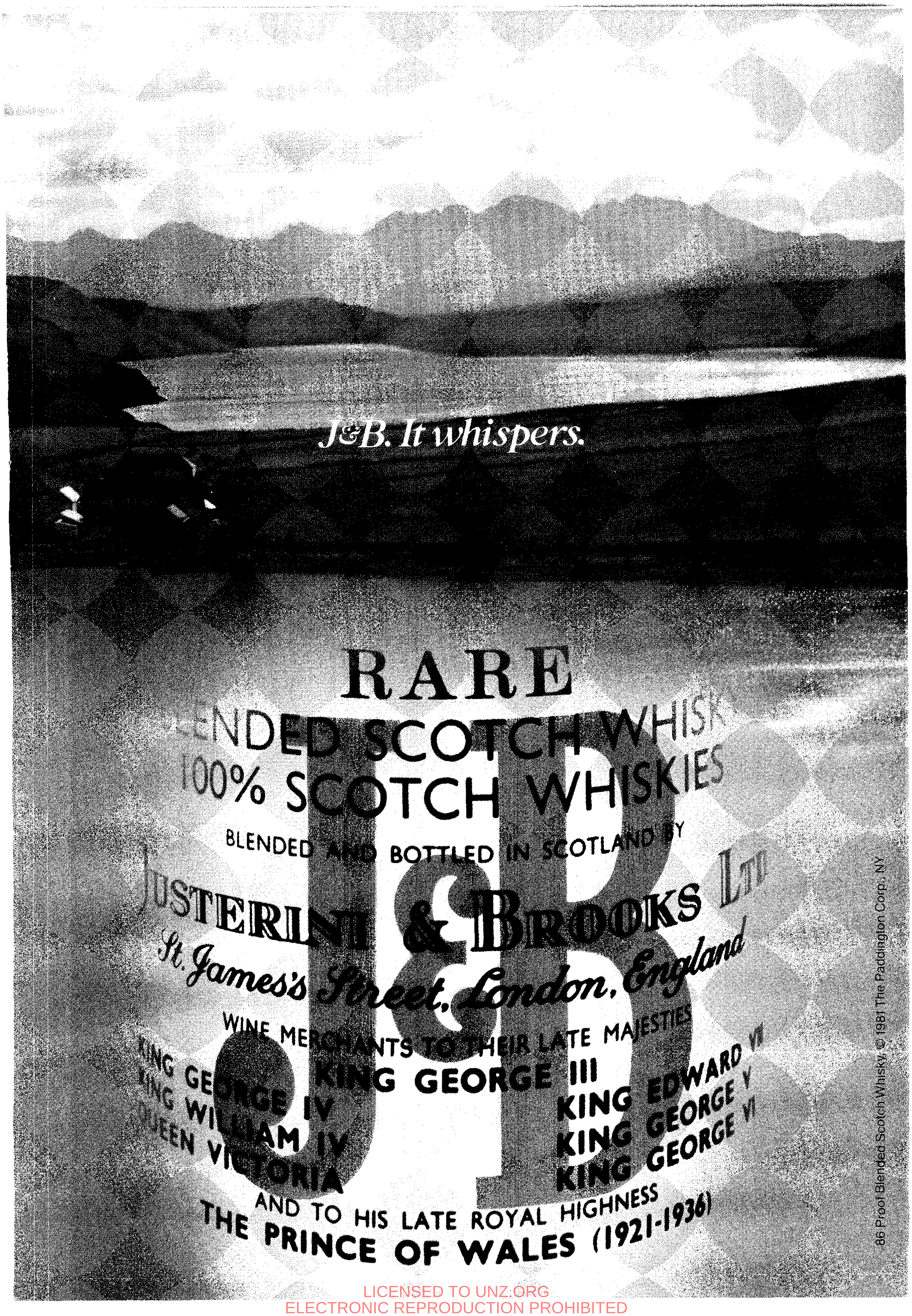
"The boy has a very winning smile," Mr. Ras Mohun said, in funny Hindustani.

I didn't know that he was talking about me till I felt a lady (Mrs. Ras Mohun) gather me up and heard her exclaim, "What a winning smile you have, Vedi!"

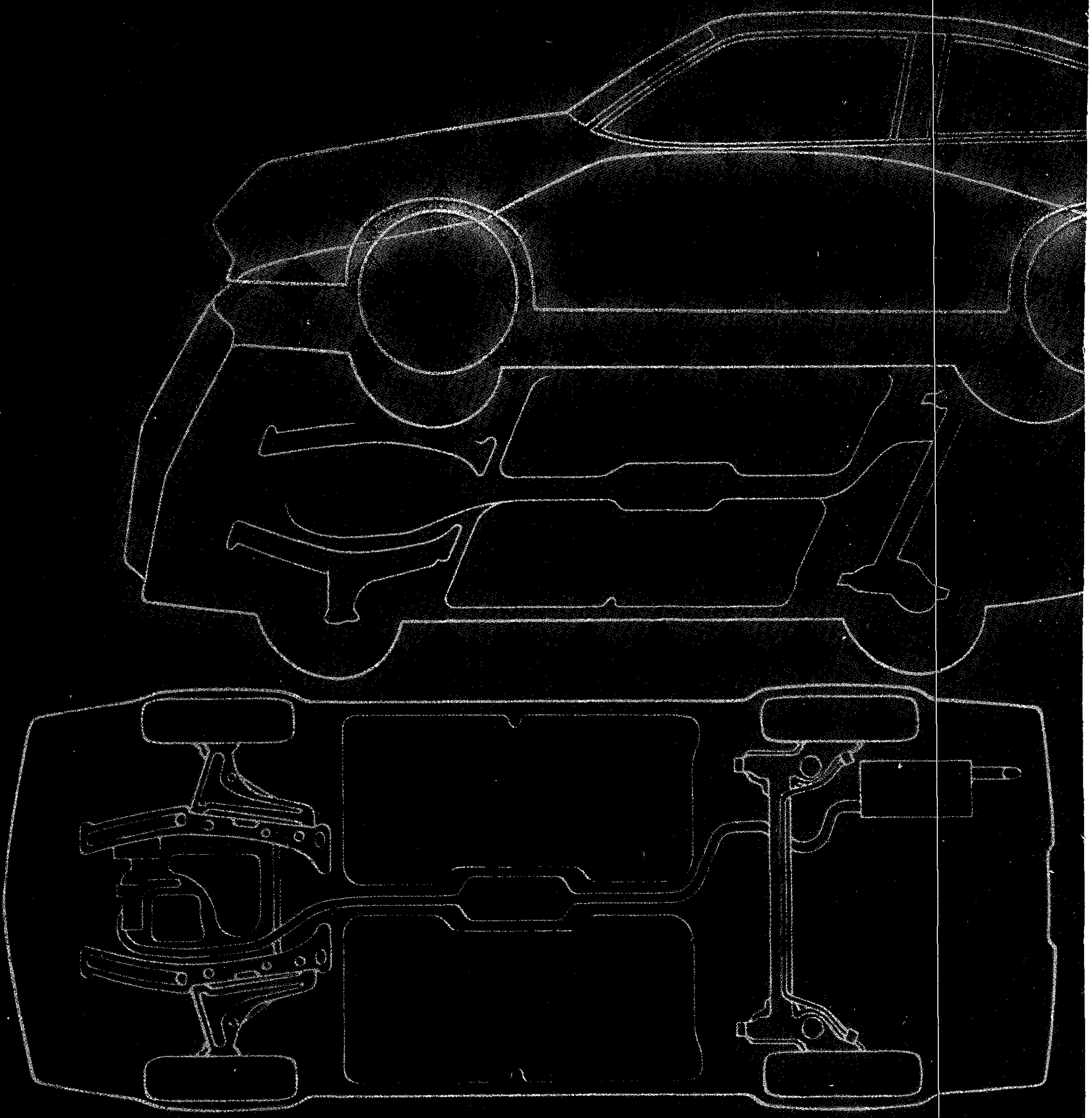
Cousin Prakash recalls that he looked at me but couldn't see what was special about my smile. All the same, he was satisfied that the Ras Mohuns were a good sort. He had had some reservations about them ever since Daddyji told him that they were Bengalis and Christians, because Cousin Prakash was a little wary of both.

Mr. Ras Mohun, taking no further notice of me, began to talk to Cousin Prakash in English.

Cousin Prakash said something


J&B. It whispers.
RARE
ENDED SCOTCH WHISK
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
JUSTERINI & BROOKS LT
St. James's Street, London, England
WINE MERCHANTS TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES
KING GEORGE III
ING GEORGE IV
ING WILLIAM IV
UEEN VICTORIA
KING EDWARD VI
KING GEORGE V
KING GEORGE VI
AND TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES (1921-1936)
J&B

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1981 The Paddington Corp. NY



Technology for the side of the car you don't see.

It isn't brightly painted. It isn't pretty. The other side of the metal. You rarely see it. Yet it's a very important part of a car's body. It's where moisture can collect and cause rust. It's also where we've invested a lot of money and technology.

These surfaces, such as the inside of the doors and fenders, the trunk floor, and the rear quarter panels, aren't treated the way they used to be. We're treating them in an entirely different way. Many are now made from zinc-coated steel, while others are coated with a special corrosion-resistant substance developed from a petroleum-based compound. And a new plastisol spray protects the car on the lower side areas closest to the ground, where pebbles and stones can cause the most paint damage.

This isn't flashy technology. In fact, its only purpose is to help prevent rust.

That's our idea of how to use technology to build cars and trucks. Attention to details where you don't see them, as well as where you do. Appearance and comfort may sometimes sell a car, but today's customers demand real value.

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General Motors

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GM

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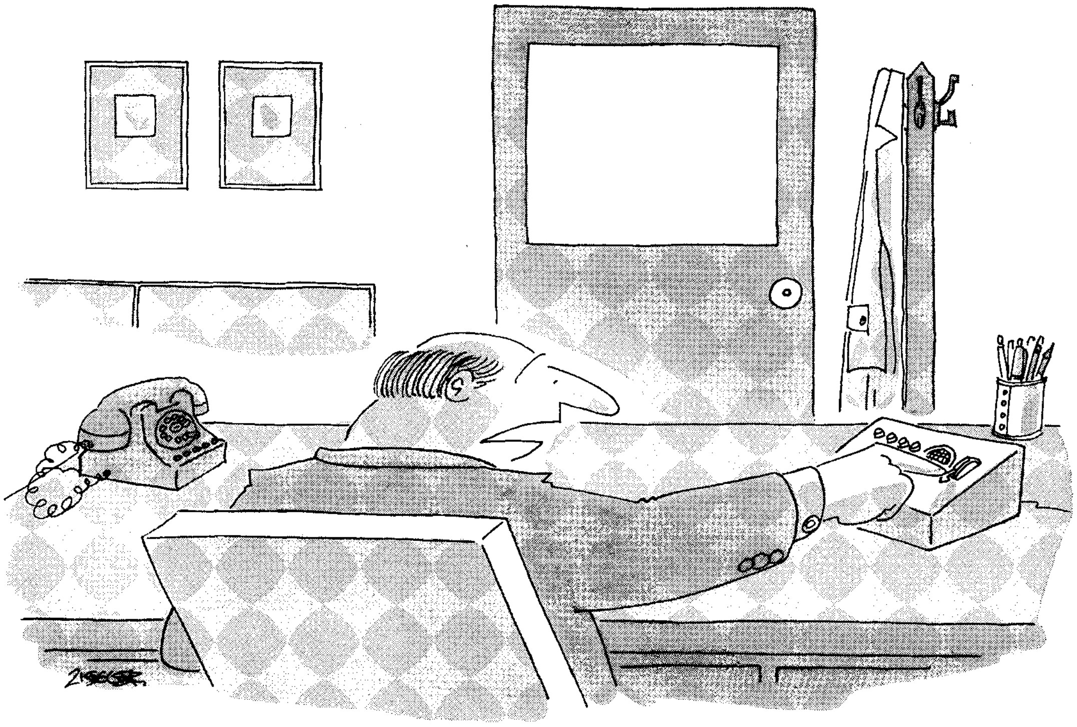


"Miss Brinkley! Miss Brinkley! Get in here! I . . . I think I love you!"

quickly to the Ras Mohuns, and then, before I knew it, he was gone. He says that he was afraid I might cry and make a scene, which he thought would be awkward for everybody. He therefore slipped away without letting me know.

"Where is he?" I asked.

I had lost a front milk tooth in the train, and I couldn't talk properly. The words came out sounding thick, as if something were stuck to the roof of my mouth. I started crying.

"Mr. Anand is gone," Mr. Ras Mohun said, in faltering Hindustani. He used Cousin Prakash's surname, and for a moment I didn't know whom he meant. "I'm your uncle and this is your auntie," he continued.

"You're not," I said. "My uncles and aunties are in Lahore, at the train station."

"What a nice-looking boy you are!" Mrs. Ras Mohun said, kissing the top of my head. "You must come to your auntie just as you would go to your mummy."

"Yes," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "You will stay with us, you will eat with us—we will take care of you."

Mrs. Ras Mohun set me down, and Mr. Ras Mohun took me by the hand and said, "Come along."

Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun led me out of the room, turned left, and walked a few steps. Mr. Ras Mohun unlocked a door and pushed it back. It sounded as if it were falling down. "It's falling," I said, through my tears.

They laughed.

"It's a metal accordion gate to the tower," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "Feel it."

I became very much interested. I had never before felt a gate that folded and unfolded like the bellows of a harmonium. For the time being, I forgot that Cousin Prakash had gone. I wanted to open and close the gate. But Mrs. Ras Mohun said, "Don't do that—you'll get your fingers caught."

We turned left again and walked through the gate. Mr. Ras Mohun closed it behind us. We climbed a flight of narrow stairs.

"Here is our daughter, Heea," Mrs. Ras Mohun said, taking me over to a crib. I put my hand into it and felt two kicking legs. They were Heea's. She was just a year old. She took hold of my finger and put it in her mouth. Again, I forgot for the time being that Cousin Prakash had gone.

I SLEPT that night on a cot next to Heea's crib. In the morning, Heea's ayah told me that I couldn't use Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun's bathroom, and took me to the small children's bathroom; to get to it, we had to go downstairs and walk through the sitting-and-dining room to the other side of the building. The ayah had me sit under a tap. The water was cold and came out in a strong jet, making me shiver all over. I howled. I begged for a bucket of hot water and a dipper, as at home, so that I could wet myself slowly.

The ayah held me fast under the tap and said, "Come on now, Vedi, be a brave boy."

"No, I don't want to!" I cried.

"It's just like going out in the rain," she said.

I thought a moment, and then laughed.

The ayah let go of me.

"Rain, rain!" I yelled, and I turned on the tap full blast. The water poured out in a heavy stream and splashed all around me on the cement floor.

I ran to the ayah, who wrapped me in a little towel.

"Brave boy," she said, hugging me.

AT breakfast, in Mr. Ras Mohun's sitting-and-dining room, Mrs. Ras Mohun put my chair next to hers at a small, squarish table, tied a bib around my neck, and showed me how to eat a soft-boiled egg by myself with a spoon. I tried to get her to spread the egg on the toast, as Mamaji did at home.

"That's how jungly boys eat," Mrs. Ras Mohun said. "You must learn to eat your egg from its shell with a spoon."

"Vedi will be excused from the class of caning chairs," Mr. Ras Mohun said just as I started beating the shell with the spoon to make the opening bigger. "Caning chairs is for the poor boys, and he's a rich boy."

I didn't know what Mr. Ras Mohun was talking about, but as I beat the egg with the spoon I imagined that caning chairs was a game in which poor boys were given canes to beat a chair with. I was angry that Mr. Ras Mohun was not going to let me play the game, and wanted to run to Cousin Prakash and tell him.

"Cousin Prakash!" I cried. "I want to go to him!"

Mr. Ras Mohun tried to comfort

me, but Mrs. Ras Mohun said, "Just ignore him."

I let go of the spoon and got soft-boiled egg on the tablecloth and on my bib.

"Only naughty boys throw their eggs around," Mrs. Ras Mohun said.

Mr. Ras Mohun tried to show me how to hold the spoon steady. Then he left, and Mrs. Ras Mohun washed my hands and face with water poured from a jug into a basin.

There was a thin, sharp, insistent sound from downstairs.

"What is that?" I asked, getting interested.

"What—that? That's Uncle's hand bell," Mrs. Ras Mohun said. "He is calling the boys and girls to the morning class."

"Where are the girls?"

"The girls live in the girls' dormitory, and the boys live in the boys' dormitory."

Mr. Ras Mohun returned and took me downstairs to the main classroom, where he left me with the school's Matron.

"Where do you live?" I asked her.

"In the girls' dormitory."

The Matron showed me a sort of wooden frame with a lot of beads on it. She counted the beads row by row, having me follow her fingers with my fingers and say the numbers after her. I got up to eighteen. I liked the way a mere touch could make the beads spin, and thought this was a nice game.

After a while, I knew that Mr. Ras Mohun was coming, because I recognized his walk—short, quick footsteps that click-clicked on the bare floor.

"It's lunchtime," he said, taking me by the hand. "Come along."

"I want to go there," I said, and I pulled him in the direction of the veranda, from which came the sounds of brass utensils on the bare floor and of boys laughing and talking.

He laughed. "They are poor orphans. Come. Auntie is waiting for us upstairs."

ONE morning, a few days after my arrival, Mrs. Ras Mohun was sitting at her dressing table.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I am putting some cream and powder on my face."

"Can I have some?"

She bent down and put a big dab of cold cream on my face.

"More," I said.

She laughed. She covered my whole face with cream and rubbed it in.

"Some powder, too."

She laughed again. "Is that what your mummy did to you, Vedi?"

I had to stop and think, and then I remembered how I liked to climb into Mamaji's lap and feel her hands as she rubbed cream and powder into my face until I smelled like her.

I tried to climb into Mrs. Ras Mohun's lap, but she pushed me away. "Go wash your hands and face," she said.

"I want more, Auntie."

"Go away and wash," she said. "Powder and cream may not cost money in your rich home, but here they cost lots of money."

"How much?"

"Lots of money."

"Tell Ayah to give me my bath!" I yelled.

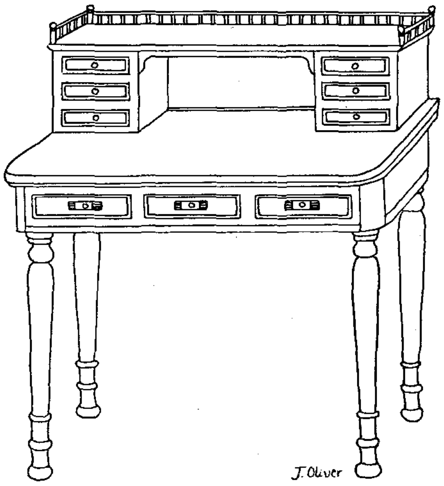
"The ayah is busy with Heea," Mrs. Ras Mohun said. "You're a big boy now. You have to learn to take your own bath."

"I want Ayah."

"You were spoiled at home," she said. "There is no special ayah for you here. You have to learn to do things by yourself."

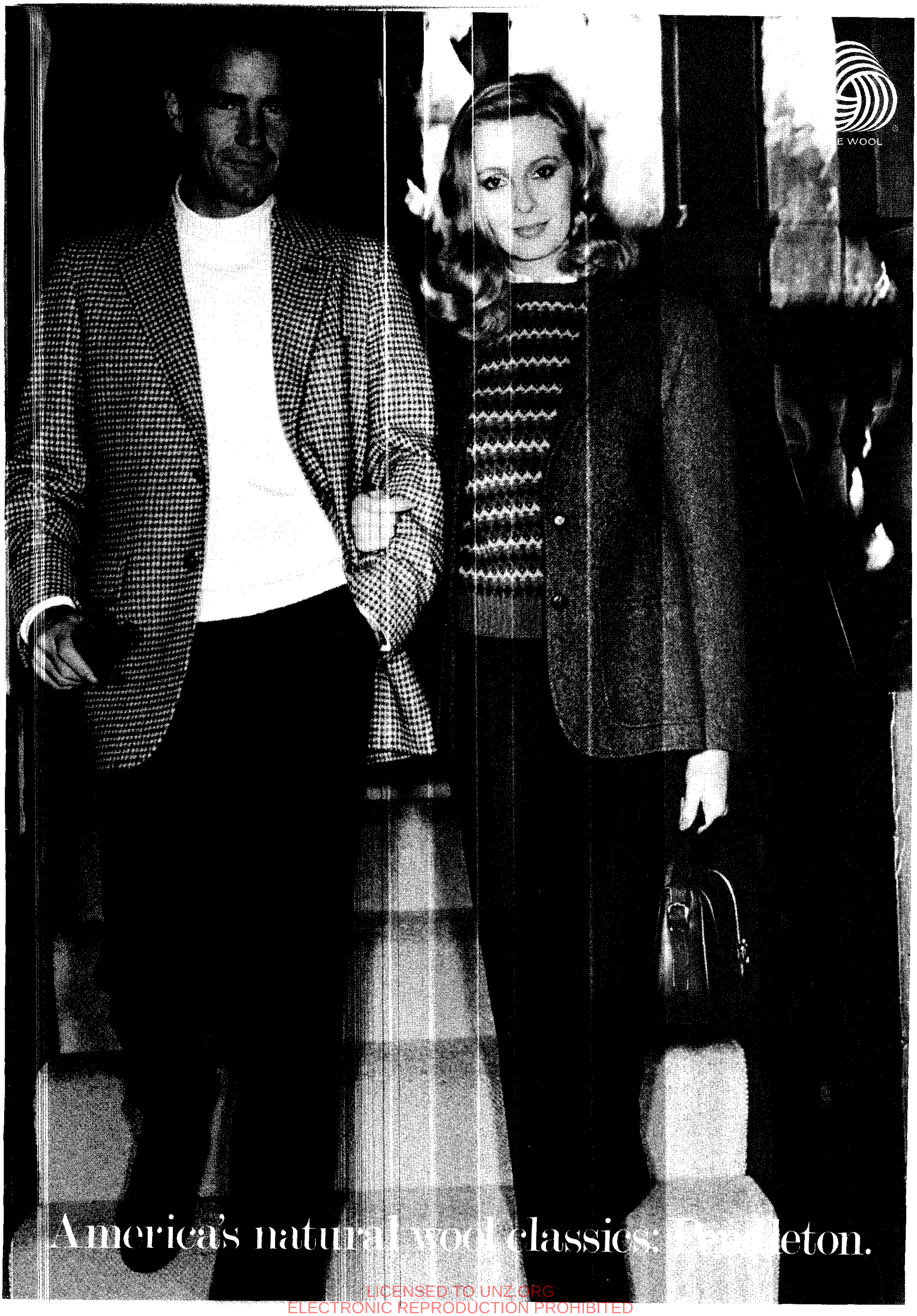
Heea started crying. Mrs. Ras Mohun ran to her. I followed, and tugged at Mrs. Ras Mohun, but she would not stop tending to Heea.

MANY years later, Daddyji told me how it happened that he sent me to Mr. Ras Mohun's school. "When you lost your sight, I didn't know anything about the blind," he said. I was hardly four when, in the winter of 1938, I was left blind from meningitis. "Like anyone else, I had, of course, often seen blind people stumbling along, groping their way down a city street. They usually carried a staff in one hand and a tin cup in the other. Also, as a public-health officer, I had visited many villages and seen blind villagers being cared for by the joint-family system, which in those days took in any and all relatives. But all those blind people lived little better than wounded animals. I made up my mind that my blind son would never have to depend on the charity of relatives. I wanted you to be independent, like your sisters and brother. I wanted you to be able to hold your head high in any company. I started looking around for a school for you, and was told that there were hardly a score of schools for the blind in the whole country, and that the two or three best ones were in Calcutta and Bombay. Calcutta was out of the question. The Black Hole doesn't suit us Punjabis. But I immediately placed advertisements in the agony columns of newspapers in Bombay. That's how I happened to hear from Mr. Ras Mohun, of Dadar School for the Blind.



"Mr. Ras Mohun wrote me that he was young, that he was married, and that he had a year-old daughter, and from this I surmised that he was a good family man. He said that he was a Christian and America-returned, and from this I concluded that he would not have the fatalistic attitude of our Hindu brethren, who regard blindness as a curse, and also that he would be conversant with progressive, Western methods of educating the blind. I wrote to Mr. Ras Mohun that I knew that the food and accommodations at his school would probably not be up to the standard of our home, and therefore I wondered if you could go to his school but live and board with him. I told him that, provided he could educate you, money would be no object. Mr. Ras Mohun wrote back to say that he would treat you like his own son, and that the expenses for room and board with him would come to forty rupees a month. As it happened, we were paying seventy-five rupees for your brother Om in Bishop Cotton School in Simla, and that was one of the top boarding schools. So I imagined that your room and board would be comparable, because Bombay was probably much cheaper than Simla.

"At first, your dear mother did not pay much attention to my efforts to find a school for you. She was trying all kinds of quack remedies—various eyedrops—that faith healers told her would make you see. Anyhow, she thought that, as always, I was writing letters, planning, and dreaming. When I told her about my determination to send you to Mr. Ras Mohun's school, she started crying that she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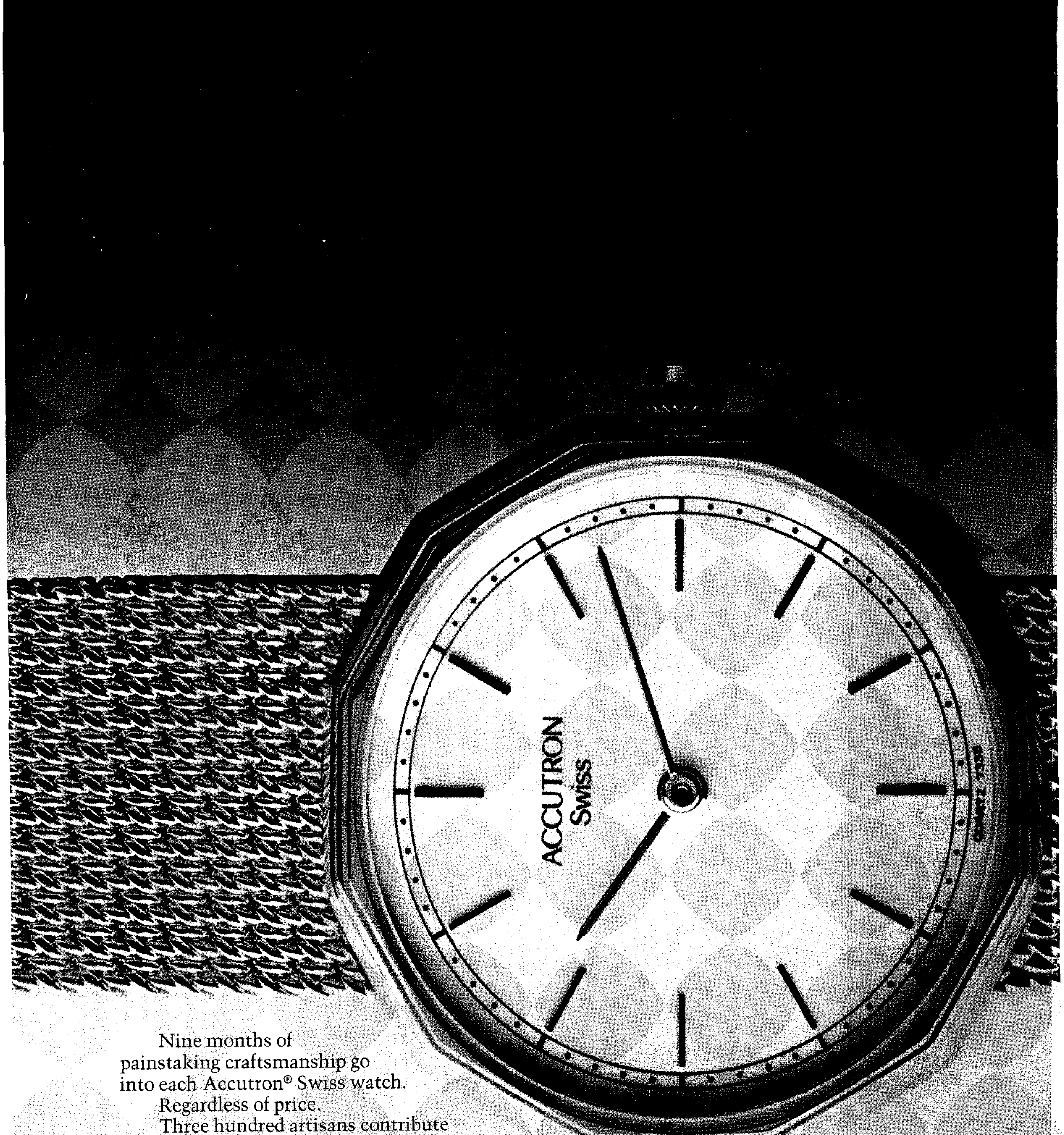

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could not let you go, and you started crying that you would not go. I remember that she asked me, 'What caste is Ras Mohun Sahib?' I laughed right out. 'You mean Mr. Ras Mohun? He's a Christian. He has no caste.' It was then that I learned from her that she put the blame for your blindness on the evil influence of the Christian wife whom Romesh"—Daddyji's younger brother—"had brought home around the time of your sickness. Many were shocked that Romesh had secretly married outside his caste and religion, and Bhabiji"—Daddyji's mother—"almost died from the shock, but I had no idea that your dear mother, in her superstitious way, had connected one event with the other. From the coincidence of time, she had somehow arrived at a relationship of cause and effect.

"Looking back, I blame myself for not having gone to the school and seen for myself the conditions there. But in those days Bombay seemed very far. Sometimes I wonder why Prakash didn't tell me, but, to be fair to him, he had no idea what schools for the blind were supposed to be like, and he formed a good impression of Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun. Anyway, I had made all the arrangements, and he felt that when he left you at the school he had done his duty."

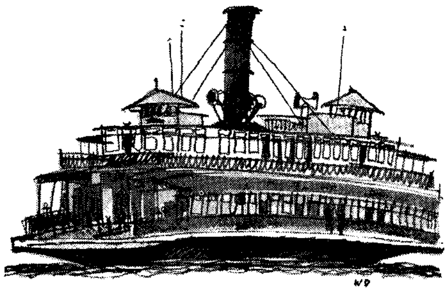
Dadar School, one of the first two or three schools for the blind in the country, got its start during the famine of 1900, when an American missionary, Miss Anna Millard, rounded up a few blind, hungry orphan boys and girls from the Bombay streets and took the responsibility of feeding them. She was a member of the American Marathi Mission, and she appealed to the sympathies of Bombay businessmen and the Bombay municipal authorities, who gave her some money. On a street called Love Lane, she established an orphanage—part home, part school—for the children and started teaching them English Braille; there was no accepted standard Braille for Indian languages. She also taught the older orphan boys to cane chairs, to weave wicker hampers for soiled clothes, and to hammer together simple objects, so that they could help defray some of the expenses of the place. But she paid the most attention to teaching the orphans hymns and the Bible, in the hope that they could go back to the streets one day as "blind Bible men" and "blind Bible women"—lay preachers. A pamphlet put out by the American Marathi Mission at that time notes:

> One of the most pathetic sights on the streets of many an Indian town is the blind beggar. He does not remain there except so long as he actually succeeds in securing alms. Cases have been reported in which ignorant, shiftless, cruel Indian parents have sometimes deliberately put the juice of a scalding herb into the eyes of an unpromising child so as permanently to blind the child, in the expectation that the blind child by begging alms would bring more of an income into the family than he would otherwise earn. . . .
>
> In marked contrast with such conditions is the life of the children who have been gathered into the school for the Blind [in Love Lane]. . . . The bright happy faces and the spontaneous testimony of the pupils in this school seemed to show that they have fulfilled to a higher degree than do many seeing persons the prophecy (Revelation 22.4) which has been adopted as the motto of the school: "And they shall see His face."
>
> This is an excellent instance of how the inspiration of Jesus of Nazareth, who healed and helped blind beggars in Palestine, has led to the transformation of some of the helpless blind children of India, who otherwise would be parasites on human society, so that they are happy persons, whose minds are filled with progressive knowledge, their mouths with gratitude for the love of God, and their hands with practical helpfulness.

Miss Millard sometimes took some of the objects made in the school's workshop to a charity bazaar and sold them, to good effect. An early American Marathi Mission report on the school notes, "One lady bought a footstool and took it home. She showed it to her son, who has charge of similar work in the Thana Jail. He said that the work compared favorably with that done by seeing men at the Jail."

Health conditions at the school, however, left something to be desired. Despite the care of a succession of Christian doctors, who provided their services free of charge, a number of Miss Millard's orphans seem to have died. (To quote the report, "Two of the girls have gone to 'look on His face,' in the words of the 'Glory Song' which the children love to sing.")

In 1920, the school was moved to a new building in Dadar. It occupied a little over half an acre. In due course, Miss Millard hired a couple of teachers. Then, in 1931, Mrs. Ross Thomas took charge of the school as superintendent. She and her husband had come to India as missionaries three years earlier, after joining the American Marathi Mission in Boston, Massachusetts; she had worked with the blind at the Perkins Institution, in nearby Watertown, which was considered one of the most advanced centers for such work. She ran Dadar School mainly by visiting it now and then, until 1938, when she became the mother of a son. In that year, she appointed Mr. Ras Mohun the first resident principal.



Mr. Ras Mohun had been raised in the province of Bengal. At college, he had come under the influence of Christian missionaries, who used to take him along on field trips among the deaf and the blind. As a result, he had become interested in the work for the blind and had studied for a time at Perkins, like Mrs. Thomas. When he was thirty-one, he had married; his wife was a Bengali and was the same height he was. Two years later, their only child, Heea, was born.

Mr. Ras Mohun was overjoyed at his appointment. He received a good salary—two hundred and twenty-five rupees a month—along with a rent-free flat on the premises, consisting of the sitting-and-dining room and the sleeping quarters just above it, in the tower. Mrs. Ras Mohun, however, had no interest in the work for the blind and did not relish the thought of being cooped up in an orphan asylum situated between huge, smoky mills. "When we first came to the school, I saw this gloomy building of sooty stone and I wanted to bolt," she recalls. "There wasn't a single electric light in the building; apparently, the missionaries didn't see any need for lights in a school for the blind. The school had only one hurricane lamp, and that belonged to the Matron. When it got dark, she used to go around with her lamp and check that every bed had one person in it. Luckily, the school building had many facing windows. I opened them all up to help circulate the air. I also planted a few flowers in the back courtyard. We set to work to persuade the missionaries to give us lights. Eventually, we prevailed, but at first they installed only one light—in our sleeping quarters. At the time, there was hardly a month when someone didn't get sick and die. The place had no regular

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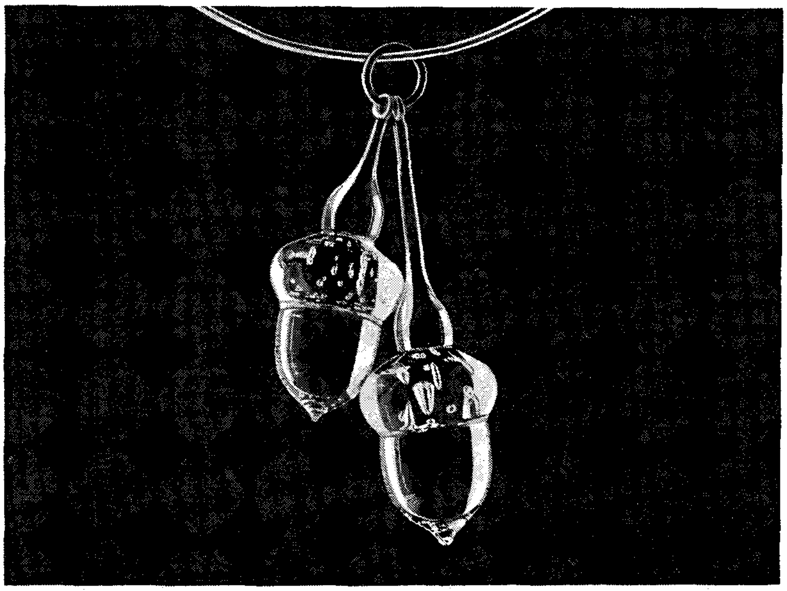

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source of funds, no regular hours, no books, no syllabus of any kind. The small staff did little more than keep the animal urges of the boys and men in check."

Years later, Mr. Ras Mohun told me that he sometimes felt guilty at not having told Daddyji about Victoria Memorial School for the Blind, which was also in Bombay. Unlike Dadar School, which depended on fickle public charity (the cost of running it was about thirteen thousand rupees, or about forty-three hundred dollars, a year), Victoria School, founded in memory of Queen Victoria, was well endowed. It had a big three-story building, with open lawns, on a healthful site, and it accepted only children who were of the right age and were demonstrably educable. But then, Mr. Ras Mohun said, as an America-returned Indian Christian he took pride in the fact that Dadar School gave opportunity without discrimination to all of Christ's blind flock, and was in the best Christian tradition of education for the blind. He said he could never forget that the first school for the blind in the country had been established not by the government but by a Christian missionary, Miss Annie Sharp, as recently as 1887, and that the score or so of schools established since then were by and large Christian in foundation. He felt that Dadar School could hold its head up among all of them, with the exception of Victoria School, and he told himself that I was one of the lucky few of the million or so blind people in the country who had a school to go to at all. (The Western practice of admitting blind students into sighted schools was almost unknown.) "I felt that under the circumstances you were better off at my school, under my guidance, than you would have been at Victoria School, which might have been more desirable from a worldly point of view but might not have provided the moral education that I knew you would get with us," he said.

Boys' Dormitory

AFTER I had stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun for a week, Mrs. Ras Mohun said to me at dinner, "Our sleeping quarters are too small. You'll be better off staying in the boys' dormitory with the other fellows."

"Shouldn't we really write to Dr. Mehta first?" Mr. Ras Mohun asked.

"Dr. Mehta is well-to-do," Mrs. Ras Mohun said. "If he knew the size

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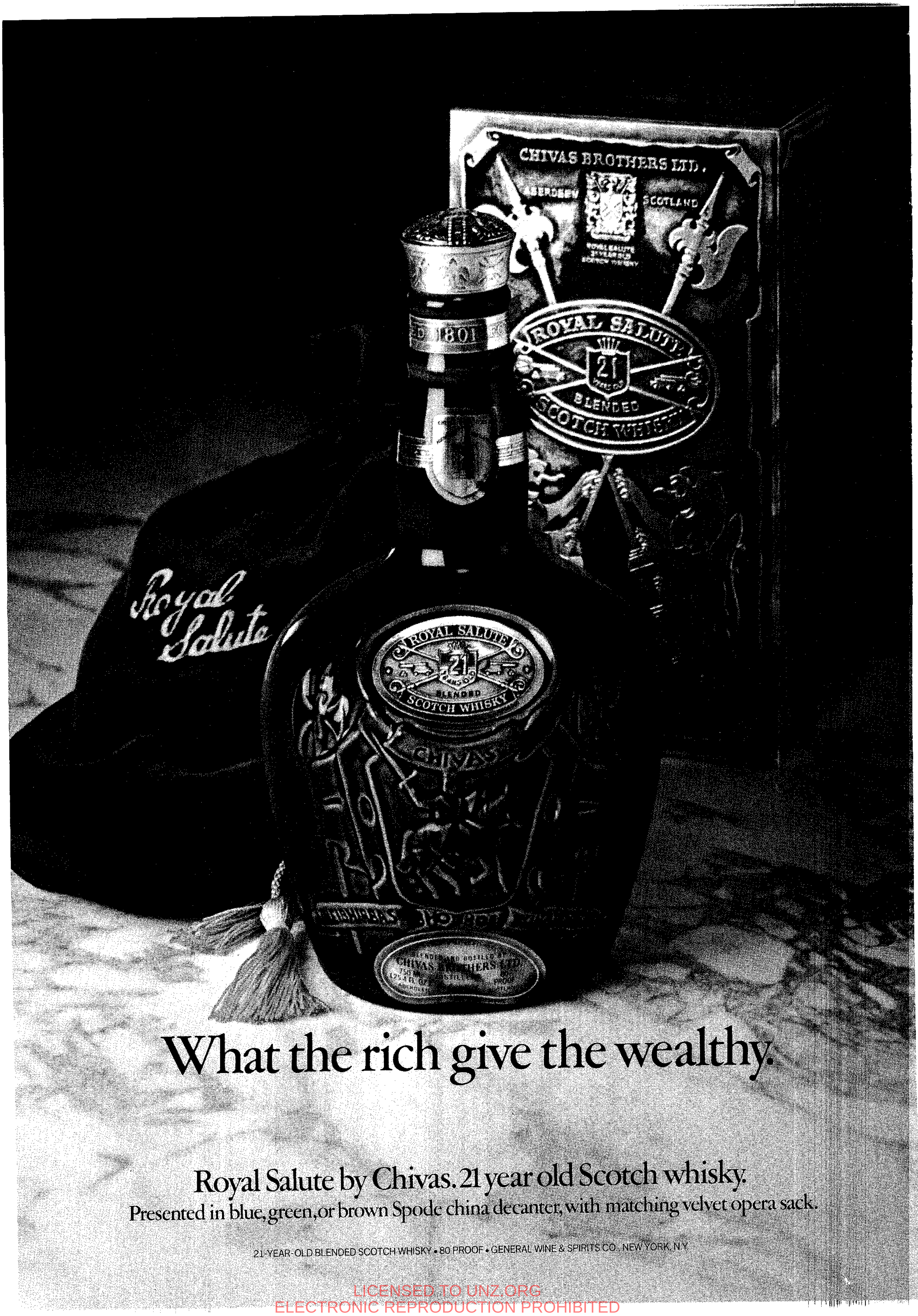
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of our sleeping quarters, he would understand."

"The beds in the boys' dormitory are not suitable for a well-to-do boy," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "But I suppose we can provide for a special bed for Vedi. Of course, he will continue to take his breakfast, lunch, tiffin, and dinner with us in our sitting-and-dining room. I suppose that if he is to amount to anything he must live with the other blind boys. The worst thing that can happen to blind children is to have overfond care."

"Where is it?" I said. "I don't want to go there."

"It's just through the door," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "The boys' dormitory is on this side of our sitting-and-dining room, beyond the boys' staircase, which you go up and down. The girls' dormitory is on the other side, beyond the girls' staircase."

"I'll stay upstairs with Heea," I said.

A day or two after this conversation, Mr. Ras Mohun took my hand and walked me a few steps from the sitting-and-dining room to the boys' dormitory, on the other side of the boys' staircase. Here he called over a boy who was twice my height, and said, "Vedi, this is your loving big brother Deoji. He will look after you."

I clung to Mr. Ras Mohun's leg. "He is not my brother!" I cried. "I want to stay with Heea."

Mr. Ras Mohun shook his leg free. I heard the click-click of his retreating footsteps. Before I could run after him, I heard the crashing sound of the metal accordion gate being closed, and he was gone.

Deoji bent down and pulled my cheeks—he had small, cold hands—and said, in faltering Hindustani, "What nice fat cheeks you have. You must come from the house of very well-to-do people."

"I want to go to Heea! I want to go to Uncle and Auntie!" I cried.

"Are you totally blind?" Deoji asked.

"I can't see," I said, and I pulled him toward the accordion gate. "Take me to Uncle and Auntie."

"I am partially sighted," he said, taking my face between his hands.

"I want to go to Heea."

"Heea can't talk. You'll have a good time here in the boys' dormitory."

He sat me down on a sort of platform a little way inside the room.

"What is this?" I asked, running my hands all around the platform. It

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consisted of a few bare boards laid side by side on top of a heavy iron frame.

"This is my bed. You can play on it. You don't have a bed yet, but they are going to bring one. It's going to be a special spring bed with a mosquito net."

Deoji showed me around the boys' dormitory. It was a long room lined with two rows of beds like his, with a narrow passageway between.

Suddenly, there were the shouts and rough laughter of boys running into the room.

Deoji said something to them in Marathi.

"Hold him up!" a few boys shouted, in broken Hindustani. "Let the partially sighted see!"

Deoji lifted me up and then put me down.

Many boys scrambled forward and touched me all over. They kept touching my cheeks.

"What fat cheeks he has!" one exclaimed.

"How round his cheeks are!" someone else said.

A boy started tugging at my clothes. "His clothes are soft and pressed."

Deoji tried to push the boys along, but they wouldn't move.

Several of the boys clasped my hands in their rough ones.

"What soft hands he has!" one boy said.

"He has soft hands like a girl's," another said.

One boy caught hold of both my hands and exclaimed, "So smooth! Never had to work!" His rasping fingers went over my hands again and again, in disbelief. "What is your name?"

"Vedi."

"Vedi! A nickname for Ved?"

"Yes," I said.

"He's called that because he's small," someone else said.

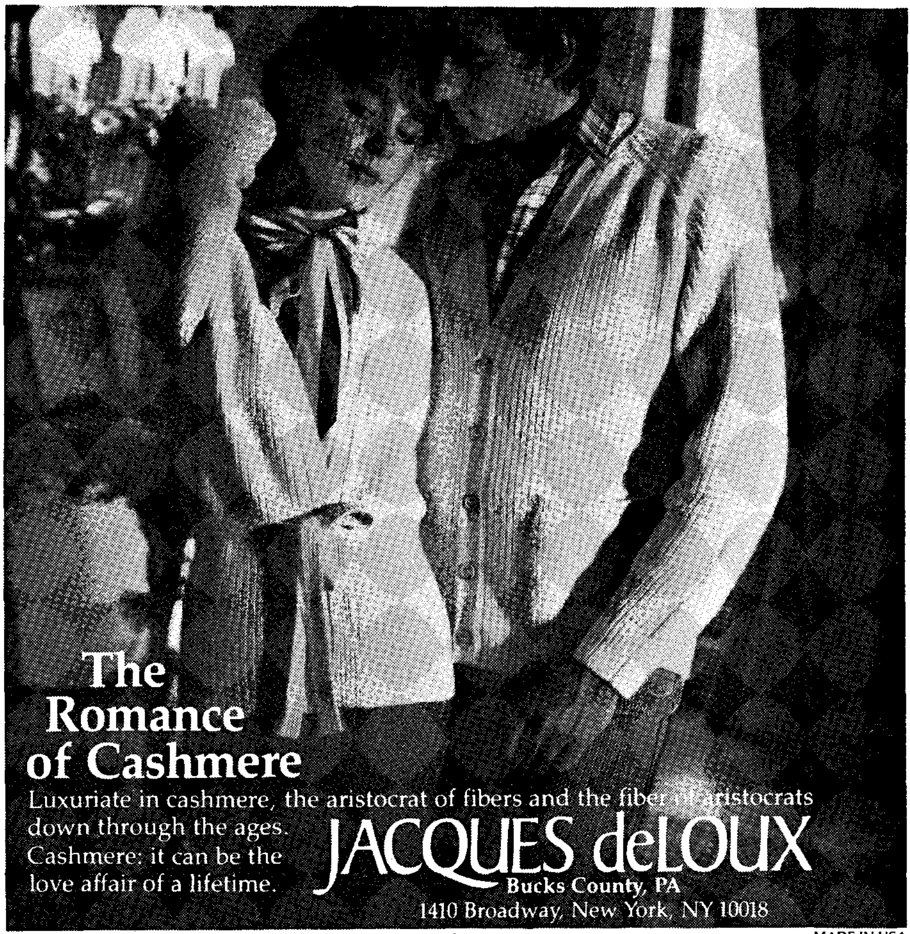
I tried to pull away. The boy holding both my hands laughed and tightened his grip. "Why don't you laugh?" he suddenly asked me.

Everyone laughed.

"Leave him alone," Deoji said. "He's Mr. Ras Mohun's personal guest. Didn't you all hear how gently Mr. Ras Mohun spoke to him in the classroom yesterday?"

I heard again the clicking sound of Mr. Ras Mohun's shoes. "Mr. Shoes," someone said.

The boy let my hands drop. Everyone stepped back. There was an uneasy silence as the shoes clicked louder and louder. At that moment, I realized



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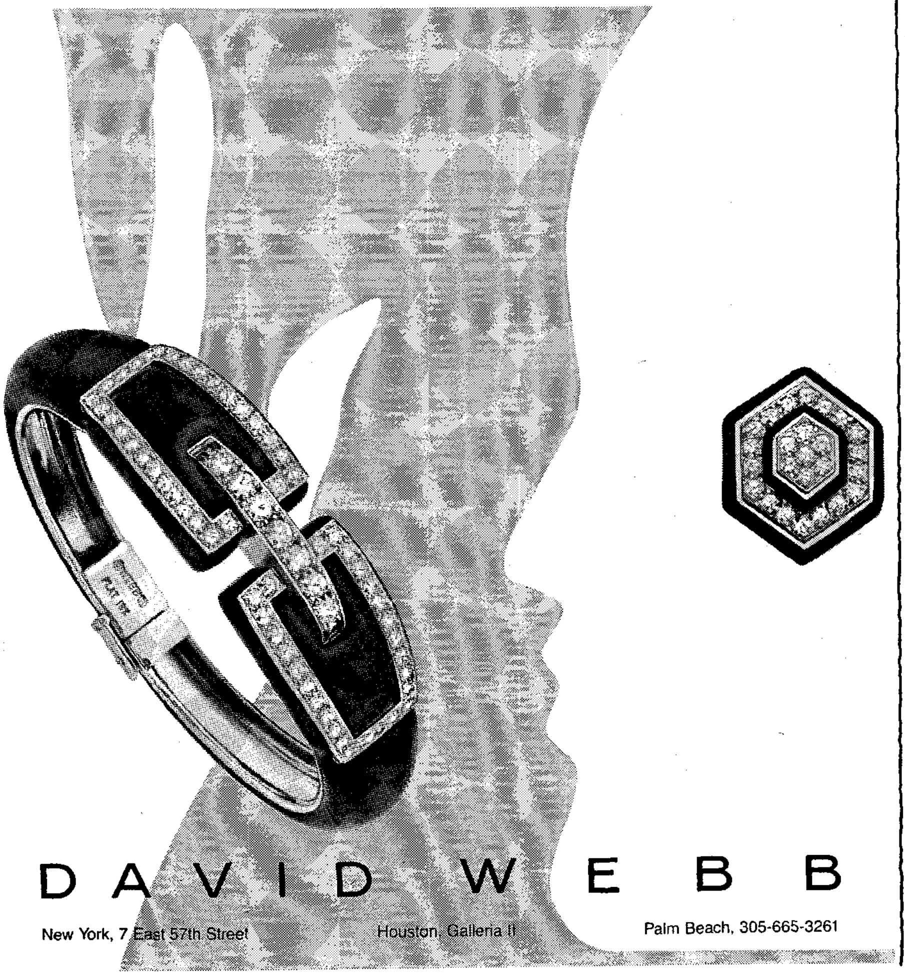

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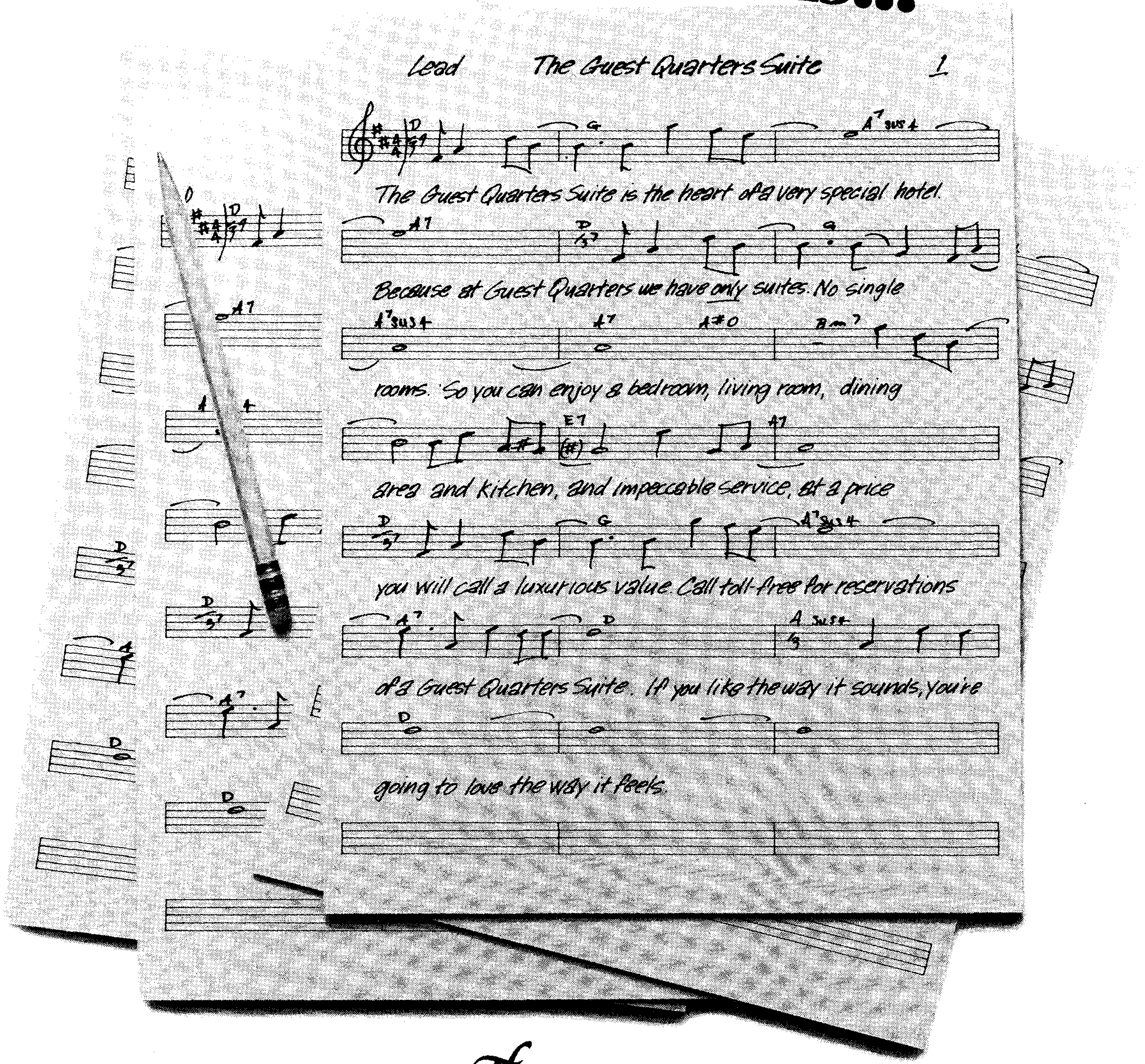

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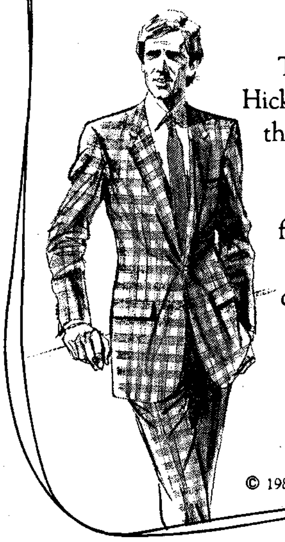

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that since I entered the boys' dormitory I had heard the sound of no other shoes—only the sound of bare feet shuffling.

THAT evening, a special bed was wheeled in for me, and it was very different not only from the other boys' platformlike beds but also from the cots I had slept on at home and upstairs, in Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun's sleeping quarters. It had a smooth metal frame with railings at the head and the foot, metal poles from which a mosquito net was strung, a heavy mattress, and springs. It was placed between Deoji's bed and the corner bed, which was just inside the door and belonged to the Sighted Master. The Sighted Master was the head of the boys' dormitory and the only completely sighted person there.

The boys immediately dubbed my bed "the hospital bed." I didn't like the bed, and didn't want to get into it, even though it was bedtime. But Deoji lifted me in and tucked the mosquito net under the edges of the mattress.

"I want to go upstairs to Auntie!" I cried.

"You can be with me," Deoji said.

"I want to go to the bathroom," I said.

Deoji took me across the upper veranda, past the door of the sitting-and-dining room, and past the metal accordion gate, to a small room. "This is the boys' common bathroom," he said, showing me a hole in the floor and a tap. "You sit on this hole and go to the bathroom," he said.

"I'll fall in," I said, and I begged him to take me upstairs to Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun, who had a commode.

"I will hold you. It's all right."

I protested. "No! Upstairs with Auntie!"

I fought and cried, and then sat down as Deoji showed me.

Deoji again put me to bed. "You are our special boy," he said. "You have shoes and a mosquito net and a mattress. No one else in the boys' or girls' dormitory has such things. By the bye, what kind of beds do Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun have?"

I couldn't say, because I didn't know or I didn't remember. I always used to climb into Daddyji's bed or Mamaji's bed, but I never climbed into Mr. Ras Mohun's bed or Mrs. Ras Mohun's bed. "I think Heea sleeps in their cot," I said.

Deoji laughed. "Go to sleep," he said, and he went back to his bed.

I couldn't go to sleep. My bed was a

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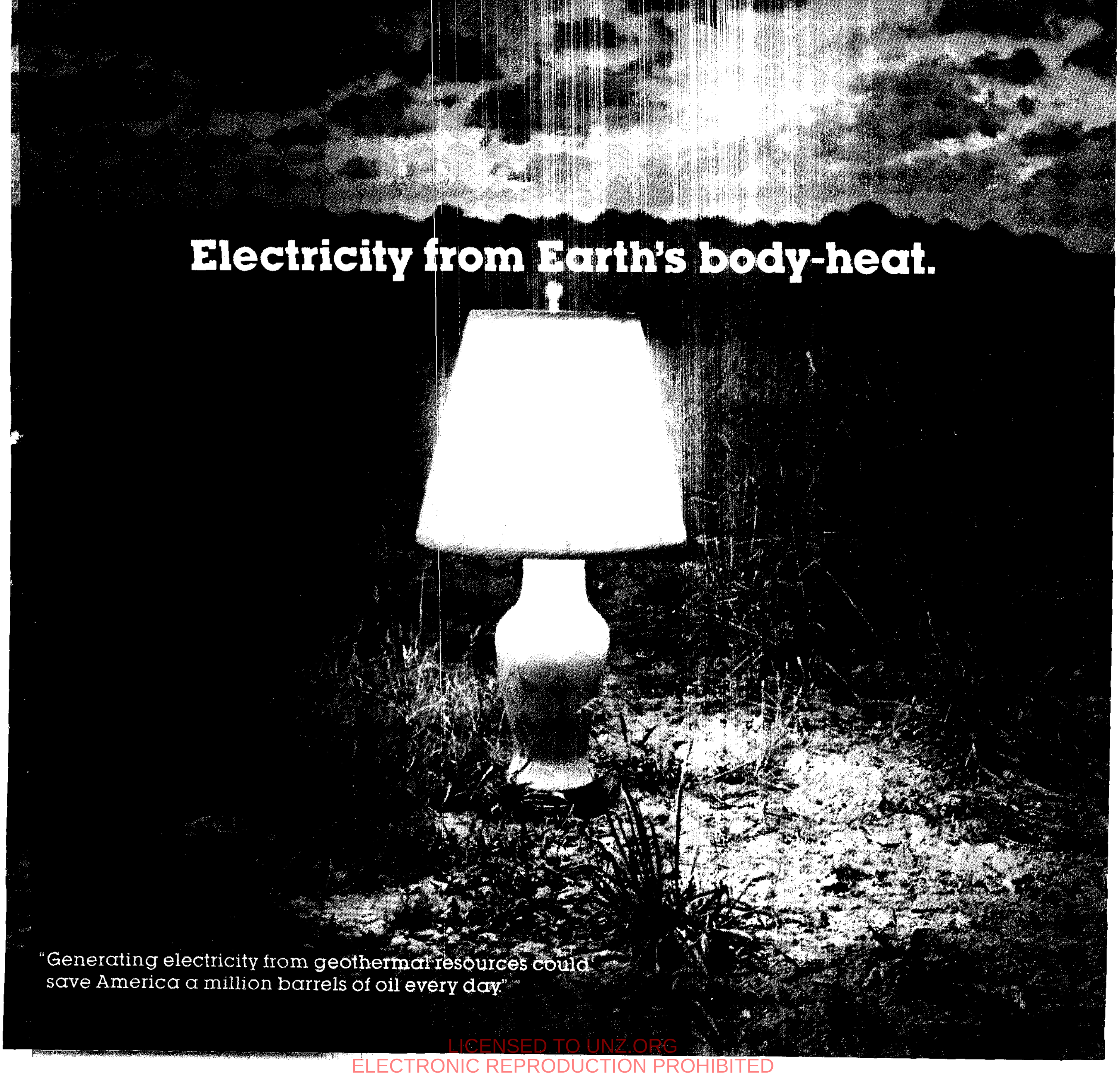

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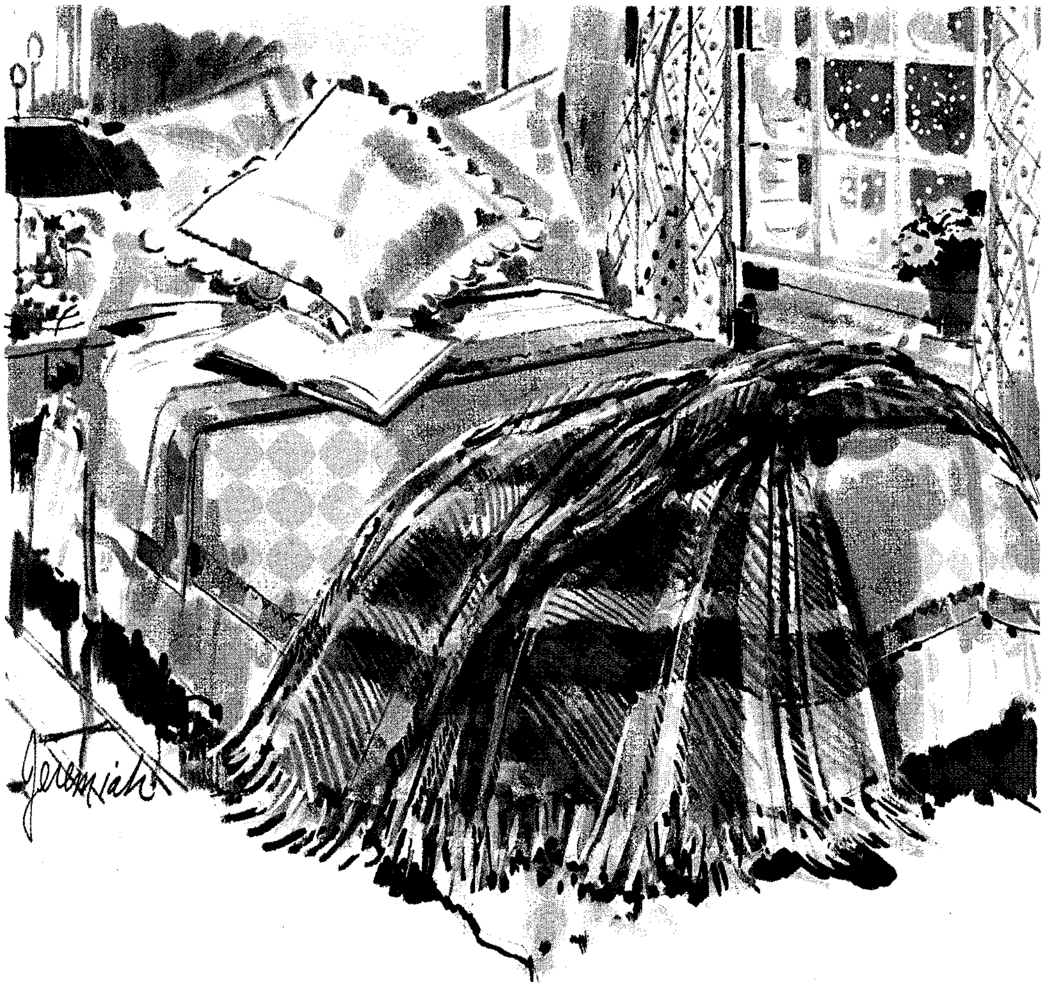

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little longer than the other beds and stuck out into the passageway, so the boys kept bumping into it as they went to the bathroom and came back.

I heard the sound of the metal accordion gate opening and the click-click of Mr. Ras Mohun's shoes. He walked energetically, as if he were saying to himself, "Left, right, left," and yet his step was so light that he might have been Mamaji in high heels. I heard the boys falling on top of their wooden beds, and in a moment the whole boys' dormitory was quiet.

"No one should make any noise," Mr. Ras Mohun said, in his shrill voice, coming in and flicking off the light switch, just like Mamaji at home. "I don't want to punish anyone with my ruler. I see the Sighted Master is already asleep." He left.

The bed was so big; the room was so large and so crowded. I cried. I slept. I woke up. All around, people were snoring and grinding their teeth. I pressed my face against the pillow to stop my howls.

I felt someone cautiously untucking the mosquito net.

I held my breath and lay very still. I thought that it was the Sighted Master, and that he was going to punish me. But he was snoring on the other side of my bed.

Someone put his head inside the mosquito net, and I heard Deoji's voice. "Vedi," he murmured.

I cried into the pillow and clung to it.

"The other boys will hear you," he said. "What will they think?"

He gathered me up with the pillow and carried me out of the boys' dormitory. He sat down on the top step of the boys' staircase, clumsily put me down next to him, and said, in a whisper, "You're only homesick. You miss your mummy. I cried, too, when they first brought me here. I missed my Foundling Home. But I soon forgot about it. In a few days, you'll forget about your mummy, and you'll like it here. We have a swing and a seesaw and climbing bars here. Are you good at climbing?"

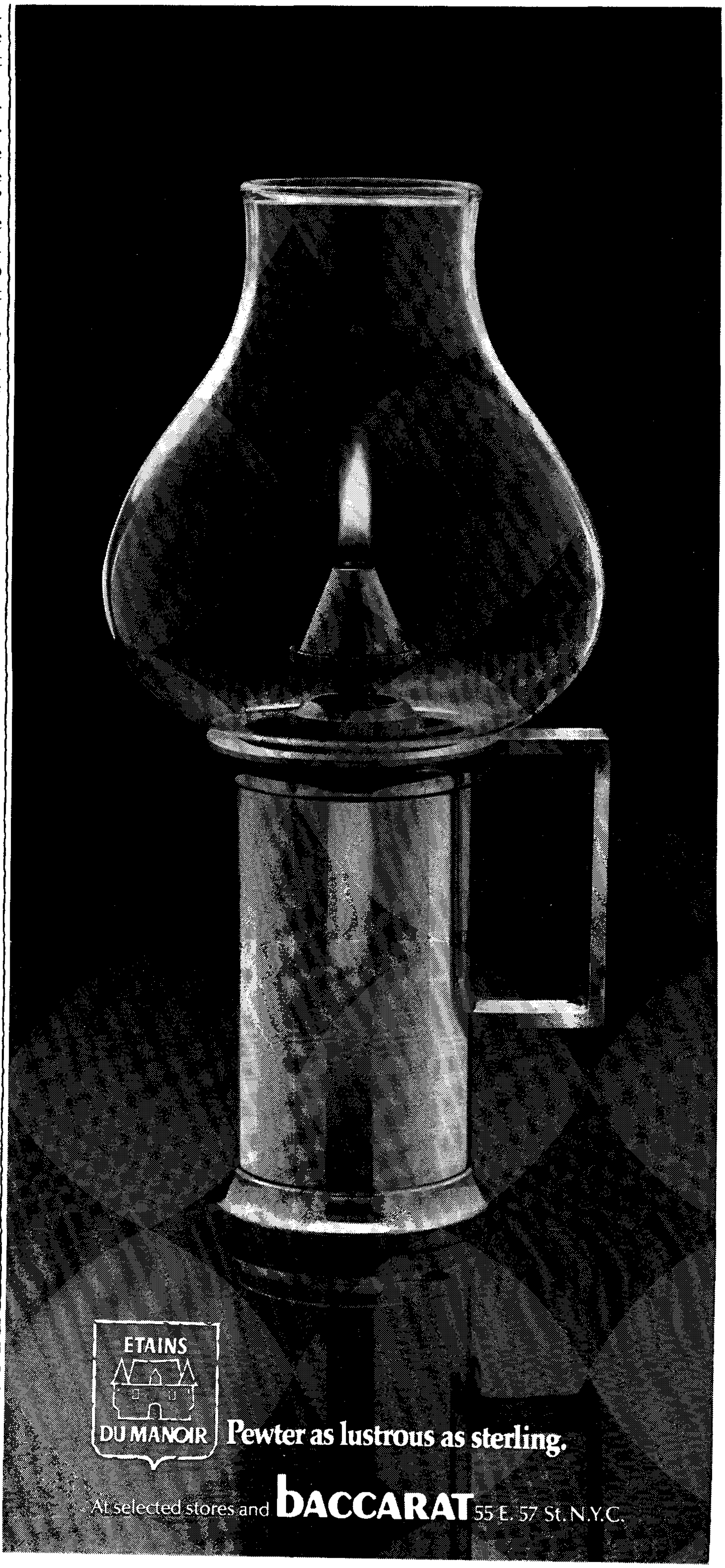
"Where are they? I want to see."

"They're outside, in the back courtyard. It's night, and snakes will be out there now. I'll show you those things tomorrow." He pulled my cheeks.

I touched his face. It felt thin and taut and rough. I shrank back.

He laughed and pulled my cheeks again and asked me, "What do you call them in Punjabi?"

"*Galls*," I said, laughing. The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Punjabi word sounded very funny in front of Deoji.

"Say in Punjabi, 'I have a new loving big brother named Deoji.' "

"I don't want to."

"Please do."

I said it, and he repeated it after me.

"You sound like a duck," I said, and we both laughed.

"No, it is Mr. Ras Mohun who sounds like a duck," he said, in a barely audible whisper. We laughed even more.

"Why do you call Uncle Mr. Ras Mohun?" I asked.

"I'm too poor to call him Uncle. Besides, I don't have any uncles. I have no family, no relations. I am solitary."

"Who was it you stayed with when you were small?"

"I stayed with my missionary mummy and daddy."

"What are missionaries?"

"Missionaries? Missionaries? Well, you can say they are like Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun. Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun are your missionary uncle and auntie."

"How did you find your missionary mummy and daddy?"

"They told me that I had come to them as a little baby and that they had named me Deoji. Now I'm fifteen. I've been here for seven years. My missionary mummy and daddy sent me to this school when I was already eight."

"Where are your missionary mummy and daddy?"

"In their mission orphanage."

"Can I—"

"Sh-h-h. We've broken a strict rule by leaving the boys' dormitory. If the Sighted Master finds out and reports us, Mr. Ras Mohun will beat us with his ruler."

He took my hand, and we tiptoed back.

IN the morning, Deoji helped me to make my bed. He showed me how to pull the mosquito net out from under the mattress on all sides and then straighten the sheets and tuck them and the mosquito net in tight. I was too small to lift the ends of the mattress by myself, and, in any case, my arms got tired. Also, try as I might, bunches of mosquito net hung down like shirttails. So Deoji did most of the work.

He then took me to the boys' common bathroom and said, "Now you have your wash under the tap."

"In the children's bathroom with Ayah!" I cried.

"That's for the little children who

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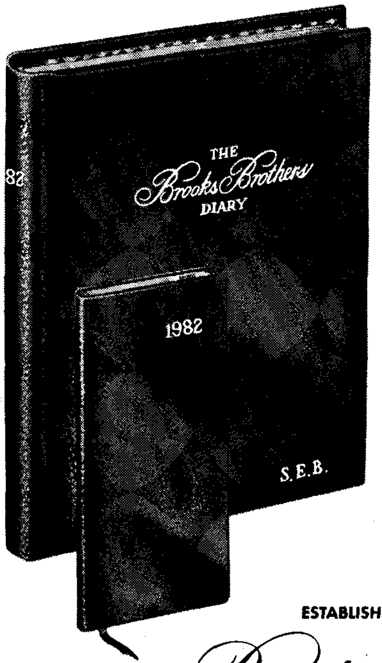

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live on the girls' side," he said. "You are now with the big boys, in the boys' dormitory."

He handed me a chunk of soap. It was so big that my hand wouldn't go around it, and one end of it was ragged, as if it had been broken off from a bar of soap.

"I want my Pears' soap!" I yelled, remembering how Pears' soap smelled like Mamaji's hands, how it was oval, like the mirror of Daddyji's car, and how it fitted my small hand like a mango stone.

"I don't know what Pears' soap is, but this Lifebuoy is a very good soap," he said. "All the boys use it, and it keeps us free of boils."

The soap slipped out of my hand, but I rubbed what little soap had got on my hands onto my legs, and washed them with the cold water from the tap.

"Here is some hair oil," Deoji said, handing me a bottle. It was big and round and difficult to hold.

"It's the wrong bottle," I said, remembering a small, flat bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic that I used at home.

He took the bottle from me and asked me to hold out my hand. He put some oil in my palm. The oil was thick and smelled bad.

"I don't like the smell! I want my Vaseline Hair Tonic!" I cried.

"This is a very good oil," he said. "It's the best. It's Tata Coconut Oil. All the boys use it, and it keeps lice away."

I put the oil on my head, and then sat down under the tap and washed myself all over.

Deoji showed me how to dry my back by myself—by holding the towel behind me with both hands and running it back and forth. Then I wrapped the towel around me, and he took me back to the boys' dormitory and showed me some shelves against a wall. On the shelves were some boxes and my leather suitcase, which I had brought from home. He got down my suitcase and fetched from it a silk shirt, a pair of cotton knickers, a pair of socks. He showed me how to get into my clothes by myself—by holding on to the wall and balancing myself.

In subsequent days, Deoji introduced me to more and more of the boys: to Abdul, to Bhaskar, to Reuben, to Dham. They were continually coming up to me and pulling my cheeks and calling me "the little fellow with big cheeks." They said that Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun had shoes, as I did, and that they wore soft clothes, as I

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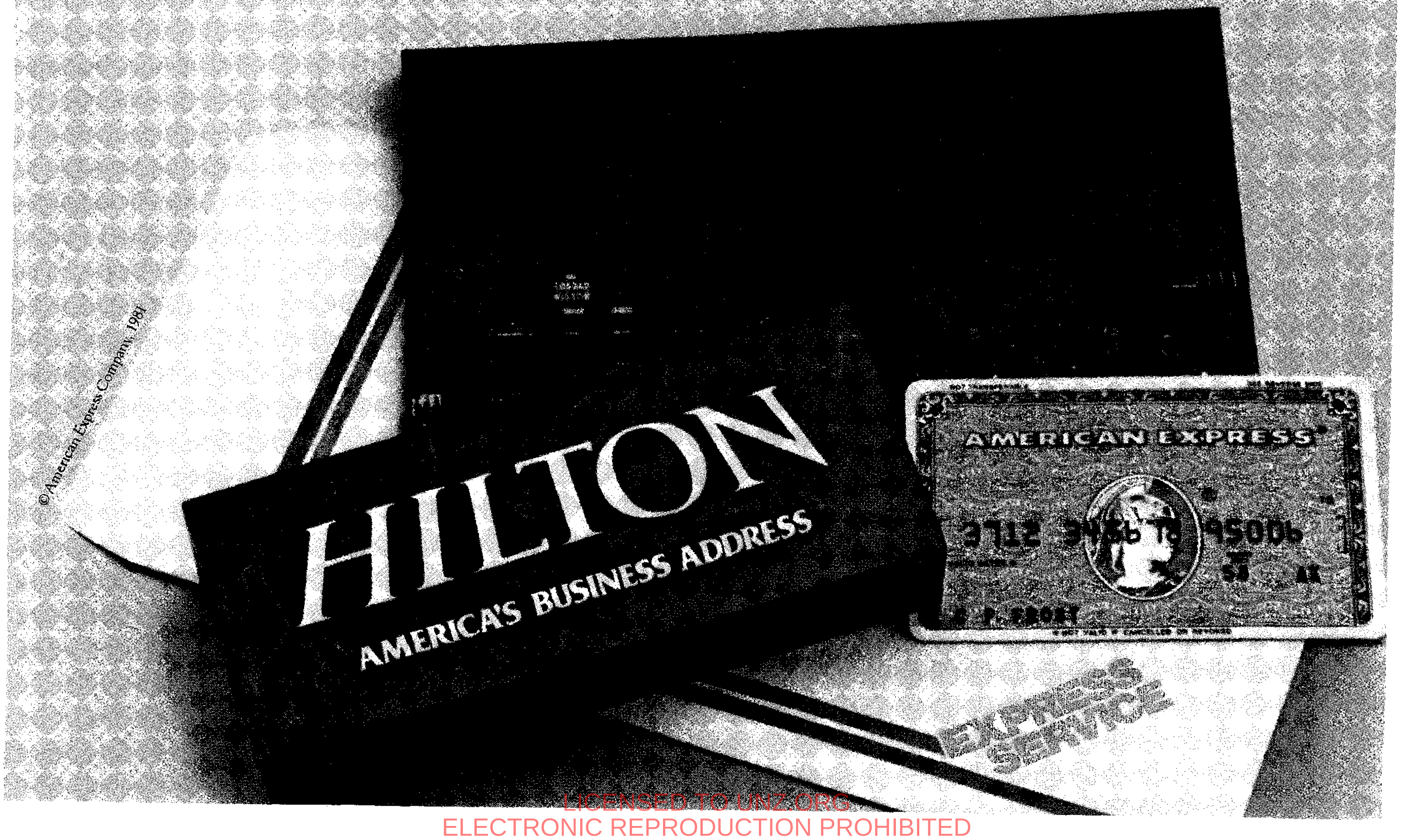

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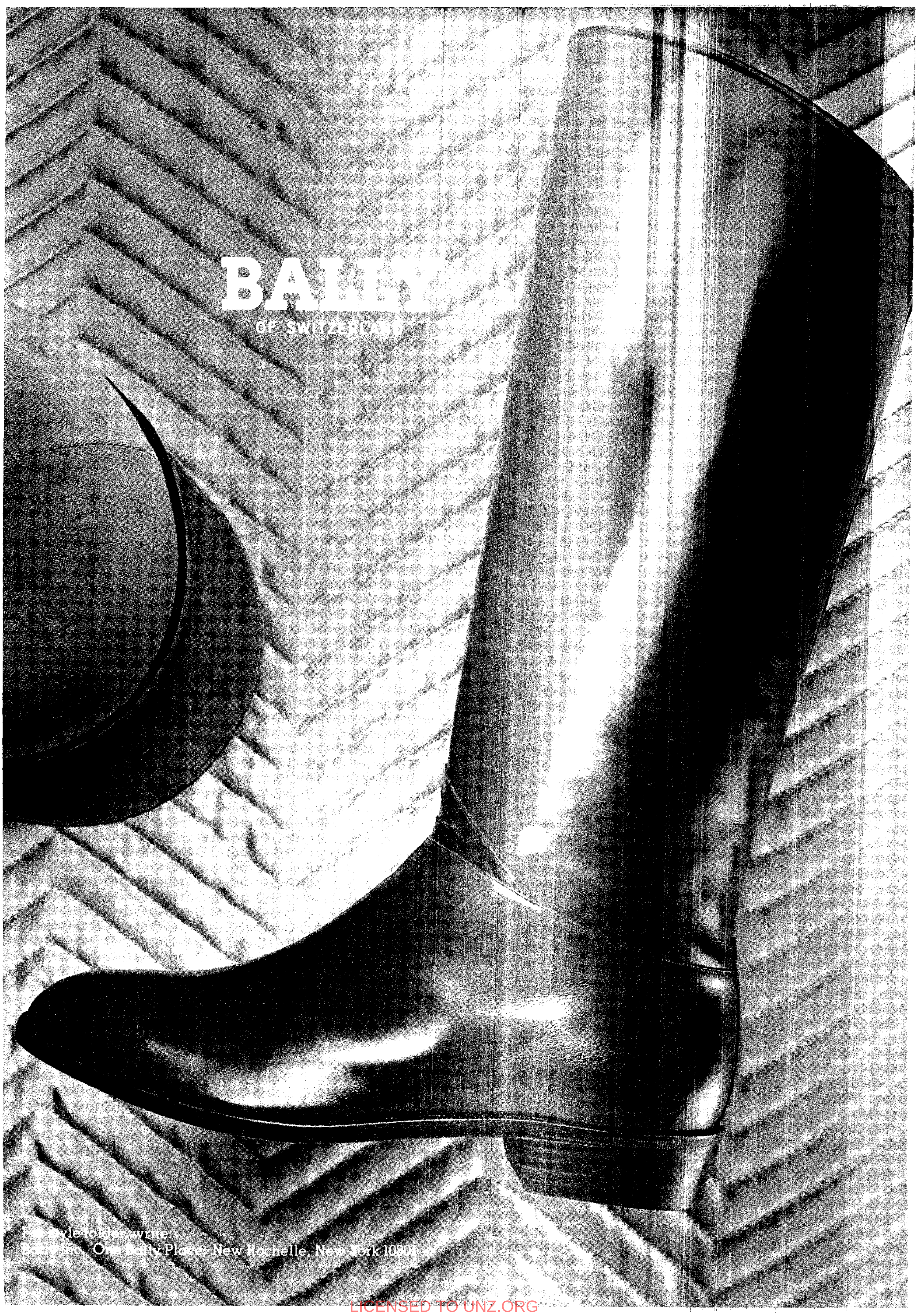

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did, but that only I had fat Punjabi cheeks.

At five, I was the youngest boy in the boys' dormitory, and the other boys could not understand why I seemed so healthy: why they never heard me scratch my head, why I never coughed at night, why I never complained of a stomach ache in the morning—above all, why I never had a fever. The boys kept coming up and touching my forehead and exclaiming, "He still doesn't have a fever!"

I learned Marathi very quickly, and although the boys continued to pull my cheeks and feel my forehead, they forgot that I was a Punjabi.

One day when a button had come off my shirt, Deoji taught me how to thread a needle with a "threader"—a little coinlike thing with a wiry hook—and how to knot the thread, then pluck out with my teeth the threads where the old button had been, and sew on a new button. He showed me how to scrape some polish from a tin onto a brush and then buff my shoes, feeling them all around to make sure that they felt clean. I was better at sewing than I was at polishing. No matter how careful I was, I always got polish on my clothes and in my hair; it seemed to fly through the air, like the soot from the mills next door.

Whatever progress I made, I never got used to going to the boys' common bathroom. It smelled so bad that I had to hold my nose when I was there. The floor was wet, and sometimes, if I wasn't careful, I would slip and fall. Wasps seemed to be always buzzing around the walls; I remember once I got too close to a corner, and a wasp stung me.

Deoji had told me about a bathroom ghost who lived inside the wall. "If anyone stays there too long, the bathroom ghost will pounce on him and bite off his nose," he had said. "If he ever attacks you, just pray to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph."

"Who are they? What will they do to the ghost?"

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph live up in Heaven. They are very nice to the blind sort. Ghosts slide away just at the mention of their names."

Whenever I went to the bathroom, I could hear the ghost shift his weight from foot to foot; he made the whole bathroom wall shake. I always prayed to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and he didn't bother me.

I remember that many times I asked Mrs. Ras Mohun to let me use the bathroom upstairs in her sleeping quarters, but she always said, "How

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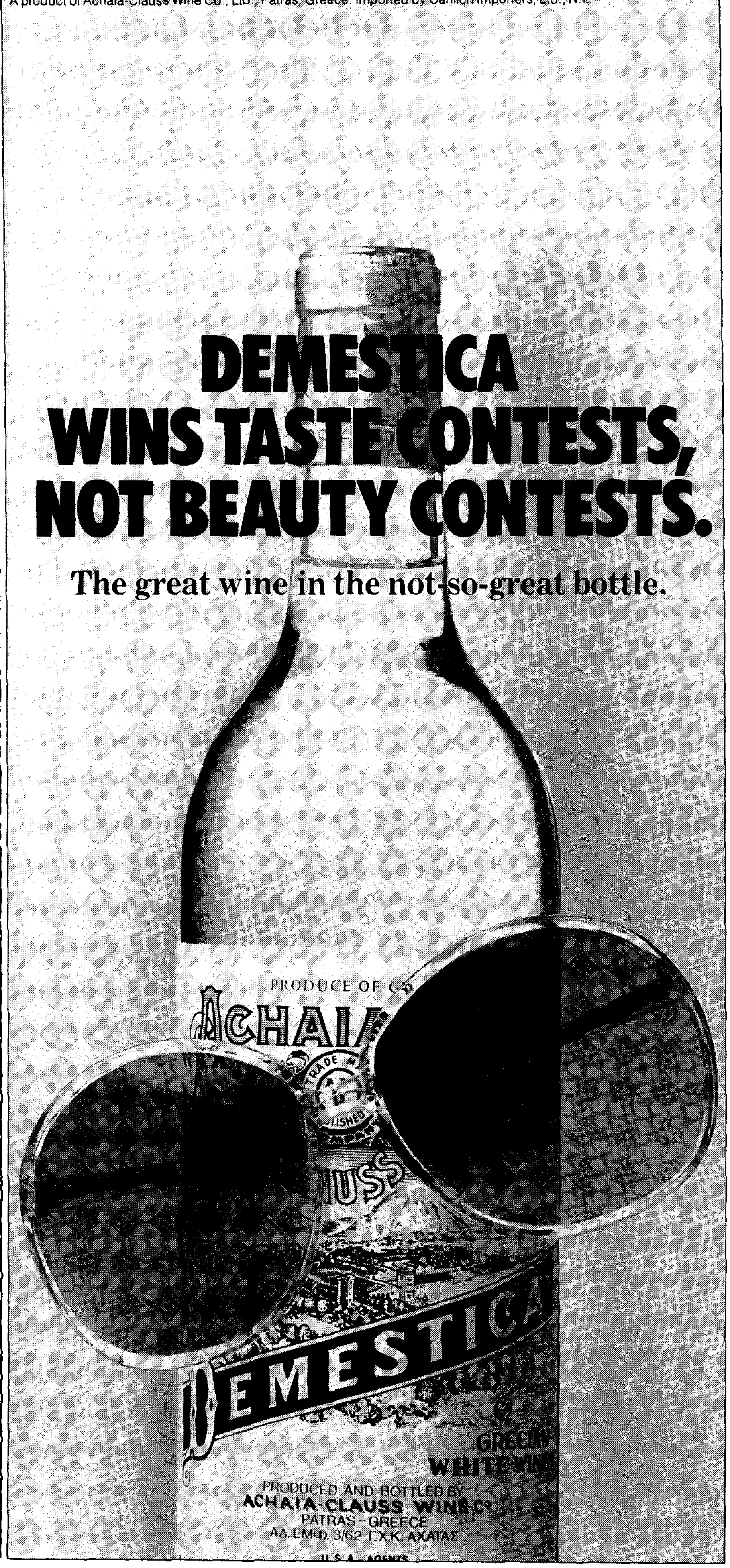

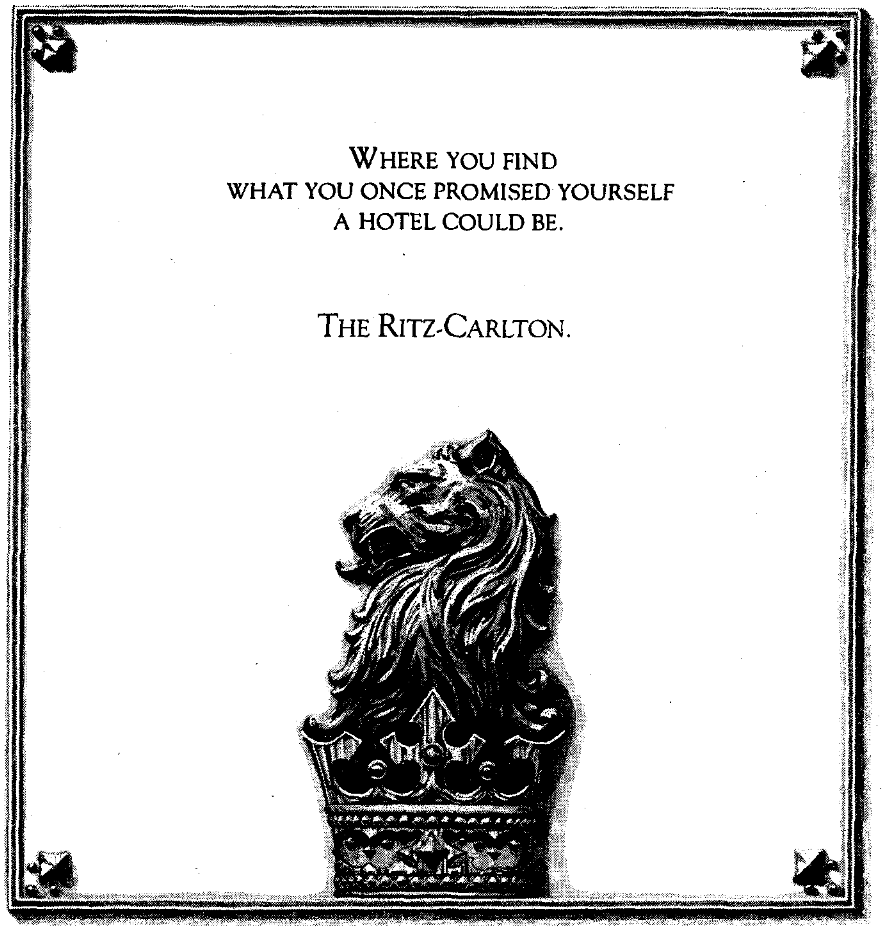
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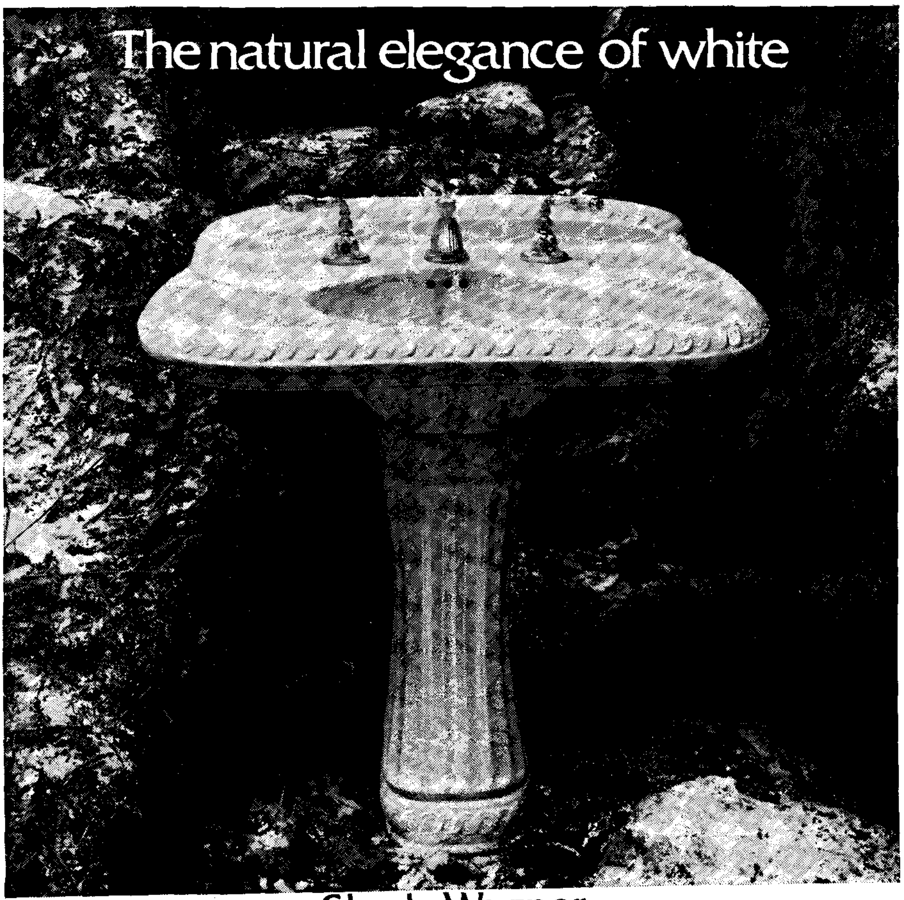

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can you come upstairs? The gate to our sleeping quarters is closed at night. It's best that you go to the bathroom with the other big boys."

I didn't like my clothes any more than I liked going to the boys' common bathroom, but for a very different reason. I had many shirts and many pairs of knickers and many changes of socks. I could wear a different shirt, different knickers, different socks every day for two weeks. Heea's ayah, who did my laundry, once said to me, "I've never seen so many nice clothes." The boys were constantly coming up to feel my clothes and would coo over how soft and superior they were. But my clothes seemed to me like party clothes, because all the other boys wore rough-feeling short-sleeved shirts and rough-feeling knee-length pajamas. Also, the boys had just two changes of clothes each. They wore the same shirt and the same pajamas to school and to bed, and they wore them for a week, until the day of the washerman. On that day, the washerman waited while the boys got out of their soiled clothes and into the clean ones he had brought. If the washerman lost Deoji's shirt, Deoji had to wear his soiled shirt until the Sighted Master reported the loss to Mr. Ras Mohun and Mr. Ras Mohun got him a new shirt.

I remember that in the beginning I asked Deoji, "Why do you wear short-sleeved shirts and funny, short pajamas? Why is your cloth so rough—why does it feel like your rough cheek?"

"We are lucky, because the school is next to the Tata Mill, which gives Mr. Ras Mohun this cloth free of charge," he said. "It may be only Tata's waste cloth, but there are many orphanages and foundling homes begging for it. We are lucky to be here in the school and to have good Tata cloth for clothing."

After that, I wanted to wear a short-sleeved shirt and short pajamas, too, and go barefoot, like all the other boys. I remember once, when Deoji was helping me into my shoes, I cried, "I want to go barefoot, like you!"

"You are lucky to be well-to-do and have shoes," he said, buckling them up tight. "And soft clothes to wear, too."

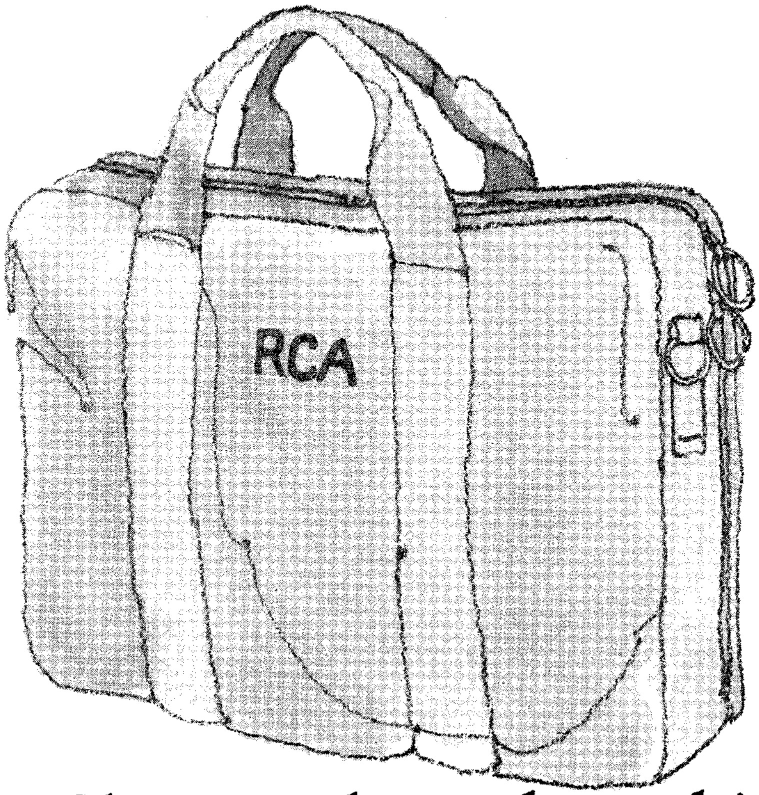
"I won't wear them," I said.

"Mr. Ras Mohun says you must, and he has a ruler."

"What color shirt do I have on?" I asked.

"I don't know. I'm going blind."

"If my loving big brother Om were



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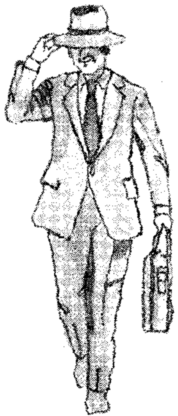

Dick Anderson, an Executive Vice President of Needham, Harper and Steers, explains it this way:

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BROWNSTONE STUDIO

here, he could tell. You are not my loving big brother."

That day, I met Paran in the classroom.

"*You have a nice blue shirt on,*" she said.

"How do you know?"

"I am half sighted. I can see your shirt four or five yards away."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I am ten."

"Come up and eat toast with Uncle and Auntie and me," I said.

"I can't eat toast," she said. "I am only a poor orphan. I eat maize bread."

That night, I couldn't go to sleep. I kept thinking about Paran. I wondered why she couldn't eat toast and what kind of teeth she had. Deoji had once brought me a piece of the maize bread that the boys and girls ate, and I preferred it to toast; it was tastier, and it made me feel close to them. But it was so hard that I feared that eating it would break my teeth. Now a mosquito was buzzing around my head. I slapped my pillow, bounced on the bed, shook out the mosquito net, but the mosquito wouldn't go away. I began to wonder why I had to eat toast, like Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun, why I had to sleep in a hospital bed, why I had to wear soft clothes and go around in shoes. I thought that Daddyji would have let me eat what I liked, sleep where I liked, wear what clothes I liked, and go barefoot if I liked. I wished he were there, so I could ask him to arrange things. I started crying.

"What's the matter?" Deoji asked, opening the mosquito net and poking his head in.

"I want Daddyji and Mamaji," I said.

"But I am here."

"But you can't tell Uncle to excuse me from eating toast."

"But toast is nice sahib food."

I cried louder. "I don't want sahib food. I think Daddyji and Mamaji have forgotten me."

"Of course they haven't forgotten you. They are your mummy and—"

I had a fit of sneezing. In the next bed, the Sighted Master cleared his throat and muttered something. I was afraid that my sneezing would wake him up, but the sneezes kept coming, like the click-click of Mr. Ras Mohun's shoes.

The Sighted Master turned over, thrashing around under his bed covers. But soon his breathing became regular.

Deoji whispered, "It's lucky for us

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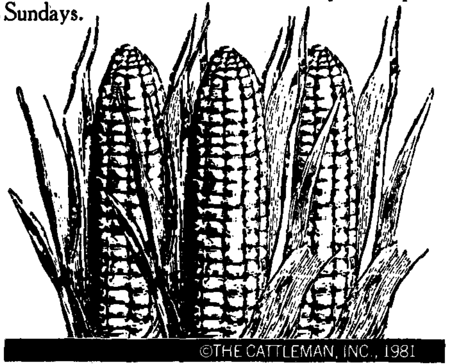

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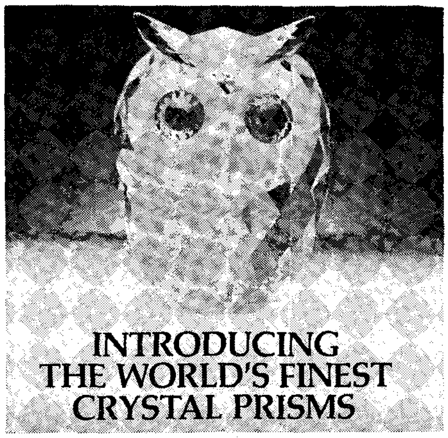

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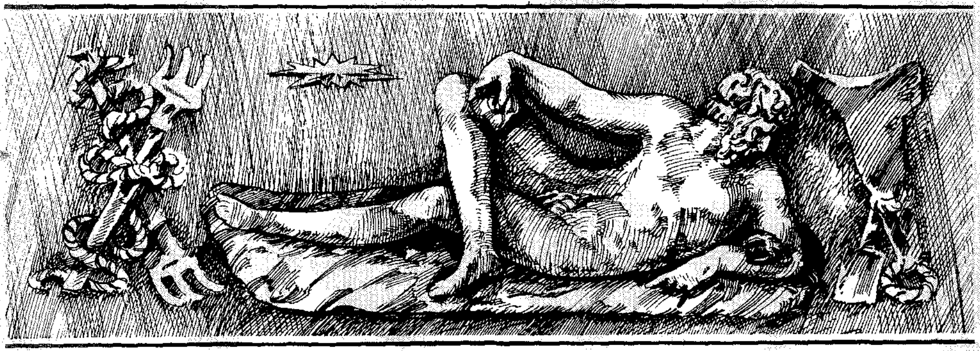

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that the Sighted Master sleeps like a deaf man. It's fine to sneeze. You know what it means when you sneeze?"

"What?"

"It means that someone in your family is thinking about you. I can't tell you who, but someone is surely remembering you."

"Does that mean that when I think about Daddyji and Mamaji, they sneeze, too?" I asked, between sneezes into my pillow.

"To be sure," he said.

I was excited by the thought and wanted to go on sneezing, even as I feared waking up the Sighted Master.

"Your mummy and daddy love you very much, or they wouldn't have spent so much money to send you here," Deoji was saying. "Do you know how much money they are spending per month?"

"How much?" I asked.

"You could buy all the caned chairs in the school and you'd still have money left over."

The workshop downstairs was full of chairs with sagging and half-broken cane seats and backs, and some boys spent days cutting the caning out and weaving new, taut seats and backs, the pattern of holes so even that I couldn't work out how they did it. But I imagined that it cost the chairs' owners plenty of money.

Deoji went back to his bed. I heard a continuous muffled scratching near the shelves. "Deoji!" I whispered across to him. "What is that?"

"It's just a rat," he whispered back. "Go to sleep."

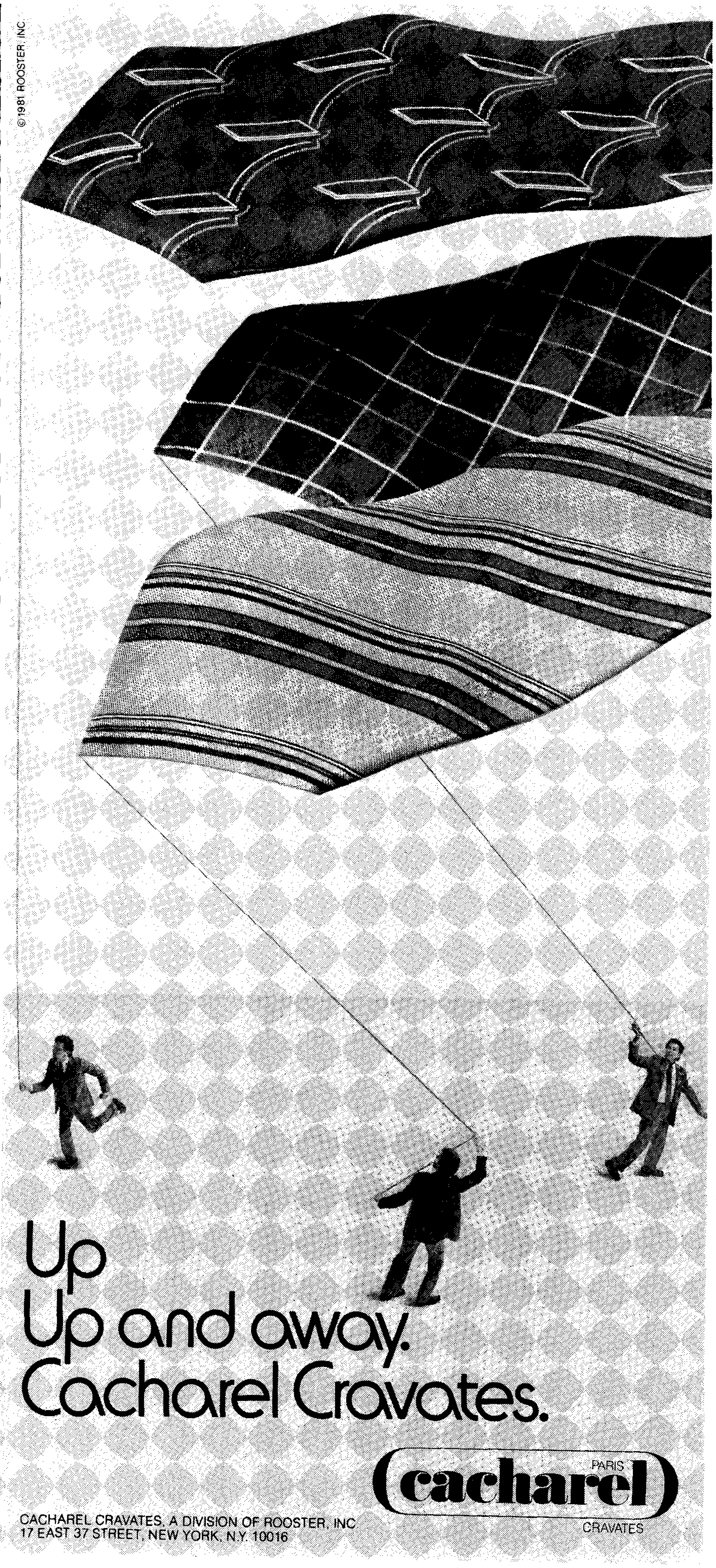
I tucked the mosquito net in tight around me and tried to sleep.

I dreamed that a big kitty had come into my mosquito net and was biting me. "New clothes, new clothes," she meowed, pretending that it was my birthday and that her bites were only birthday pinches. But whichever way I turned, there were her teeth. I woke up with a start.

I got down and shook Deoji and told him about the nasty kitty.

"Don't worry," he said. "That's just your soul having an adventure with the kitty. When you go to sleep, your soul leaves your body and goes on adventures of its own. It does the things it likes—the things you can't do. That's why I tell the boys always to wake up slowly—so that their souls have time to get back."

From downstairs came sounds—the clink of bangles in the kitchen, the echoes of little children reciting some-



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thing in the classroom, the hubbub of girls eating their meal on the veranda.

"Deoji, Deoji, listen!" I whispered. "The bangles!"

"Oh, that," he said. "Those are ghosts. They go to school at night. They take over the downstairs of the building."

"Do they bite? Are they as big as the bathroom ghost?"

"They'll only hurt you if you disturb them. They are as light as an eyelash, and as slippery as the mercury of the broken thermometer that the Sighted Master used to have. They can float in and out of the school any time they like, but they prefer the dark. In the day, they generally live in the ghost castle. It's a big building just on the other side of the Tata Mill—without windows or doors, chimneys or drains."

I crept back to my bed and tucked the mosquito net in tight. I lay very still and prayed to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to make the ghosts eat their meal quickly and finish their lessons and hurry away. I pressed my ear against my pillow and heard the ghost-cook in the kitchen below kneading and slapping dough and turning chapattis on the griddle.

She was sitting cross-legged on the kitchen floor. I went to her and sat down in her lap. She had fire tongs in her hand, and she was busy stoking the coals in the brick oven, but she patted my head with her free hand.

"Open your mouth," she said. "Let me see your teeth. Tch, tch, tch, they're all yellow. Here, hold out your hand." She put something in my hand with the fire tongs. It was hot and cold at the same time. "That's ash. Just put it in your mouth, and rub it around your teeth with your forefinger, and you'll have teeth as white as mine."

The ash tasted warm and crunchy and stuck to my teeth like toffee.

"I've got you! I've got you!" she cackled. "I'm taking you to the ghost castle!"

"No! No!" I cried, trying to fight her off.

I woke up. I ran my tongue around my teeth. I could feel no sticky ash. But in the middle of my bed there was a scary spreading patch of wetness.

Uncle and Auntie

ONE day at the table, I tried to get the attention of Mrs. Ras Mohun. "I want more potatoes,

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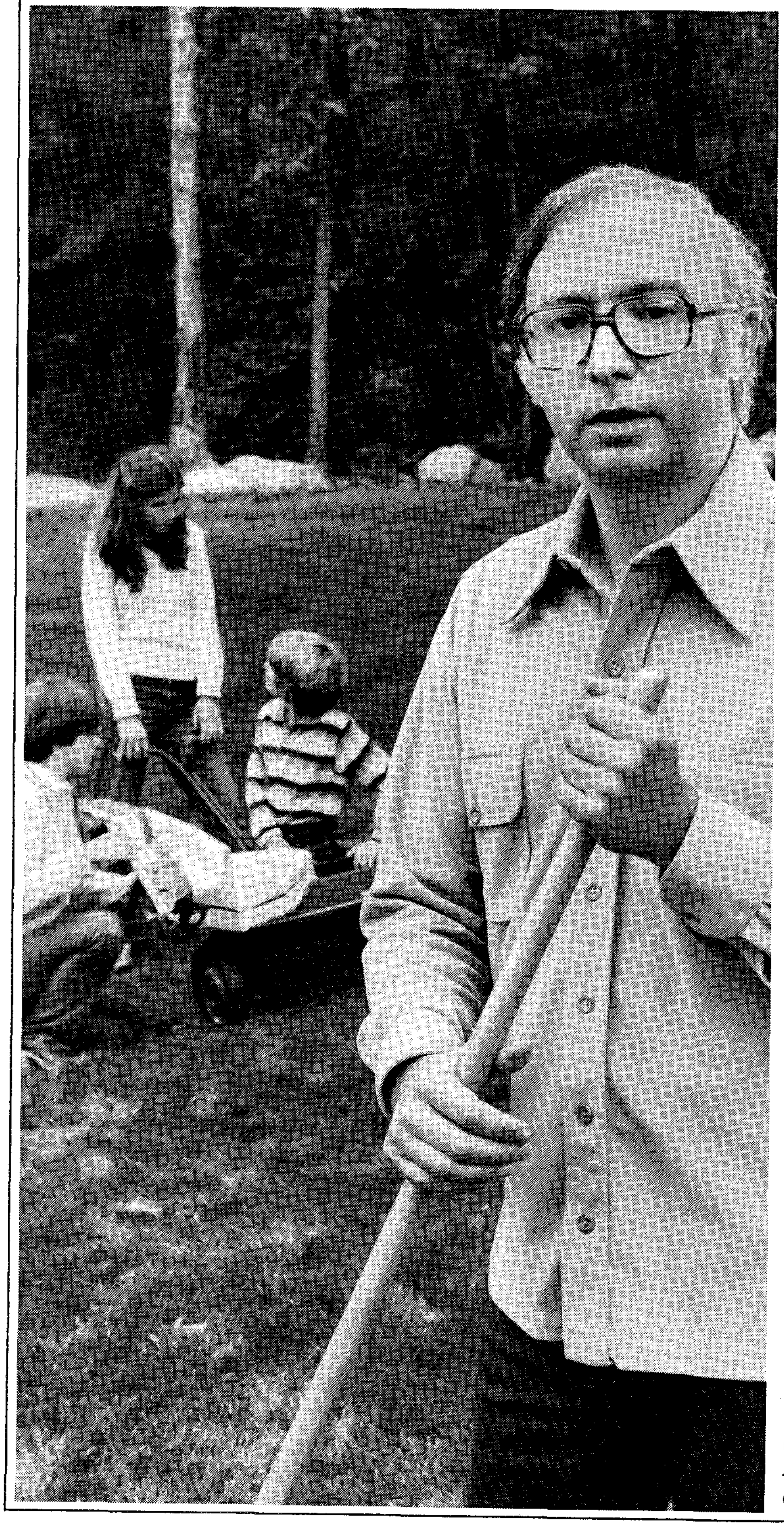

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Auntie!" I shouted, as I would have shouted at home.

"You see I'm talking to Uncle, and you're interrupting," she said.

"But I want more potatoes now!" I shouted.

"You will get no potatoes until you learn manners," Mrs. Ras Mohun said.

I beat the table with my spoon. I pummelled Mrs. Ras Mohun's back. I pulled her hair, which was long and thick, like Mamaji's. I tried to climb onto the table to find the dish of potatoes.

But Mrs. Ras Mohun firmly pushed me back into my chair and said, "Don't be a jungly boy."

"I'll tell my sister Umi about you. She'll come and beat you up."

Mrs. Ras Mohun laughed, and then said sternly, "You are never to bang the table, never to pull anyone's hair, never to climb on the table. If you need more food, you are to raise your hand and hold up your fourth and little fingers and wait until I notice you. If I am talking to Uncle or looking after Heea, you are to keep your hand up and wait."

"I don't want potatoes anymore," I said. "I want water."

"When you want water, you should raise your hand and hold up just your little finger. Now let me see you do it."

I beat the table and shouted, but I did not get a glass of water until I sat quietly in my chair and raised my hand and held up my little finger.

Thereafter, whenever I remembered, I raised my hand, but sometimes I would get tired or angry holding up my hand while Mrs. Ras Mohun went on eating or talking. Then I would find myself beating the table with my spoon, or sulking and refusing to eat or drink.

"You think you can be a good child with manners one minute and become a jungly boy the next minute," Mrs. Ras Mohun would say. "That's just not possible. You have to discipline the jungly boy in you."

I remember that she also tried to break me of the habit of eating with my fingers, and tried to teach me to eat with a spoon. But I had trouble eating with the spoon. The food would scoot around the plate and slide onto the tablecloth. It wouldn't balance on the spoon, or it would fall off just as I got it up to my mouth, spraying me, the tablecloth, and sometimes Mrs. Ras Mohun with gravy.

One evening when I went in to

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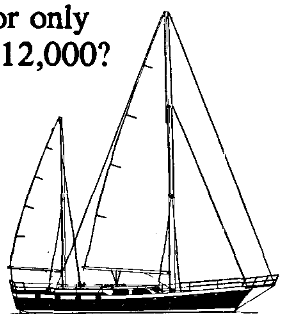

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dinner, Mrs. Ras Mohun had a separate small table set up for me, a little distance from the table at which she and Mr. Ras Mohun and Heea sat. After that, I always ate at the separate table, and whenever I remembered I used my fingers to signal for more food or water and ate with a spoon.

At meals, Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun generally spoke Marathi to me, mixed in with a few Hindustani words whenever I couldn't understand, but spoke to each other in English. The only time I had heard English at home was when Daddyji was listening to the news on the radio, so I could understand little of what Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun said. One day, Mrs. Ras Mohun started teaching me English conversation. I remember that the first words were "chicken," "kitchen," and "thank you," and I had difficulty with all of them. I called chicken "kitchen" and kitchen "chicken" and said "tank you."

Whenever I asked for something in Marathi, Mrs. Ras Mohun would say, "You'll get it only if you ask for it in English."

"Why must I ask for things in English?" I once asked her.

"So that both Heea and you can grow up knowing English," Mrs. Ras Mohun said. "Uncle has great plans for her and you."

"Your father would like you to go to England and America, as he did, and study there," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

"Where are England and America?" I asked.

"They are far, far away," Mr. Ras Mohun said, "across the oceans and deserts."

After that, whenever I found Heea in the Ras Mohuns' sitting-and-dining room I would speak English to her. In fact, I decided I would take her along with me to England and America.

I REMEMBER I once asked Mrs. Ras Mohun for "starbries."

"What's that?"

"You know, starbries."

"That may be something in Punjabi, but what do you call them in Hindustani?"

"Starbries!"

"Is it a fruit or a vegetable?"

"*Starbries!*"

"Is it something you peel?"

"No."

"What does it taste like?"

"Like starbries!" I shouted.

"If you won't tell me what it is,

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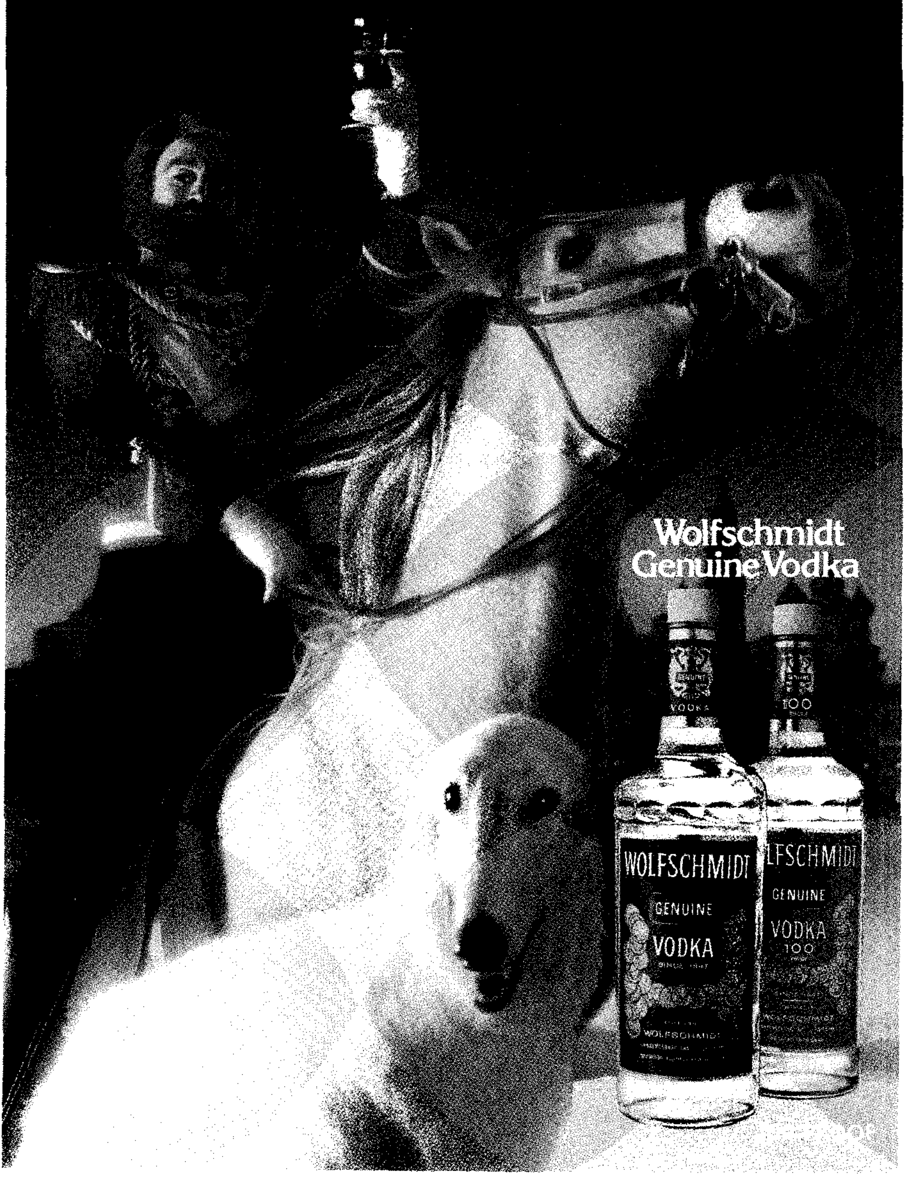

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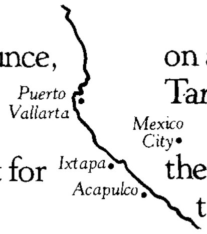

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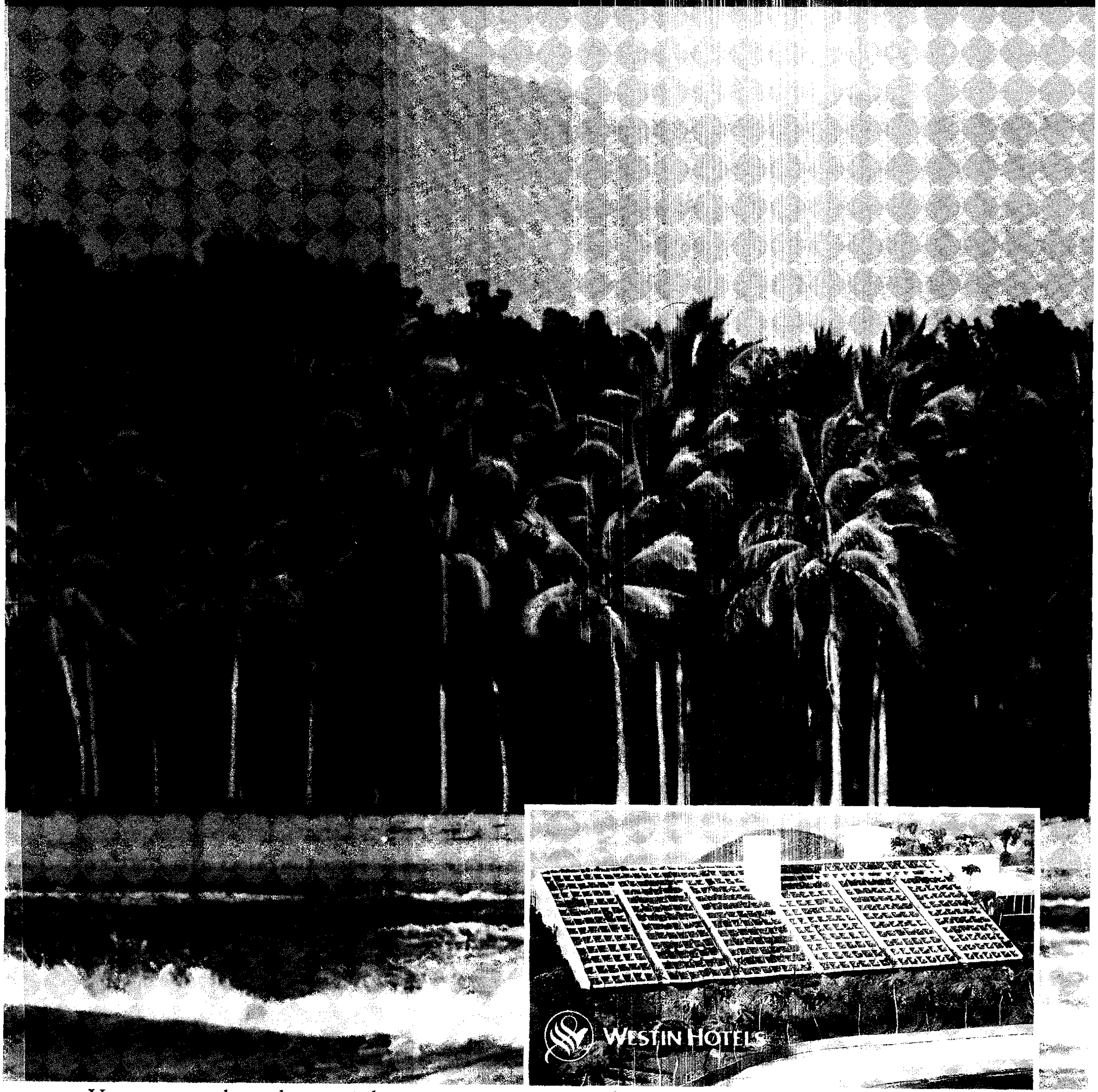

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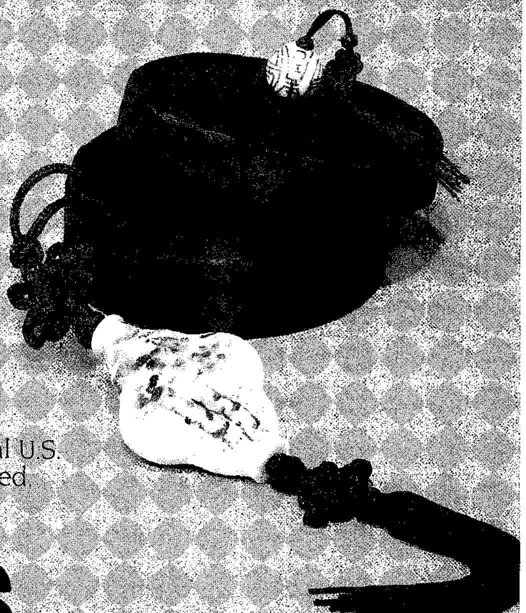

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how can you expect me to get it for you? Maybe it's something you have in the Punjab that we don't have in Bombay."

Not long after that, Mrs. Ras Mohun said to me, "I'm writing a letter to your daddy. Do you want anything from home?"

"Starbries," I said.

"Never you mind about that. Do you want anything else?"

"Yes. Tantra."

"Oh, not tantra again. I don't think there has been a single day when you haven't asked for it, even though you know perfectly well that we don't know what you're talking about. Tantra, starbries, starbries, tantra. I don't think I'll ever hear the end of them. But do you want to send love to anybody?"

"I don't love Sister Umi."

"But the only sister you ever talk about is Umi. Why is that?"

"She says she's Daddyji's favorite. But I'm Daddyji's favorite."

As Daddyji and Mamaji remember it, the Ras Mohuns at first wrote to them quite regularly about my progress. Daddyji formed a good opinion of them from their letters. Mamaji, however, had her reservations—especially after Mrs. Ras Mohun's "tantra" letter.

"Mrs. Ras Mohun writes that every day the child asks for 'tantra,' and she doesn't know what it is," Daddyji said to Mamaji at the breakfast table, reading a letter that had just arrived in the post. "Mrs. Ras Mohun thinks Vedi must be asking for a Punjabi sweetmeat. He also seems to want what looks like 'strawberries.' "

"Every mother knows that children say 'tantra' for 'santra,' " she said. ("Santra" means "orange.")

He wasn't sure whether strawberries were available in Bombay, but he promised to write to Mrs. Ras Mohun and tell her about the santra.

That evening, before going to the club, he wrote:

My Dear Mrs. Ras Mohun,

Young Punjabi children often call "santra" "tantra." As you may know, the Punjab is called "the bread basket of India," because we send food to other parts of the country. We have many kinds of fruit here. Vedi loves—in addition to oranges and strawberries—mangoes, litchis, loquats, pomegranates, guavas, bananas. I appreciate that some of these fruits may not be easily obtained in Bombay, but I'm sure oranges are, and his dear mother and I will be indebted to you and Mr. Ras Mohun if Vedi could be given an orange after a meal now and again, and perhaps a glass of fresh orange juice in the morning.

He looked up from his writing paper. "Any message for Vedi?" he asked her.

"Tell him that I press him against my neck," she said.

He laughed. "Such things are hard to write in English," he said, and he wrote, "Tell Vedi that his dear mother sends her fondest love."

"HERE'S a santra for you," Mrs. Ras Mohun said at the table.

I was very excited, and reached out and grabbed it from her hand.

Santras as I remembered them were light and soft and had crinkly skins. They had an indentation at the top for my thumb. I could peel them without any difficulty. But the thing she handed me was heavy and hard. It had a smooth skin, almost like an egg. Instead of the indentation for my thumb, it had a little pimple. I was so disappointed that I almost threw it on the floor.

"It's not a tantra," I said. "It's something horrible."

"Of course it's a santra!" Mrs. Ras Mohun said, and she reached over and sliced it with a knife on my plate.

Under protest, I took a bite of a slice. It tasted like an orange, all right, but the skin wouldn't come off the juicy part.

"Give some of it to Heea," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

"She can have all of it," I said. "I don't want it."

"You have to eat it," Mrs. Ras Mohun said. "I went to a lot of trouble to get it for you."

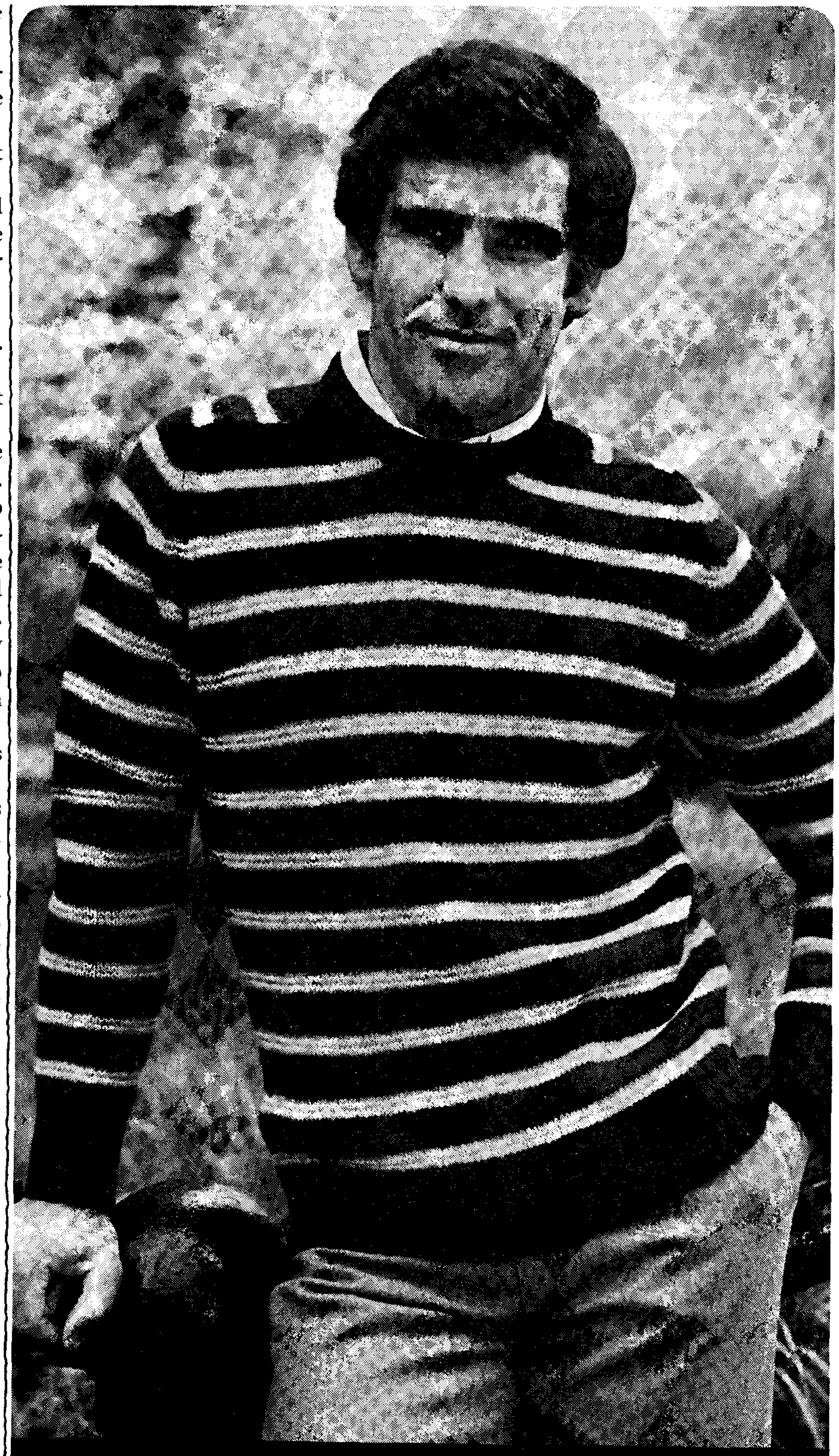
I ate more of the orange. I began enjoying it, and I felt very happy.

Heea reached over and tried to take the slice of orange I was eating. I tried to hold on to it. She bit my hand with her few teeth. I scratched her face.

Mrs. Ras Mohun lifted me roughly off my chair and pushed me ahead of her up to her sleeping quarters. There she cut my nails with a big nail cutter. I tried to fight her off, but she held me fast between her knees.

"WE have only bitter gourd and bread tonight," Mrs. Ras Mohun said one evening when I went in for my dinner. "The bazaars are closed. There is a war on, and now there is a general strike on top of it." She put some bitter gourd on my plate.

I took a little spoonful of it. It had a



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pimply, slippery texture and a bitter, sharp taste. I left it on my plate.

"Eat it up," she said. "It's all there is, and it's good for you."

"I won't," I said, pushing the plate away.

"Here. Take this spoonful."

I sensed her hand with the spoon in it coming toward me. I closed my mouth tight.

"You will eat it."

"I won't. Never," I said through clenched teeth.

"Look how stubborn he is," she said to Mr. Ras Mohun.

He did not reply. He sat talking quietly to Heea.

Mrs. Ras Mohun marched me up to her sleeping quarters. She took gauze and wound it around each of my hands.

"I won't unwrap your hands until you agree to eat bitter gourd."

"I will get Deoji to feed me," I said angrily.

"Don't be impudent," she said. "Go to bed."

Hurriedly, I ran out of her sleeping quarters and down the narrow stairs and threw myself on my bed, repeating in my head, "I will not eat bitter gourd. I will not cry. I don't like her." I hooked my feet on the edge of the mattress and shook my bed, pretending that it was a train and was taking me away—far, far away from the school. I fell asleep.

When I woke up in the morning, I was surprised to feel that there were bandages on my hands. Mr. Ras Mohun had told some of the boys about my misbehavior, and word of it had spread through the boys' dormitory. Everyone got up and, without speaking to me, went to breakfast.

I did not cry. I stayed in bed, listening to Jaisingh, the deaf, dumb, and blind boy, moan and howl, until Mrs. Ras Mohun came and got me for my breakfast.

I didn't want to go, but I was hungry.

Mrs. Ras Mohun removed the gauze from my hands. Her fingers were soft and tender and smelled of nice soap. I could have eaten them.

ONE afternoon, Mr. Ras Mohun took me to do some shopping. On the road, he suddenly stopped and said, "Let me see how you walk."

I didn't know why he was asking me that. I took a few steps.

"Just as I thought—you're not walking right," he said. "Touch my shoes and see how I walk."

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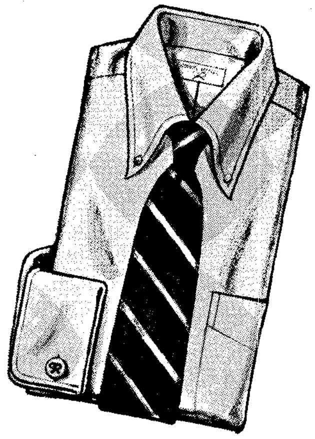

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Click-click, I thought, and I wondered if his shoes had high heels, like Mamaji's. I bent down and felt them all around; they were ordinary flat shoes, with laces, like Daddyji's.

"No, no, just feel the toes!" he called down to me. He started walking, and I hopped along at his side. "See how straight I walk—see how my toes point in. Now you try to walk like that."

I stood up and clung to his hand and walked every which way.

"No, no—not that way," he said, and he bent down, caught hold of my toes, and pushed them inward. "Keep your toes turned in, like this. Then lift your foot straight up, like this; then put your heel down, like this; then bring down your toe, like this."

I clutched at his short hair and tried to walk as he pointed and moved my feet, his voice rising from my shoes. "Left toe in. . . . Left foot up. . . . Left heel down. . . . Left foot forward. . . . Right toe in. . . . Right foot up. . . . Right heel down. . . . Right foot forward."

I felt as if I were going to fall, and cried out, "I can't!" But Mr. Ras Mohun paid me no attention. He held my shoes and hopped along at my side. I thought what a nice head of hair he had. It was soft, curly, and oily and smelled of coconut. I thought I might never learn to walk correctly but I would be sure to remember to massage my head the next day with Tata Coconut Oil.

"That's the way—left, right, left, right."

I suddenly remembered that that was the way Mr. Ras Mohun himself walked—my toes went out again.

"Try one foot at a time, and say to yourself, 'Left, right, left, right,'" Mr. Ras Mohun said.

I did, and that was much better, as long as I kept on repeating to myself, "Left, right, left, right."

Ahead, I heard a thundering clatter that I didn't recognize. I jumped, almost kicking his hands.

"It's the tram," Mr. Ras Mohun said. We ran and climbed on it.

I liked the tram's wobbling and roaring, the irregular rumbling of its wheels, and the constant ringing of a bell, which gave our ride a sense of speed and excitement.

"What's the bell? Why does it ring so much? Who rings it? I want to feel it!"

"The bell is to warn people in the street to get out of the way," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "But you can't touch it."

I remembered Daddyji and how he

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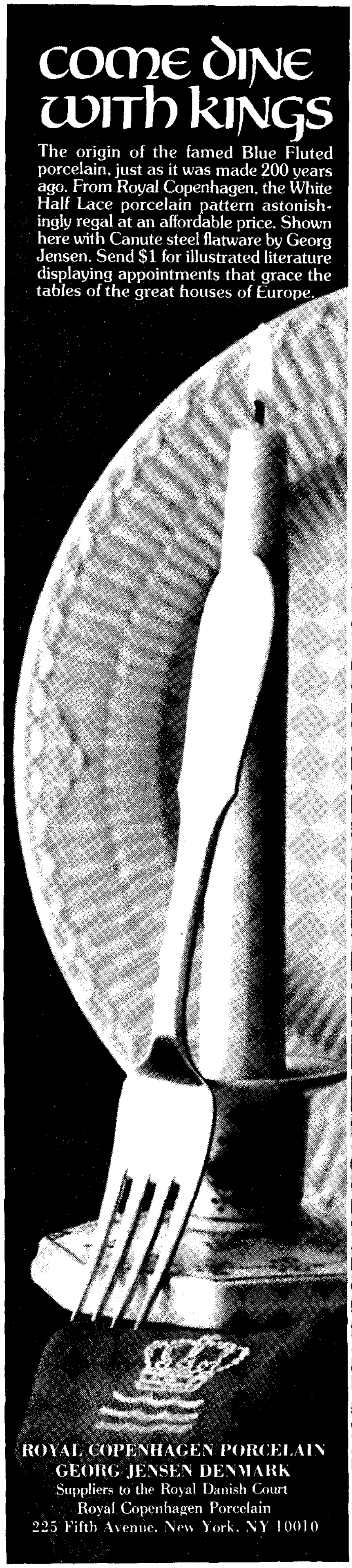
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had once shown me a tonga. He had put my hands on the yoke, to show me how it rested on the horse; then in the horse's mouth, to show me how the bit was fitted between the teeth; then on the reins, to show me how the horse was controlled. He had let me feel the horse's tail to see how it was tucked in between the carriage and the horse. Remembering this, I felt sad.

The tram rolled and pitched, its warning bell ringing all the time. A man stumbled up and down the aisle, all but falling over as he dispensed tickets with some kind of machine that made a cranking and punching sound.

The tram suddenly stopped, and I was almost hurled out of my seat.

The ticket man shouted "Dadar Center!" and Mr. Ras Mohun caught my hand. I followed him out of the tram.

In Dadar Center, Mr. Ras Mohun bought me a pair of shoes with laces. My feet had grown, and my old shoes with the buckles were too tight for me.

ONE afternoon when I ran into the sitting-and-dining room for tiffin, Mr. Ras Mohun called out, "Stop! Whenever you come in, you must say, 'Good afternoon, Uncle. Good afternoon, Auntie'—or, if it is the morning, 'Good morning, Uncle. Good morning, Auntie.' "

"Good afternoon, Uncle. Good afternoon, Auntie," I said, plunking myself into my chair.

"No, not that way," Mrs. Ras Mohun said. "Only jungly boys sit down like that. Stand up."

I stood up.

"Another thing," Mrs. Ras Mohun continued. "If we ask you, when you come in, 'How are you?' you should say 'I'm quite well and happy, thank you'—and say it with a good smile—before sitting down."

"You're fortunate in having a naturally good smile," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

"But sometimes he looks sad," Mrs. Ras Mohun said.

"That's natural," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "He's homesick for the Punjab."

"Let's hear you say, 'I'm quite well and happy, thank you,' with a good smile," Mrs. Ras Mohun said.

"I'm quite well and happy, thank you," I said as rapidly as I could, trying to smile without being quite sure what a good smile looked like.

"Just wrinkle your nose a little less," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

He got up and came to me. I thought he was going to fix the wrin-

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kles on my nose, but he bent down, slipped his hands between my feet, and pulled them apart, this time making my toes point out.

"That's right," he said. "Stand just as you are. Now put your hands behind your back and clasp them—just your fingers. That's right. Now you are standing at ease. This is how you stand when you're waiting for Auntie and me to return your greeting. In fact, whenever you are talking to me or Auntie anywhere in the school, you can stand at ease. But when you come to my office to see me, then you should stand at attention."

He slapped my feet together, making me almost lose my balance. I steadied myself by catching hold of his short hair.

"No, no, drop your hands to your sides," he said. "When you stand at attention, your hands should always be at your sides."

Afterward, I never entered the sitting-and-dining room without stopping at the door, separating my feet a few inches, with my toes out, putting my hands at my back, and exchanging cheerful greetings with Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun. (It was years before I learned that if someone asked "How are you?" I could say "I don't feel well." Also, I never talked to any superior without automatically bringing my feet together and dropping my hands to my sides—except when I was bothered by an itch or a fly. Then I was likely to forget Mr. Ras Mohun's lesson.)

PLAYMATE

"I WANT a rocking horse and a mouth organ and a Meccano set," I said to Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun at dinner.

"Are those the toys you had at home?" Mr. Ras Mohun asked me.

I had to think for a moment—sometimes everything connected with home seemed so far away. "Yes," I said.

"And you miss them?" Mr. Ras Mohun asked.

"I want them," I said. "Now, Uncle."

"You should try to make your own toys," Mrs. Ras Mohun said.

"All good children make their own toys," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

After dinner, before I went back to the boys' dormitory, Mr. Ras Mohun gave me two empty cylindrical cigarette tins to play with. At first, I didn't know what to do with them, but then I got an idea. I made a hole with a nail in the bottom of each cigarette tin and

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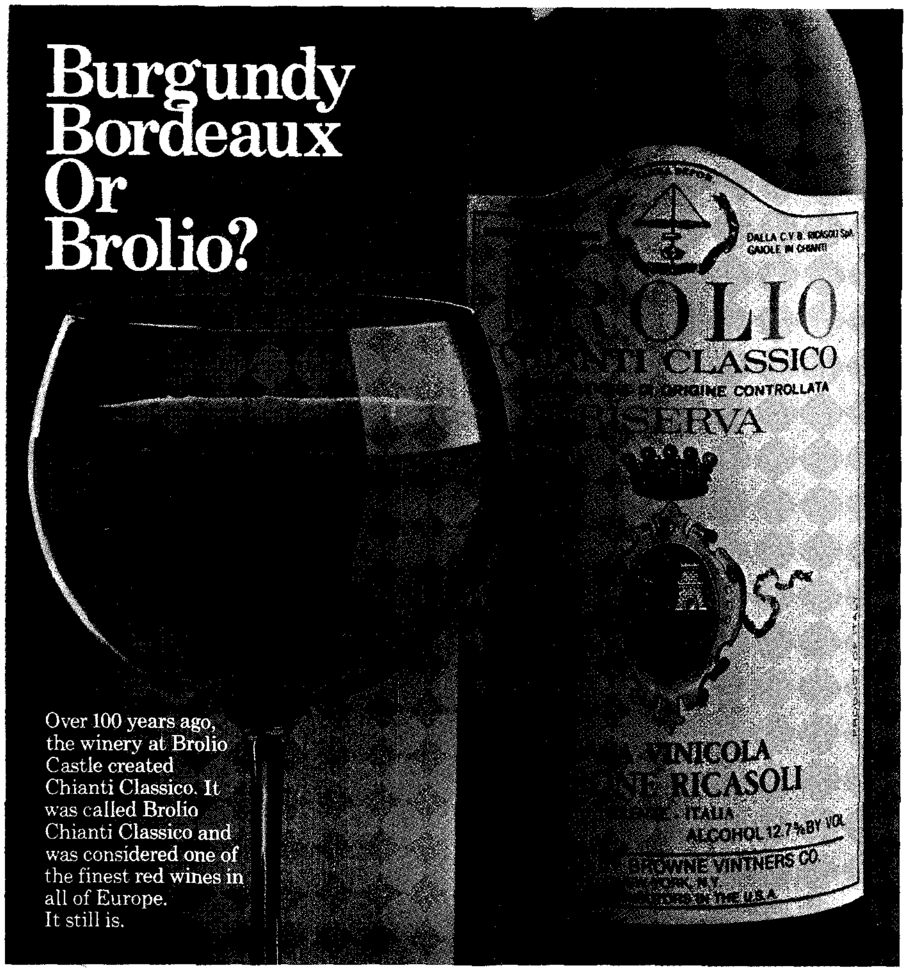

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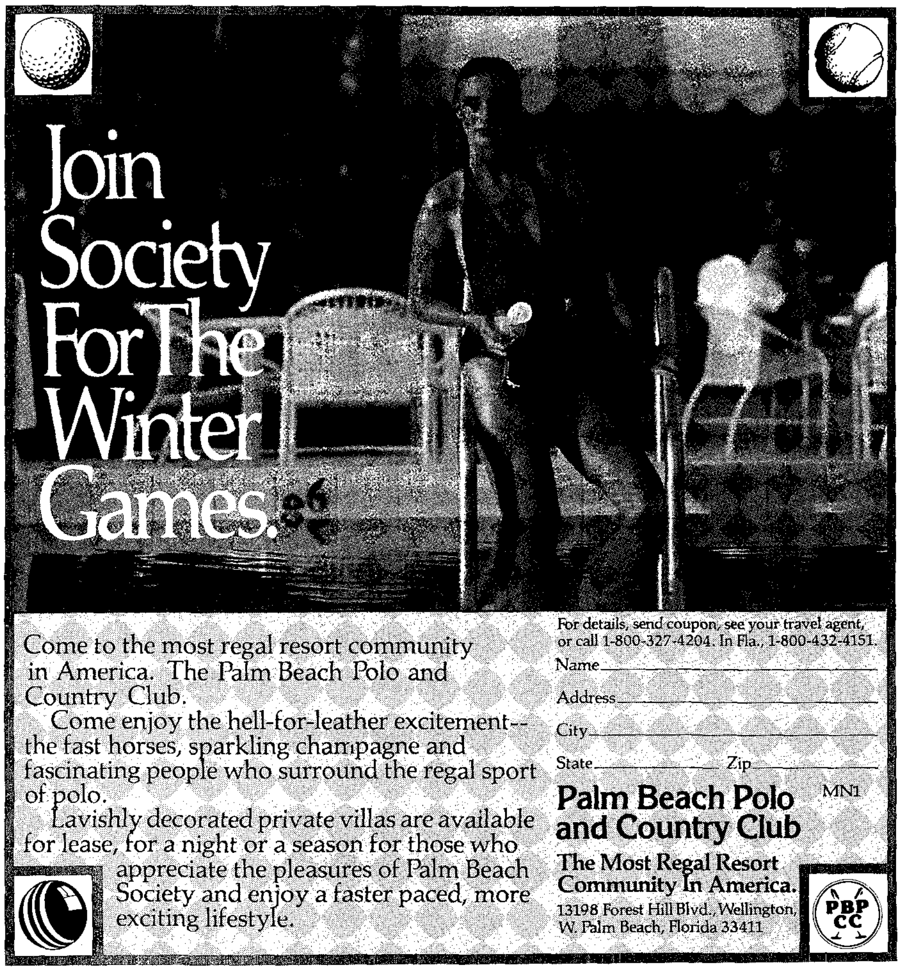
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linked them with a long string. I gave one cigarette tin to Deoji and ran with the other as far as I could go. I shouted into my cigarette tin, "Hello, hello! This is me at this end! Who is that speaking?"

I held the cigarette tin so close against my mouth that I was almost unable to hear myself speak.

I then put the cigarette tin to my ear and tried to catch what Deoji was saying into his cigarette tin. All I ever heard was a hum, but I liked the game.

I tired of the telephone game within a few days, and got another idea, after Mr. Ras Mohun described to me how he had sent a telegram to Daddyji saying that I was doing well. "I gave the message to the postal clerk," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "He sent it out on the machine—tap-tap-tap-tap, tap, tap, tap-tap. The message must have got to the Punjab almost immediately."

That day, I took the drawer of an ordinary wooden matchbox, about two inches long, wrapped a thread around its middle many times over, inserted a matchstick through the bunched-up thread on the top, and slid the matchstick up and down so that I could turn it round and round in the box until the thread became very taut and the matchstick stood almost upright against the bottom of the drawer. I held the drawer in one hand and flicked the matchstick rapidly with the fingers of the other and listened excitedly to the clatter of wood against wood: "Tap-tap-tap-tap, tap, tap, tap-tap." I pretended I was sending a telegram home: "NEED MOUTH ORGAN HORSE MECCANO SET PLEASE SEND."

Soon the other boys acquired their own match-drawer machines, and although Mr. Ras Mohun forbade their use outside the boys' dormitory, we were free to play with them as we liked within its precincts. We would hold clattering races lasting for hours, to see who could flick his matchstick the fastest and make the most din.

THE rain came down in big streams. Abdul said the gods had opened all their pipes—and their pipes had big mouths and strong water pressure. The rain would stop only to start again.

In the back courtyard, the wet grass came up almost to my knees. When the rain stopped, several of us boys slipped out and lay in the wet grass—with every part of us covered—and pretended we were animals.

"The rains bring out the snakes," Abdul said. He was eleven and was totally blind. "There is a boa constrictor who lives up in that tree just beyond this courtyard—you know, the tree where the shrieking vultures nest. The boa has been known to drop down and kill a blind boy by wrapping himself around him. If the boa gets you, you will hear him hiss and feel him sway his head in enjoyment as he crushes your bones and listens to your ribs crack and snap. He will then climb up the tree again and leave the corpse in the grass for another blind boy to stumble over."

"I'll get a pocket knife and cut him up if he comes near me," I said.

"If you cut a boa constrictor, you get two snakes instead of one," Abdul said. "And if you cut it twice, you get three snakes. They multiply. And a cut boa constrictor is much more dangerous. He coils himself and flies noiselessly through the air and kills by biting on the forehead or on the cheek. A sighted person will see him coming and run and hide, but a blind person won't know. Most blind people die of such snake bites."

I clung to his arm.

The next morning, I wouldn't get out from under my mosquito net.

"What's the matter?" Deoji asked.

"Snakes!" I cried. "I need a snake net!" I told him about the boa constrictor in the tree.

"True, there are snakes here that fly and multiply," Deoji said. "But during the day they live underground, and they only come out in the night. Abdul is just trying to frighten you. He would frighten Mr. Ras Mohun if he could. He is an uncontrollable mischief-maker."

After that, I looked for ways to frighten Abdul.

One day, I knotted a piece of string into a series of continuous loops, so that it felt like a strip of little bumps and depressions. I coiled the string with an end sticking out, made my hand into the shape of a basket, and put the coil in it. I went to Abdul. "Feel what I have in my hand, Abdul," I said, tugging at his hand.

"First tell me what it is," Abdul said, drawing back.

"Well, if you don't want to feel I won't tell you."

Abdul grew curious.

I held my cupped hand out to him. He cautiously reached out and touched the string.

"Watch out! It's a snake!" I cried.

"Snake in the boys' dormitory!" Ab-

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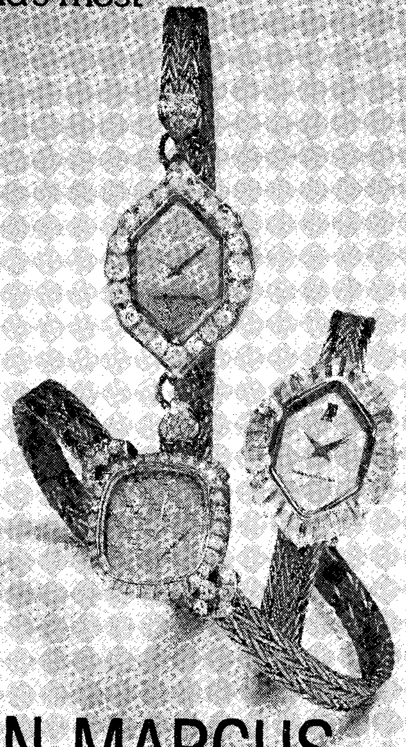

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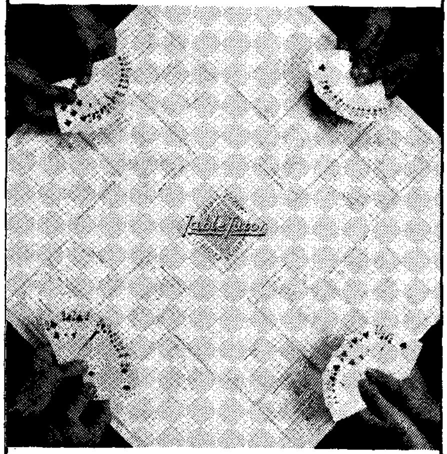

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dul cried out, and he ran for the door.

I laughed, and he realized that he had been taken in. He grabbed my arm and twisted it until I thought he would break it. He was twice my height and very tough.

I begged for my life and promised never to play a trick on him again. He let me go.

When I was sure that Abdul had forgotten the incident, I knotted another, much longer piece of string and put a little bit of Lifebuoy soap on it to make it slithery. Then, in the back courtyard, I threw it, lasso fashion, around Abdul's neck and hissed, swaying my head.

"Watch it—it's the boa constrictor!"

He screamed with fright, but he quickly realized that he had been taken in once again. He caught hold of me, but this time I was prepared for him, and I was able to struggle free and run away.

Later that day, after his dinner, Abdul bounded up the stairs. "And what did you eat today?" he asked, trying to catch me.

"Mutton on toast," I said. "Mutton is Uncle and Auntie's very favorite food, but we only have it once a week."

He sniffed. "Nothing like good thick maize bread with lentils and spinach to build up one's strength," he said, and he made some snide remarks about my soft diet, my soft bed, my soft clothes—my sissy privileges.

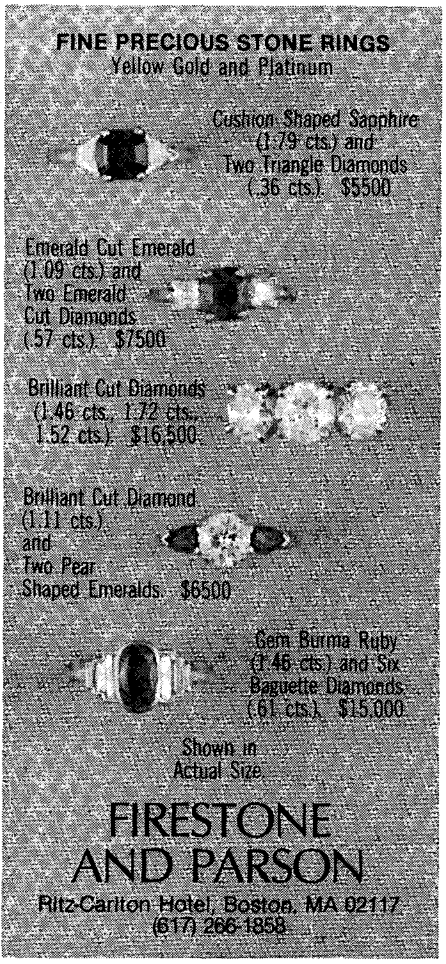
"You're a dirty street boy," I said. "You're a common beggar."

We all knew that before coming to the school Abdul had been a street boy who lived by begging. He had tried to snatch the handbag of a passerby who stopped to give him money, and the police had picked him up and taken him to a home for delinquents. The wardens there hadn't known what to do with a totally blind delinquent, and had brought him to Mr. Ras Mohun, who had agreed to give him an opportunity at his school.

Abdul now caught hold of me and held my hands in a tight grip. "Soft and ladylike!" he taunted. "Toast and mutton! Soft and ladylike!" Abdul's rough hands were marked with scabs and smelled of tobacco. He caned chairs in the school's workshop and smoked on the sly.

I didn't like my special privileges, but neither did I like Abdul, who was constantly ridiculing me for them in front of the other boys.

I yanked my hands free and ran



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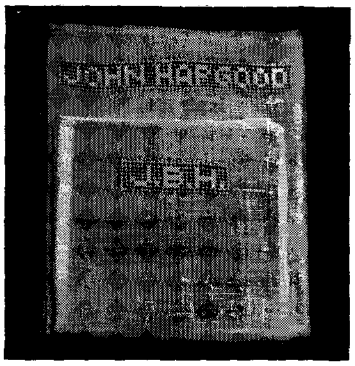

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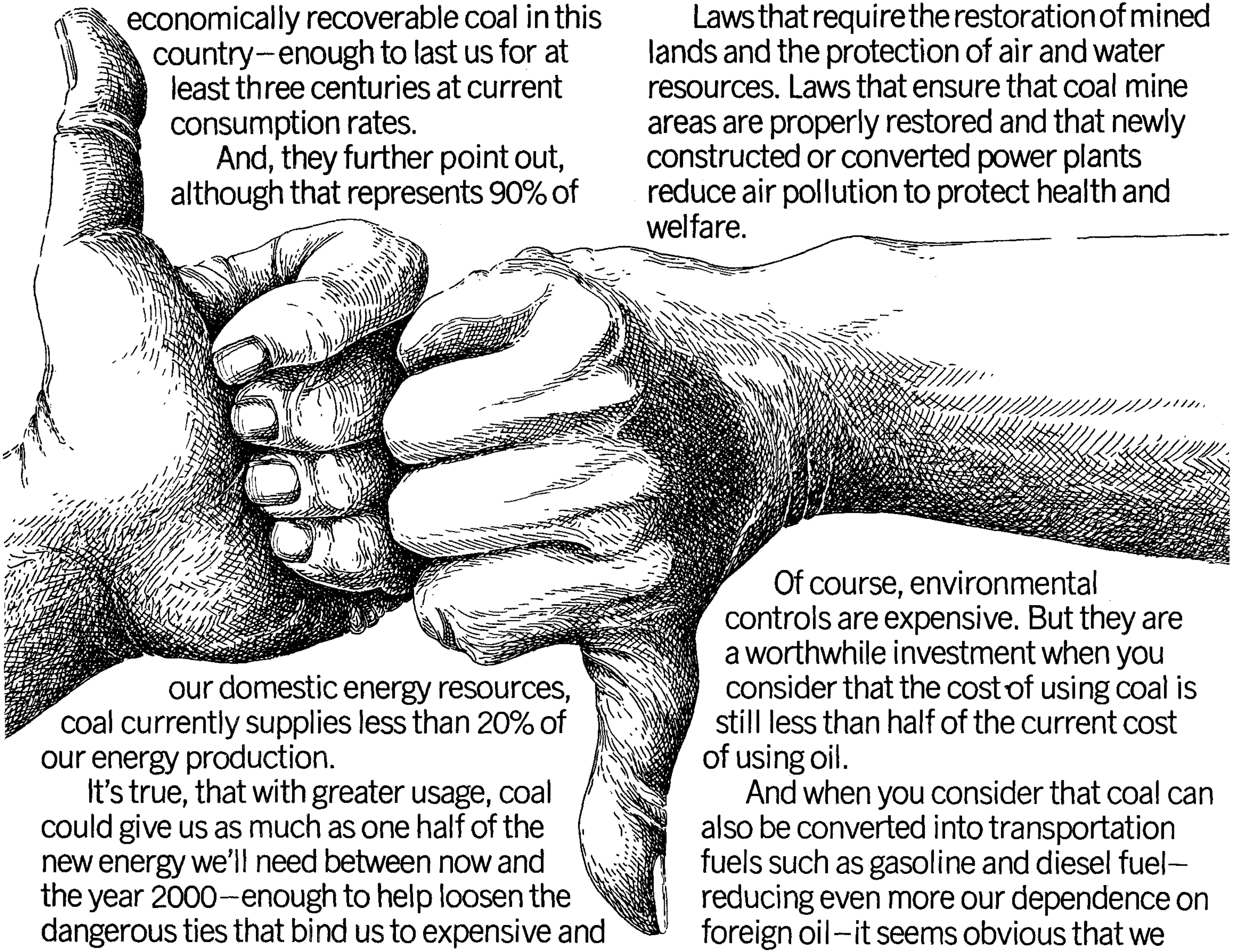

Those who insist that coal is good point out that we have over 200 billion tons of economically recoverable coal in this country—enough to last us for at least three centuries at current consumption rates.

And, they further point out, although that represents 90% of our domestic energy resources, coal currently supplies less than 20% of our energy production.

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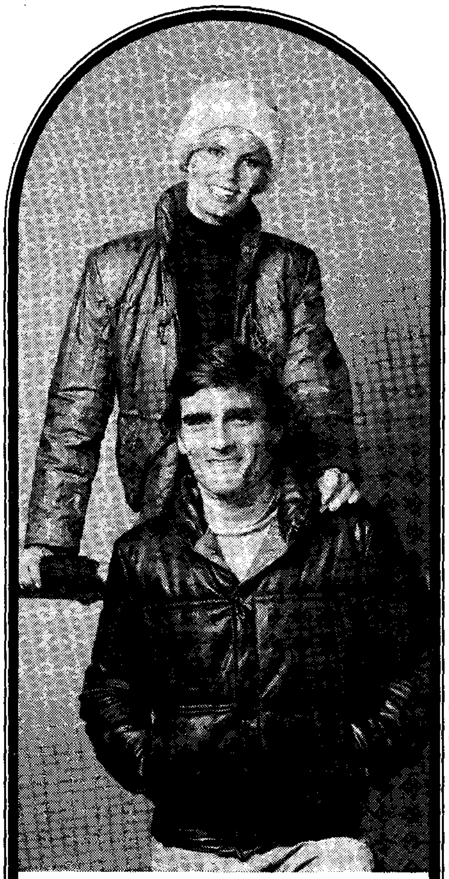

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down the boys' staircase, weaving from one side of the steps to the other to elude him, while he followed close behind, his leathery feet slapping on the stairs. Downstairs, I headed straight for the workshop and quickly found the chair he usually squatted by and caned. Only part of the seat was finished, with a pattern of holes; the rest of the frame was taut bands of cane. On the seat was a caning knife. I picked it up and, without knowing exactly what I was doing, slashed some of the bands.

He heard and knew.

I jumped over the chair and hid behind a worktable while Abdul crashed around the workshop, stumbling over chairs and cursing. "Wait till I find you!" he cried. "I'll cut off your ladylike hands!"

Abdul's best friend, Tarak Nath, came running into the workshop to see what was happening. He was partially sighted, and, like the few other partially sighted boys in the school, was much in demand as a friend by totally blind boys. I feared that he would deliver me to Abdul, but he stuck to the rules of fair play—that a partially sighted boy should not interfere in a quarrel between totally blind boys.

Abdul was almost upon me. I dashed from under the table and ran up to the boys' dormitory and to Deoji. For days afterward, I had to be careful not to be caught alone by Abdul.

Then, one day, I got some money from home. I gave half of it to Abdul to repay him for his extra work on the chair and to make up with him.

"If I promise to let you in on a new boys'-dormitory secret, will you give me the rest of your money?" he asked.

At first, I refused, but then I couldn't contain my curiosity and I gave him the money.

That night, when we were in our beds, Abdul came and got me. I followed him out of the boys' dormitory, thinking that we were going to the boys' common bathroom—most of us were afraid to go there alone. But he turned down the boys' staircase. I wanted to go back, remembering that snakes and ghosts came out at night, but my curiosity was aroused, and I continued to follow him. He walked across the veranda, toward the school gate. I was afraid that he meant to run away and become a street beggar again, taking me with him. I stopped. He caught hold of me and dragged me toward the wall that the school shared with the Tata Mill. He put my hands on some bars in the wall. They were

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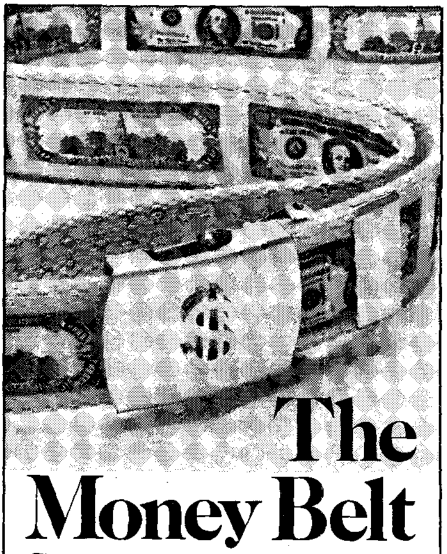

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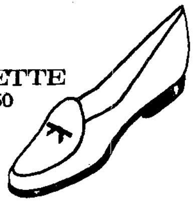

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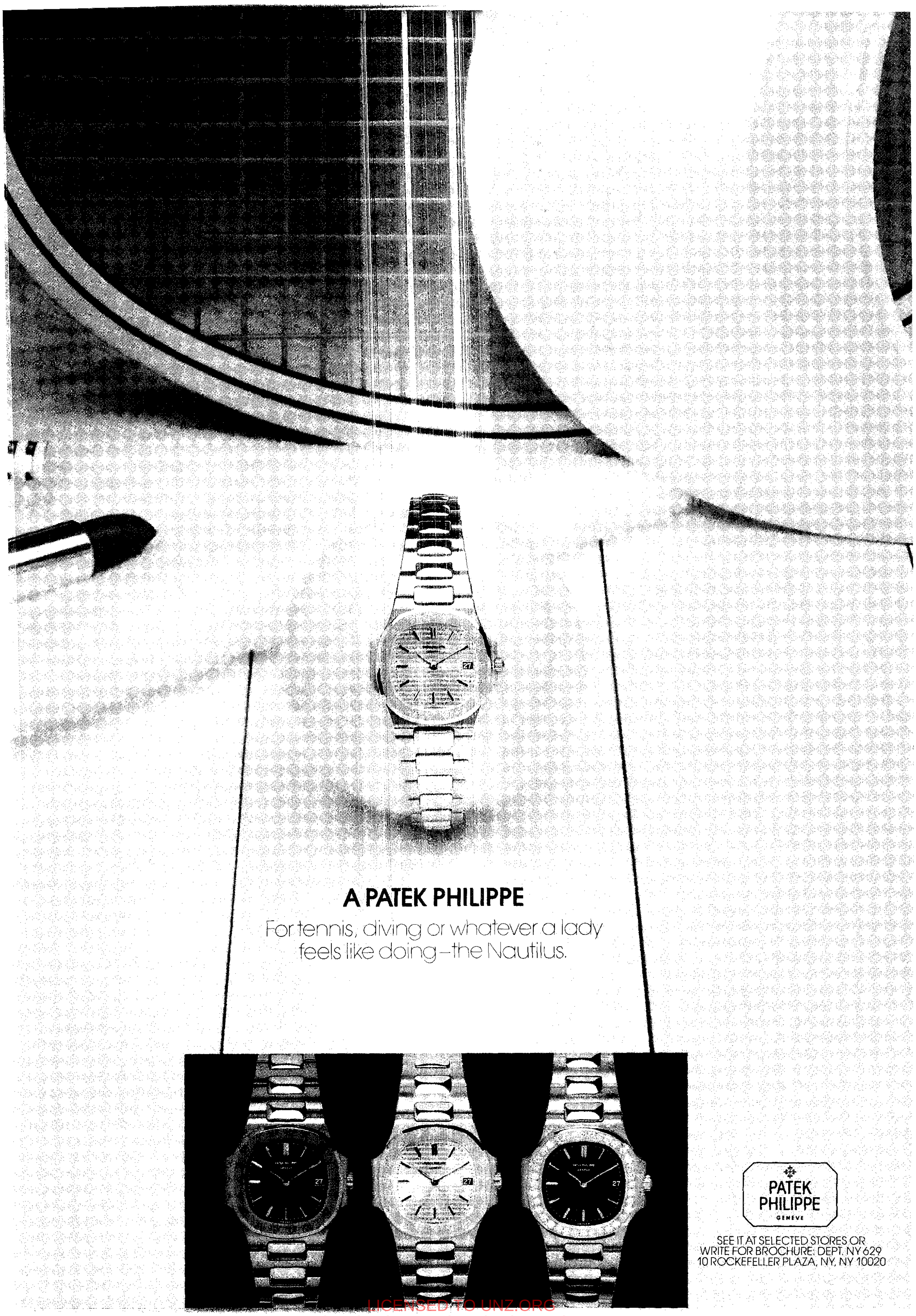

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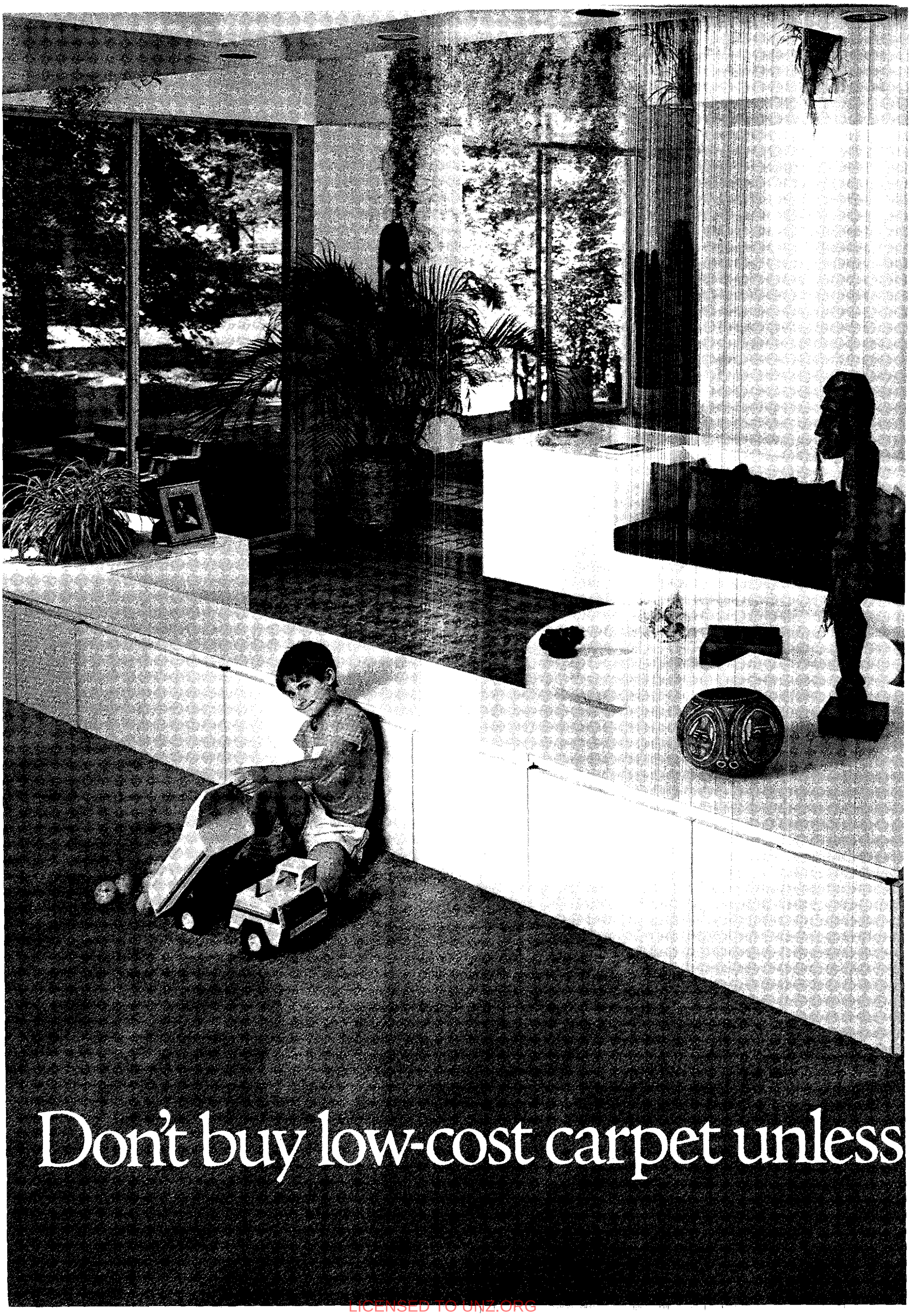
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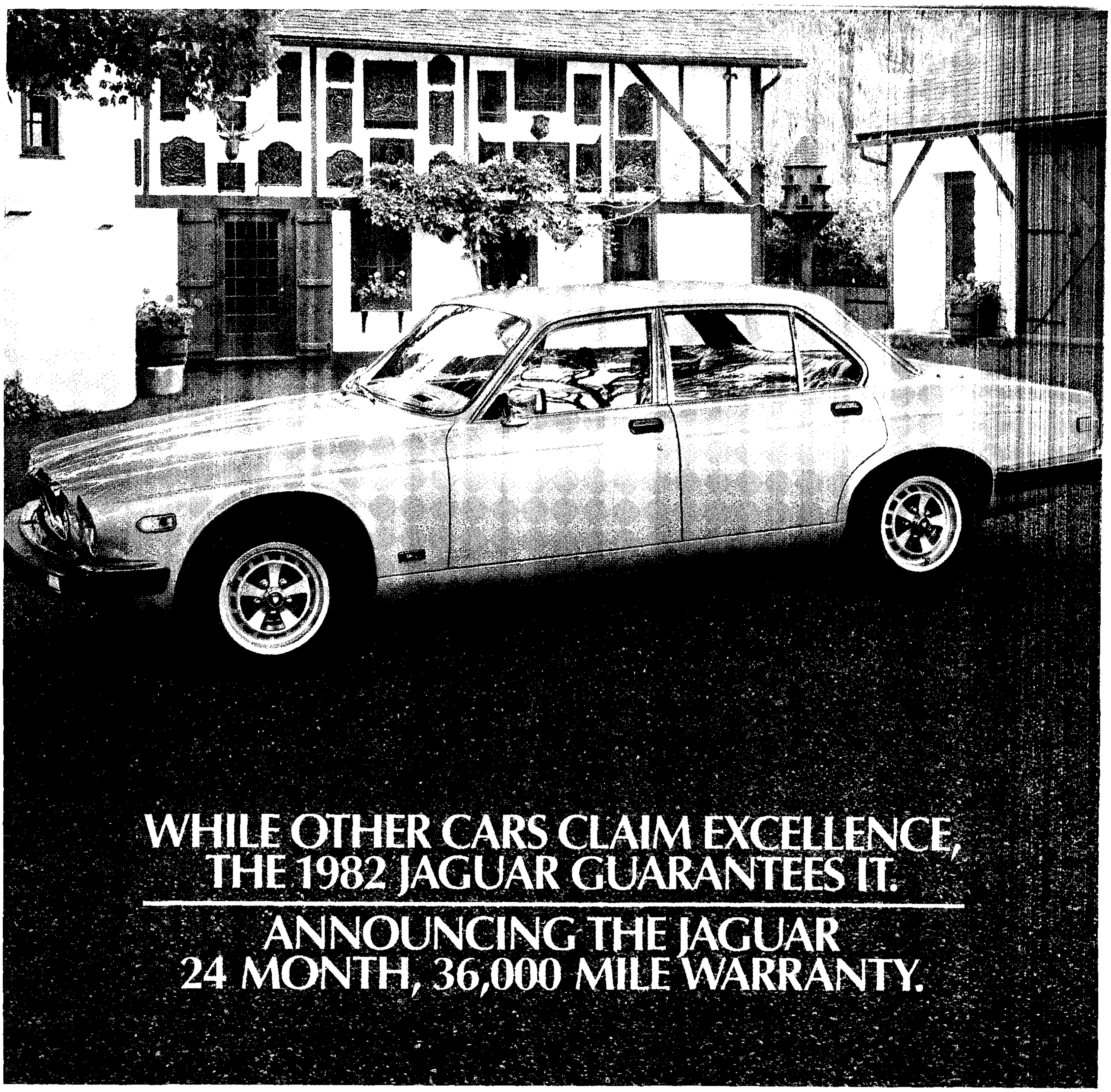

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rusty and felt like a dirty old horseshoe I had played with at home.

"What is this?" I asked.

"It's the bars of a window of the Muhammadan Hotel, where the mill hands go."

Abdul tapped on the window glass behind the bars with an anna. The clink of the coin on the glass sounded loud in the night air. I was sure that we would be discovered by Mr. Ras Mohun and punished with the ruler.

Abruptly, the window was opened from the other side of the bars, and a voice said softly, "Rosewater, lemon drops, *bhel-puri*." *Bhel-puri*, hot and spicy snacks, are street foods of Bombay.

"Everything for the two of us," Abdul said, handing in some money.

Someone handed us through the bars two bottles of rose drink, two bags of lemon drops, and two paper cones of *bhel-puri*.

"Quick, eat and drink," Abdul said to me. "We have to return the bottles."

I had never had *bhel-puri* before, and they set my mouth on fire, but the lemon drops sweetened my mouth and the rosewater cooled it. I thought I had never tasted a better combination of delights. As we were returning upstairs, I asked Abdul in a whisper why we had to go to the Muhammadan Hotel like thieves in the night.

"Mr. Ras Mohun is a clean Christian, and the Muhammadan Hotel is run by a dirty Muslim," he said. "I am a Muslim. I like dirty Muslim food."

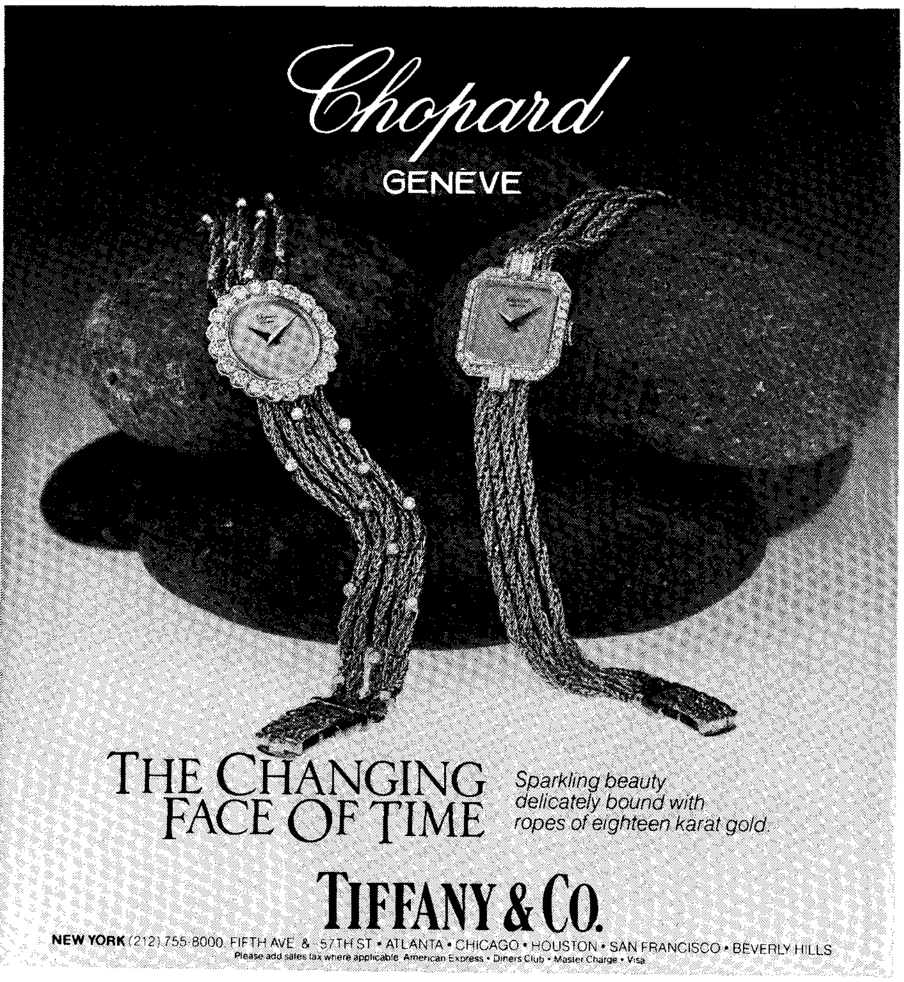
"When I finish being a Hindu, I will become a Muslim, and then I'll eat only your Muslim food," I said.

Following that night, Abdul and I and some friends of ours who were in on the secret would slip downstairs after bedtime whenever any of us had any money; the boys used to receive money for caning chairs, or from their missionary mummies and daddies, and I used to receive a little pocket money from home. We would tap on the bars of the Muhammadan Hotel and eat and drink. I remember that once the Muhammadan Hotel introduced a new treat—a sweet that had the feel of cotton and the taste of powdered sugar. The sweet immediately became our favorite, and Abdul named it "mother's kisses."

BELL

"WAKE up, Vedi!" Deoji would say, gently pulling my cheek with his small, cold hand. "It's six o'clock."

I would remember Daddyji's warm



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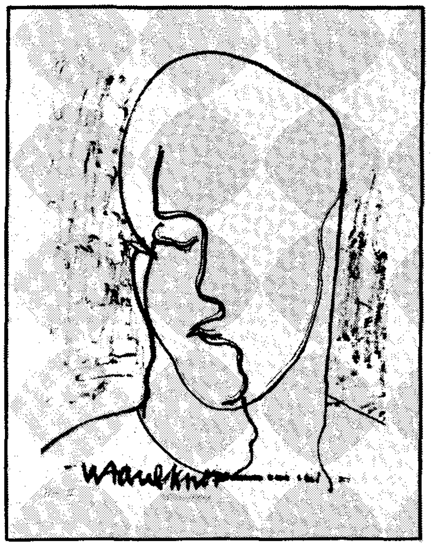

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and enveloping hand on my forehead in the morning, and I would feel sad. Daddyji used to make many trips into my room to wake me, but each time he tiptoed away. Finally, as he was leaving for the office, he laid his hand on my forehead—so lightly that it seemed to be a hand in a dream—and I woke up.

"Wake up," Deoji would say, his hand pulling my cheek. "Mr. Ras Mohun has rung the wake-up bell."

Mr. Ras Mohun, who was the only person in the school with a watch, was in charge of the bell. Whatever he was doing—looking after Heea upstairs or working in his office downstairs or teaching us or supervising us—he never forgot to ring the bell at the appointed times, and wherever we were in the school we heard him.

"Let me sleep," I would beg Deoji, pulling the bedclothes over my head. "I want to finish my dream."

"The Sighted Master will report you to Mr. Ras Mohun," he would say. "That's the Sighted Master's duty."

I would get down from my bed and quickly wash and dress, just in time to join the hymn line in the boys' dormitory when Mr. Ras Mohun rang the hymn bell. With the Sighted Master prompting us, we would sing in Marathi a few Christian songs, like "When the Saints Go Marching In," that Mr. Ras Mohun had taught us, and we would sing almost in a shout, so that he, in the tower upstairs, and Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, sitting above him, would hear us and give us merit points. Sometimes we would hear the girls shouting from their side, and we would shout louder. I liked to sing the hymns, although Deoji once told me, "I have heard these hymns sung in English a few times, in the church of my missionary mummy and daddy, and they sound very different. There, when you sing 'When the Saints Go Marching In,' you think angels are lifting you up. But here, when we sing them in Marathi, I feel we are a chorus of frogs singing to the bathroom ghost. What a pity that is!"

Sometimes we would hear Mr. Ras Mohun's breakfast bell when we were in the middle of a hymn, and the other boys would rush downstairs to the veranda for their breakfast, while I would run into the sitting-and-dining room for mine. At my separate table, I was usually served porridge, toast, and, occasionally, a soft-boiled egg, which I had learned to eat with a spoon without getting egg all over my bib.

The boys would come back from

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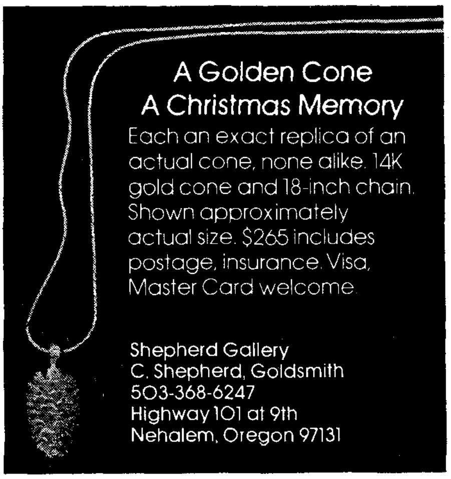

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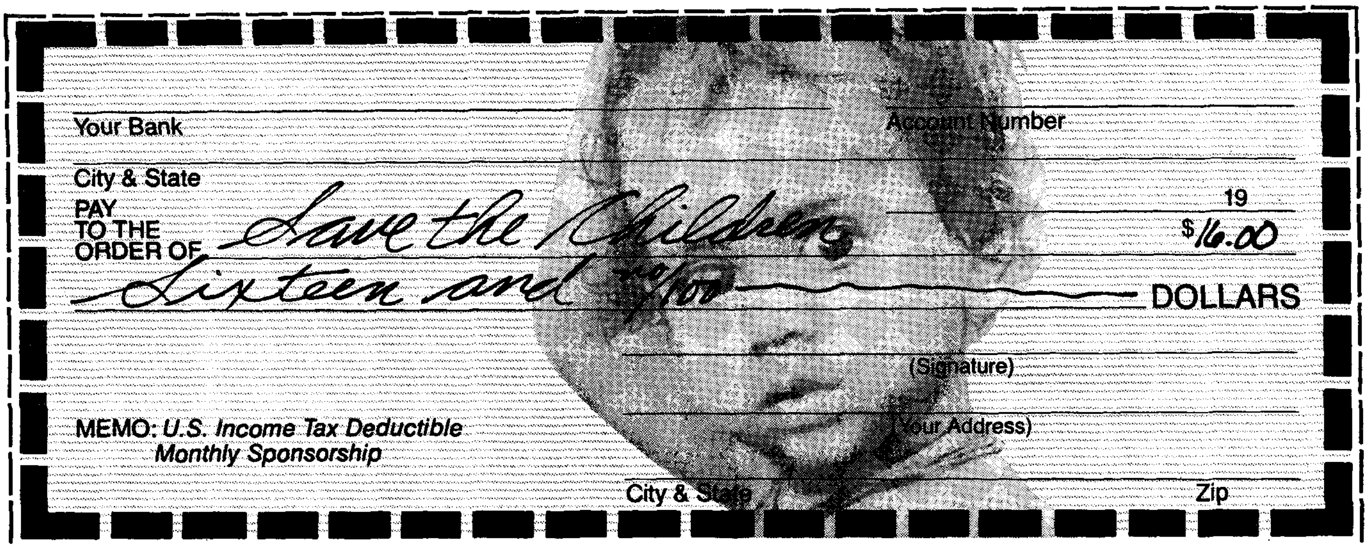

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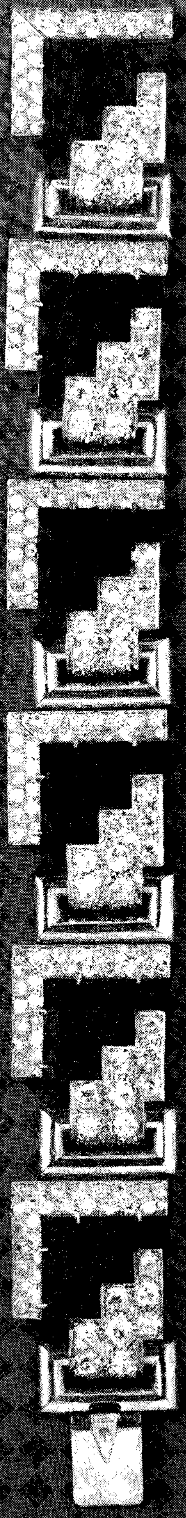


their breakfast smelling of coconut and groundnuts and spinach—all delicious things that I couldn't have. We would all set about cleaning the boys' dormitory—making our beds and tidying up our boxes, under the supervision of the Sighted Master. At the sound of the class bell, we would go down for our morning class.

The morning class was held in the school's only classroom. I remember that we sat on straight-backed, cane-bottomed, armless chairs—only the teacher's chair had arms—at long tables and studied birds and animals with the pupil-teacher, Miss Mary. I also remember that Miss Mary was partially sighted, was fourteen years old, and had come to the school when she was as small as I was. She had studied up through the fourth standard—as far as the school went. Then she had had nothing to do and nowhere to go, so Mr. Ras Mohun had hired her as a pupil-teacher. At the time he hired her, she was twelve.

I didn't like sitting in a chair. I didn't know what to do with my legs. Every time I moved my legs, they made a noise, and then Miss Mary would tell me to sit quietly, like a good boy. Also, in the class we boys had to sit on one side and the girls on the other. I often wanted to jump across to the girls' side and sit with Paran. But Abdul told me, "Girl-mischief of that kind, if Mr. Ras Mohun comes to know of it, is worth two raps on the knuckles and two swats on the behind with the ruler, and Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler is not your ordinary ruler—thin and flat—but thick and round, like a policeman's swagger stick."

Once, I remember, Miss Mary handed me something fluffy and bulgy and made out of cloth. "What is it, Vedi?" she asked.

"A stuffed bird," I said absently. I didn't feel it carefully, because I was thinking about the touch of Miss Mary's hands—how they were as gentle and slightly moist as Abdul's were rough and dry—and about how sweetly she spoke Marathi.

Everyone laughed.

"Of course, it's a stuffed bird, silly, but what is it called?" Abdul put in.

Miss Mary took it from me and gave it to Reuben, who was sitting next to me. He was eleven and was totally blind. "What is it, Reuben?" she asked.

"A dove, Miss Mary."

I heard Miss Mary's bare feet slap across to Paran's chair. "What is it, Paran?"

"Reuben is wrong," Paran said. "It's not a dove at all. It's a quail."

I heard Miss Mary walk across to Bhaskar's chair. Bhaskar was nine and was half sighted.

"No, Miss Mary, they're all wrong," he said. "It's a pigeon."

She came back to my chair and put the stuffed thing in front of me. "Try again, Vedi," she said. "Can you tell what kind of bird it is?"

"I want to go outside and play," I said, without touching the stuffed thing.

"But you're in a class now," Miss Mary said. "What kind of bird is it, Vedi?"

I picked up the soft, round thing and felt it all over. It had a beak, claws, and a tail.

"It's a myna."

Everybody laughed.

"What's a myna? There is no such thing," Abdul said.

"It's a talking bird."

Everybody laughed again.

"Birds don't talk," Abdul said. "You're the son of an owl."

"Abdul, don't be abusive," Miss Mary said. (In India, the owl is considered to be foolish.)

"If Vedi weren't so small, he would know better," Deoji said.

"Our servant Sher Singh told me about a myna he knew," I said. "She was a bird and she would sit on his shoulder and talk."

"You're a good storyteller," Abdul said.

Miss Mary shushed them. "I think Mr. Ras Mohun taught me that there is a bird in the Punjab that can say a few words, but I'm not sure what it's called. Anyway, you're all wrong. This is a sparrow."

She handed some other stuffed things around, talking all the time. "This is a dove. It's a little bigger than a sparrow. . . . This is a pigeon. It's fatter than the dove. . . . This is a toy buffalo. You feel these horns? . . . This is a toy monkey. He has long arms, which he uses to swing from tree to tree. . . . This is a toy elephant. You can always tell an elephant by its trunk in the front."

"I want to see a real elephant," I said.

"Blind people can never see a real elephant," Miss Mary said. "But if sighted people say to you, 'There goes an elephant,' you should know what they mean."

I wanted to argue the matter with her, but just then we heard the lunch bell.

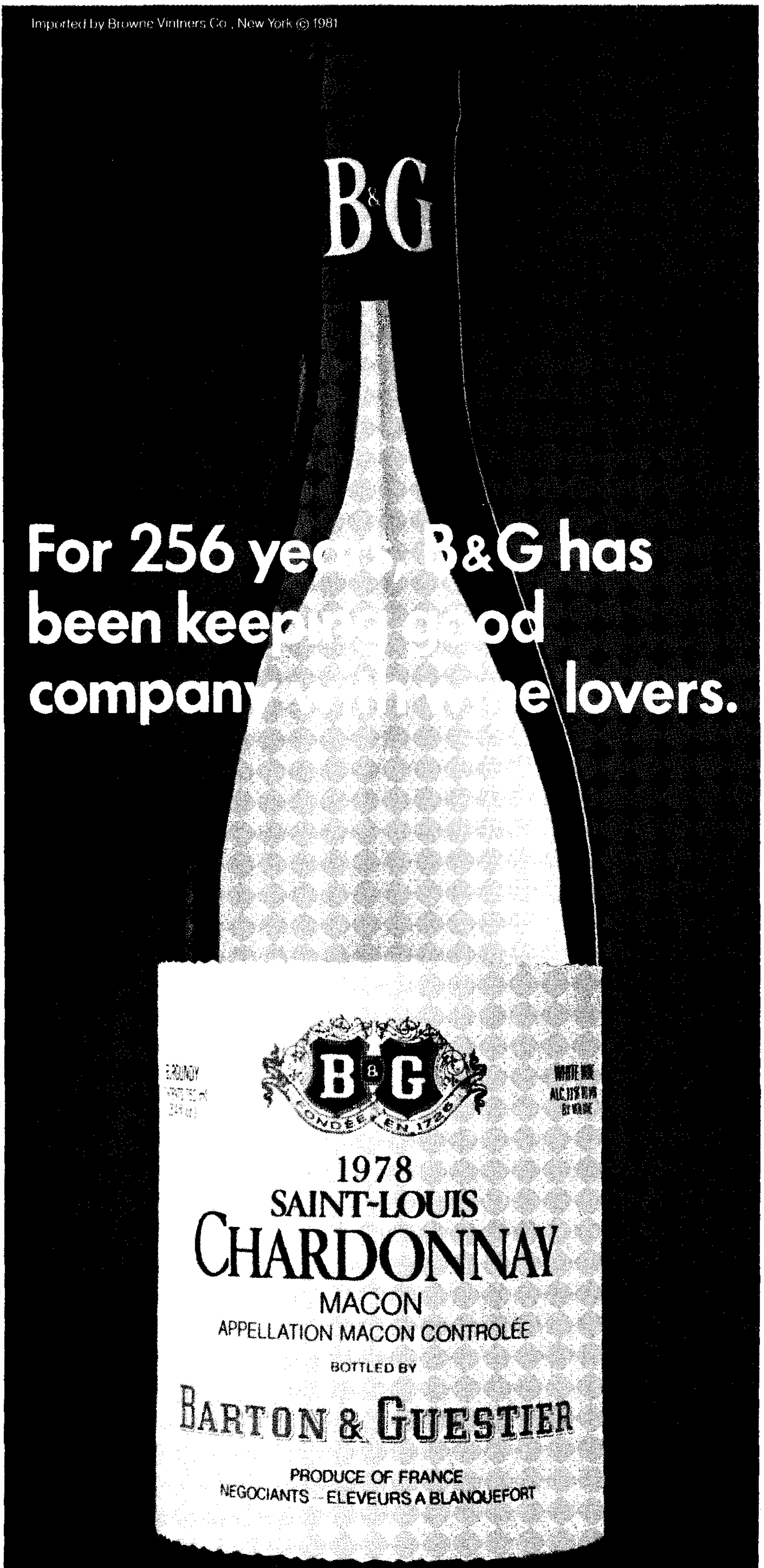
After lunch, Mr. Ras Mohun would ring the Braille-class bell, for our Braille lesson with the Matron.

I didn't know much about the Matron except that she was the "Sighted Master" of the girls' dormitory—that she slept there and kept order there. I'd never heard the word "matron" before and was struck by its resemblance to "train;" for months I imagined that the Matron had arrived at the school on a train when she was as small as I was, and, like Miss Mary, had stayed on because she had nowhere else to go.

One day, in the Braille class, the Matron set in front of me a wooden slate a little larger than an ordinary sheet of paper, with a couple of nails and a small hinged plate at the top. It had a recessed track of small round holes a couple of inches apart along each side. She leaned over the table from behind me. She had a big stomach, which hung out over her sari, and because she had very short arms it seemed even bigger. Her stomach was damp with sweat, and she smelled of onions and betel nuts.

I tried to slip out from under her, but she caught hold of my hand and began to show me how to align a cardboardlike piece of special Braille paper in the middle of the slate, hook it on the two nails at the top, and lock it in place with the hinged plate. She then handed me something called a guide. It was two metal strips a couple of inches high and a little wider than the slate, connected at one side by a hinge, with two pegs behind the back strip. The Matron took my forefinger and ran it along the front strip of the guide, pointing out two rows of about thirty little openings, each of which just fitted the tip of my forefinger. She then pointed out on the back strip two corresponding rows of little hollowed-out dots in identical groups of six, and told me that each group was called a cell. She showed me how, when the guide was closed and the two strips lay on each other, each opening served as a sort of frame for a cell. She showed me how to slip the back strip under the paper from the left side, fit the pegs into the two top holes of the tracks, and then close the guide, so that the paper was clamped between the two strips.

She then handed me something called a stylus—a small wooden knob with a steel pin on it. She showed me how to hold the stylus in my hand, with the knob in the crook of my right forefinger so that the steel pin was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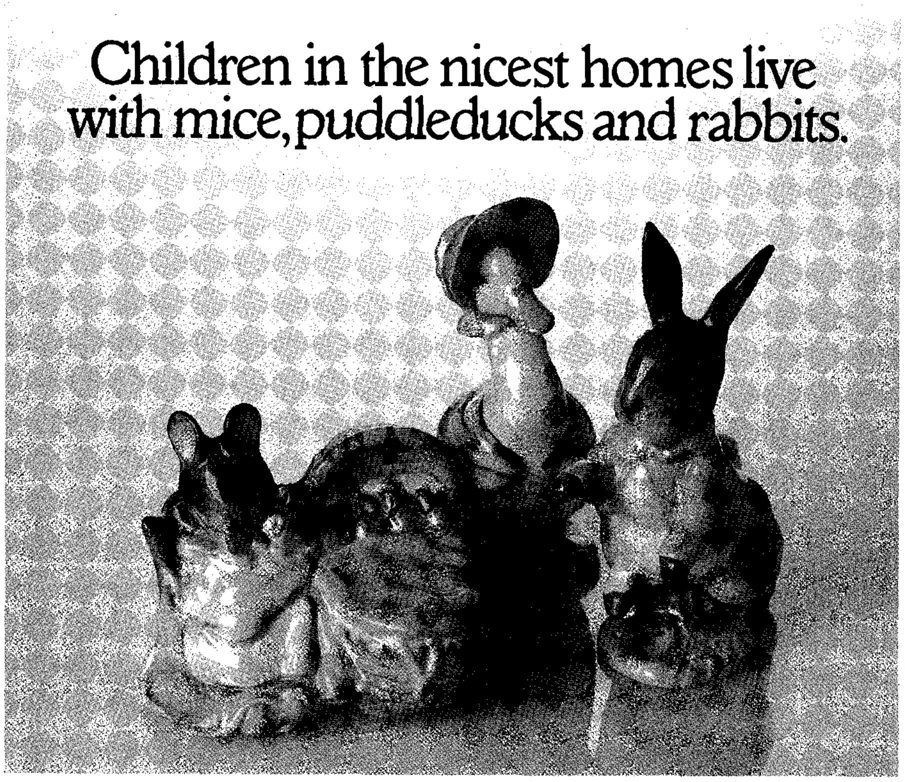

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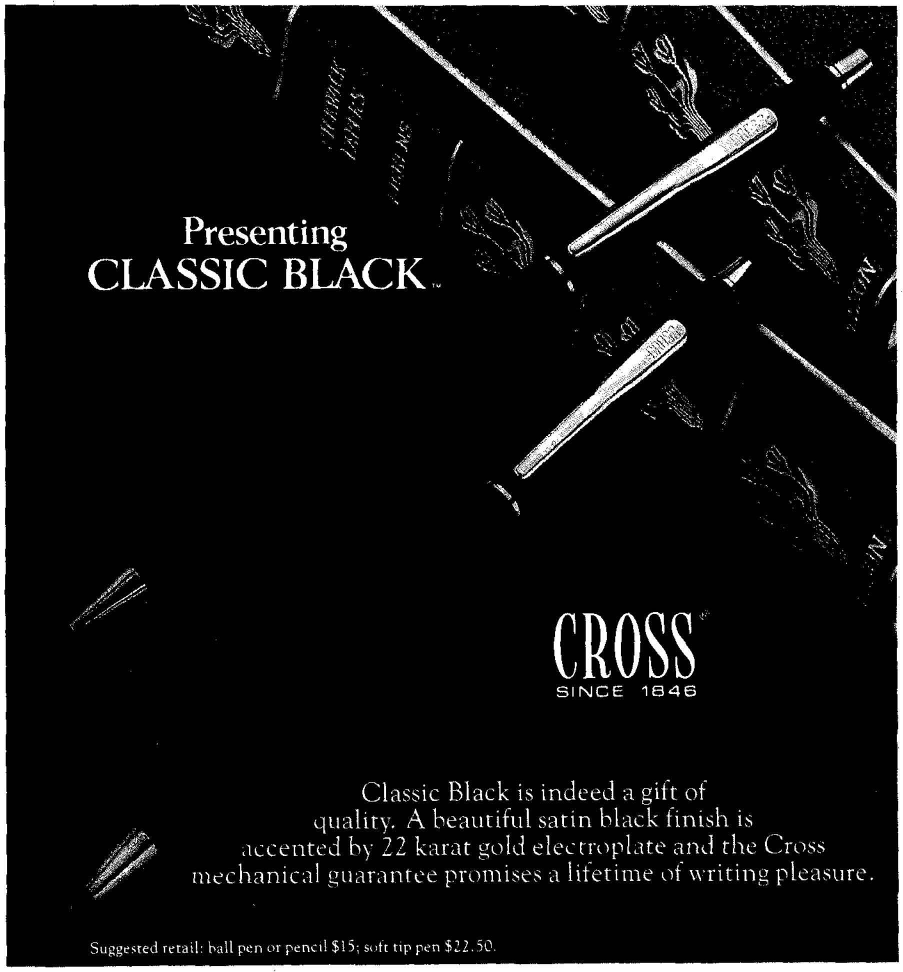

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pointing down, and how to punch dots in the paper through the openings in the guide, from the right, using my left forefinger to help direct the pin of the stylus in each cell.

"You're now ready to write the first two lines of Braille on your paper," she said. "But remember that you're punching dots from the back—that Braille is written backward. Different patterns of dots in a cell stand for different English letters. When you have filled two rows of cells with any groups of dots you like, move the guide down to the next holes on the slate, and then you can write two more lines." She had a deep voice and breathed heavily, but she spoke Marathi sweetly, like Miss Mary.

The Matron moved on, and I tried to punch my first line of Braille dots. The head of the stylus was too big for the crook of my finger. So much pressure was required to punch a dot through the thick paper that I had to climb on the chair, hold the stylus with both hands, and press it down with all my weight. When I tried to write in this way, the slate, which was so long that it stuck out over the edge of the table, jabbed me in the stomach. Since my left hand was busy pressing down on the stylus, I couldn't help direct the pin of the stylus, so I couldn't tell what dots I was punching in each cell.

I took the paper out of the guide and out of the hinged plate and turned it over, Braille side up. I touched the Braille dots I had made; each dot was sharp and distinct—not torn and obscure, as when I put a pin through a piece of paper. But I realized I had no idea what the dots meant. Then I heard the Matron exclaim, "There, Vedi! You're reading now!"

I felt excited, and remembered sitting on my rocking horse and rocking away, and playing all the notes on my mouth organ, from one end to the other, and making my first motorcar out of my Meccano set.

"Children who don't know yet how to write Braille," the Matron was saying to the class, "take the paper out of your guide, run your forefinger first down the left side of the first cell of the guide, and then down the right side, and count off with me, from top to bottom, 'Dot one, dot two, dot three—dot four, dot five, dot six.' These six dots, in various combinations, stand for all the English Braille letters. But not all the possible combinations of dots are used up by the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet. So some of these dots and combinations are used for English punctuation marks; dot six before any letter stands for a capital. Other combinations of dots are English contraction signs for everyday words like 'and,' 'for,' 'of.' "

She turned to me. "Can you tell me now, Vedi, what a contraction is?"

"I don't understand anything," I said.

She explained again and repeated her question.

"Contractions are little words like 'and,' 'for,' and 'of,' " I said, repeating what I thought she had said.

"Good boy," she said, patting me on the back. "Now see if you can write some more."

I tried to realign my Braille paper in the slate. The old holes in the paper where it had originally hooked on to the nails under the hinged plate tore, and the paper shifted in the guide. Consequently, the new dots I made went in a crooked line and ran into dots I had made earlier, jumbling everything.

All around me was the clatter of wood, metal, and paper—of Braille dots being punched in the thick paper, of steel pins clicking along the cells of the guides, of guides being shifted down the slate tracks, of hinged plates being opened and snapped shut. Ahead, there was the tick-tick-tick-tick of Deoji (fast, like the pitter-patter of my baby sister Usha's feet); from the left, there was the tick, tick, tick, tick of Bhaskar (lumbering, like the swish-and-jerk of strips of cane being drawn through the chair frames); from the right, there was the tick-tick, tick-tick of Abdul (sudden, like the click-click of Mr. Ras Mohun's shoes).

I remembered the quiet scratchings of my sister Umi's pencil running along in her copybook and the delicate strokes of my sister Pom's fountain pen flowing along her pad. I remembered the soothing, almost imperceptible sound of Sister Umi turning a page of her copybook and the cozy, rippling sound of Sister Pom tearing a page out of her pad.

"Matron!" I cried out. "I want pencil and paper! I want to write like Sister Umi."

"Bhaskar is half sighted, and even he can't write with pencil and paper," the Matron said. "What makes you think that you can?"

"I want pencil and paper!" I shouted, and I flung the guide down on the floor. I would have flung the

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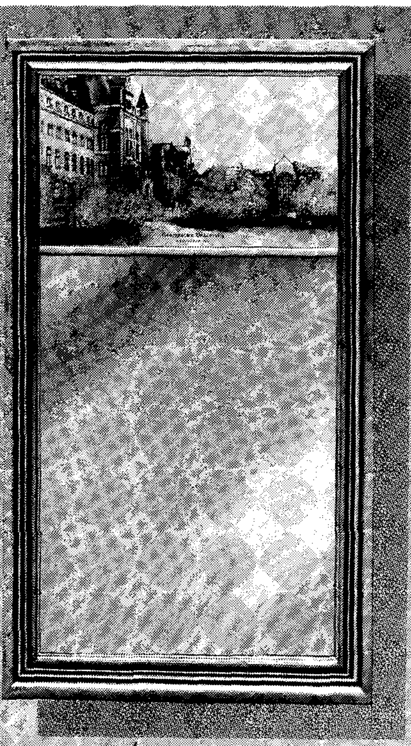

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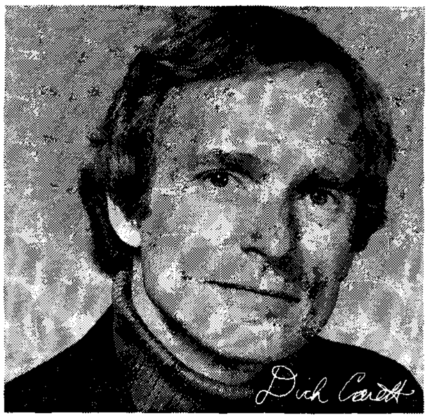

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slate after it except that it was too large and heavy.

"Think of your Braille slate and guide as a new toy," the Matron said, picking up the guide and giving it to me. "You can write a secret message to Abdul."

That idea kept me at my Braille slate for a while, but I soon grew tired of it. I let the stylus drop on the table and sat scratching my legs.

In time—I don't know how many days or weeks or months it was—my stylus finger grew, my hand grew, my strength grew, and I learned to align the paper on the slate properly and write Braille correctly. I remember that in order to memorize which dots stood for which letters I would think of combinations of dots as telephone numbers, and of the letters formed by the combinations as standing for members of my family. When I punched (or dialled) one, three, six, I got "u," for Umi; when I punched one, two, three, four, I got "p," for Pom; when I punched one, three, four, I got "m," for Mamaji. The Braille letters would race through my fingers into the stylus, along the guide, and down the slate, filling the paper with simple English words, like "cat," "mat," and "sat."

We always knew when the Braille class was over because Mr. Ras Mohun would come into the room ringing the bell. The Matron would leave, and Mr. Ras Mohun himself would start teaching. His subject was Bible stories and general knowledge. It was the only class for which we had a book—a copy for each of us. The book, which was in English, was called "Bible Stories for Boys and Girls." It had a smooth, hard cover, and every time I touched it I thought of a tall marble statue of a mother and child which stood on the mantelpiece in our drawing room at home.

"A good Bible reader is a good Braille reader," Mr. Ras Mohun would say. "And a good Braille reader sits properly. A bad Braille reader reads with the tip of only a forefinger, but a good Braille reader reads with the tips of all eight fingers—with both hands. He doesn't press down hard on the letters. He doesn't move his lips or whisper to himself when he's reading. He keeps his arms straight. He bends his hands slightly, so that his fingers are at an angle to the book. He keeps his book level on the desk."

I paid attention to Mr. Ras Mohun's directions and learned to read "Bible Stories" quickly. Each letter

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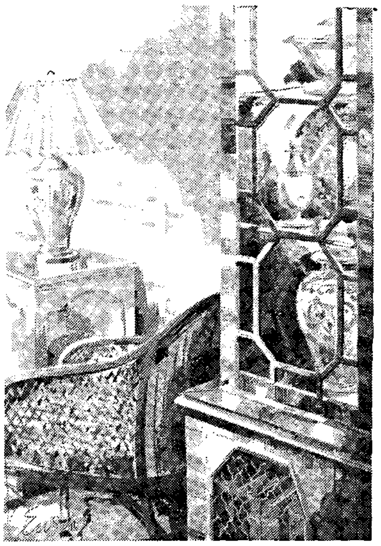

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of the book fitted easily under the tip of a finger—the book was embossed without any contraction signs, and there were wide spaces between the lines—and I liked the feel of a line of well-embossed Braille letters. Abdul could read with only his right forefinger, but from the very start I practiced reading like Deoji, with all eight fingers. I used to imagine that each of my fingers was a student—Abdul, Deoji, Bhaskar, Paran—and that they were all competing to see which one of them could read the fastest. The left little finger was the laggard, like Abdul. The right forefinger was the star, like Deoji. To bring the laggard finger up to the level of the star finger, I would practice reading with only the left little finger. But it seemed that, try as I might, there was no way to make the laggard catch up.

"I am determined to become a good Braille reader, even faster than Deoji, so that I can become a doctor, like Daddyji," I said to Abdul one day.

"I would rather be a carpenter than a doctor," Abdul said, referring to a story in the book. In the story, Jesus said that being a carpenter was just as good as being a doctor. Abdul took special delight in the idea because "carpentry and caning are like chair and seat—they go together," he said. "I'd rather cane chairs than read stupid Braille."

Sometimes when I was reading Braille, my hands would get cold, and I would sit on them and wonder if I could ever learn to read Braille with my chin.

Mr. Ras Mohun would conclude the Bible-stories-and-general-knowledge class by ringing the bell from wherever he happened to be standing. Many boys and girls would thereupon go to the veranda for the music class, which was taught by another pupil-teacher, Mr. Joseph, or to the workshop, in the back part of the classroom, to cane chairs under the direction of the Sighted Master.

I wanted to go to the music class, because Deoji went there, and to the caning class, because Abdul went there. I remember that nice sounds of stringed instruments came from the music class, and that once Abdul came upstairs to the boys' dormitory from caning and announced, to great general excitement, that the caning class had received an order to make shirt buttons out of coconut shells.

"I want to make shirt buttons with you," I said.

"Mr. Ras Mohun won't let you," Abdul said.

"Yes, he will."

When I told Mr. Ras Mohun about what I was going to do, he said, "You are not to go to either the workshop or the music class. Your father has forbidden it. Children who cane chairs or play stringed instruments get calluses on their fingers, and then they can't read Braille well. And your father has high hopes for you."

I didn't know exactly what calluses were until Deoji let me feel his fingers after he had started learning to play the *dilrubah* in music class. They had got swollen and hard. "In music class here, we only have cheap instruments with sharp strings, like the *dilrubah*, which is good for street music," Deoji told me. "I am praying to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph that when I grow up I will have a violin, which is played in the drawing rooms of well-to-do homes. It has nice strings and doesn't require too much pressure from the fingers."

As it happened, the shirt-button order was cancelled, because the job proved too difficult for the caning class, but before it was cancelled the workshop acquired a metal bench vise. I remember that I used to slip down to the workshop in the evening and play with it secretly. I would put my fingers between its serrated lips and turn the handle bit by bit to see how much pressure my fingers could stand—all the time hoping that I would get calluses, like Deoji's. I never did, although sometimes I had trouble extricating my fingers, and afterward I would carry the impressions of the serrated lips for a few minutes.

Following Mr. Ras Mohun's class, when everyone else went to the music class or the workshop, I would go down into the cellar and play with Miss Mary. In the cellar, Miss Mary once showed me several heavy wooden bars with wooden balls at the ends. "These are dumbbells," she said. "When you grow big, you will be able to lift them and grow bigger."

She picked me up and showed me metal rings hanging from the ceiling.

I caught hold of the rings and

slipped out of her arms and swung like a monkey. "Catch me!" I called out to her, and I swung fast and high until I was giddy. I jumped down and shouted, "Again, Miss Mary!"

Just then, Mr. Ras Mohun rang the tiffin bell, and I ran upstairs to the sitting-and-dining room.

I would swallow my tiffin—a cup of hot milk with soggy pieces of bread in it—as quickly as I could and race down to the back courtyard, where everyone would be waiting for Mr. Ras Mohun to ring the game bell. The back courtyard was so small that if Abdul, Deoji, and I had joined hands, extended our arms, and swung around, we could almost have touched all four walls, but into it a seesaw, a swing, and a combination of climbing bars and a slide had somehow been fitted. During the game period, the Sighted Master and the Matron would see to it that we all got a turn on one or another of these.

After the game period, there would be the relaxing bell, and we boys would all go to the boys' dormitory and sit on our beds and talk. Now and again, Mrs. Ras Mohun would come and get two or three of us and give us a gardening lesson at a patch along one wall of the back courtyard, known as Mrs. Ras Mohun's flower-and-vegetable bed.

I remember that one time we planted a couple of rosebushes, and every morning we went down to feel them. Abdul couldn't understand why the rosebushes had thorns. Bhaskar said that it was because ghosts liked the smell of roses and didn't want us to pick them. Another time, we planted some potatoes, and I couldn't understand why they grew underground. Bhaskar said that it was because ghosts lived underground and liked to eat potatoes.

After the relaxing period, there were two other bells—the dinner bell and the sleep bell.

I remember that once, after the sleep bell, Mr. Ras Mohun caught me out of my bed, and summoned me to his office the next morning.

"Yes? Speak, Vedi, speak," he said. "You have made me very unhappy by being out of your bed after the sleep bell." He tapped what I was sure was his ruler on his desk impatiently, as if his hand were twitching to beat me.

I couldn't find my voice, even though he kept on urging me to speak. I thought what a funny way he had of speaking. He said "yetsh" and "shpeak" and "unhoppy." (He had the

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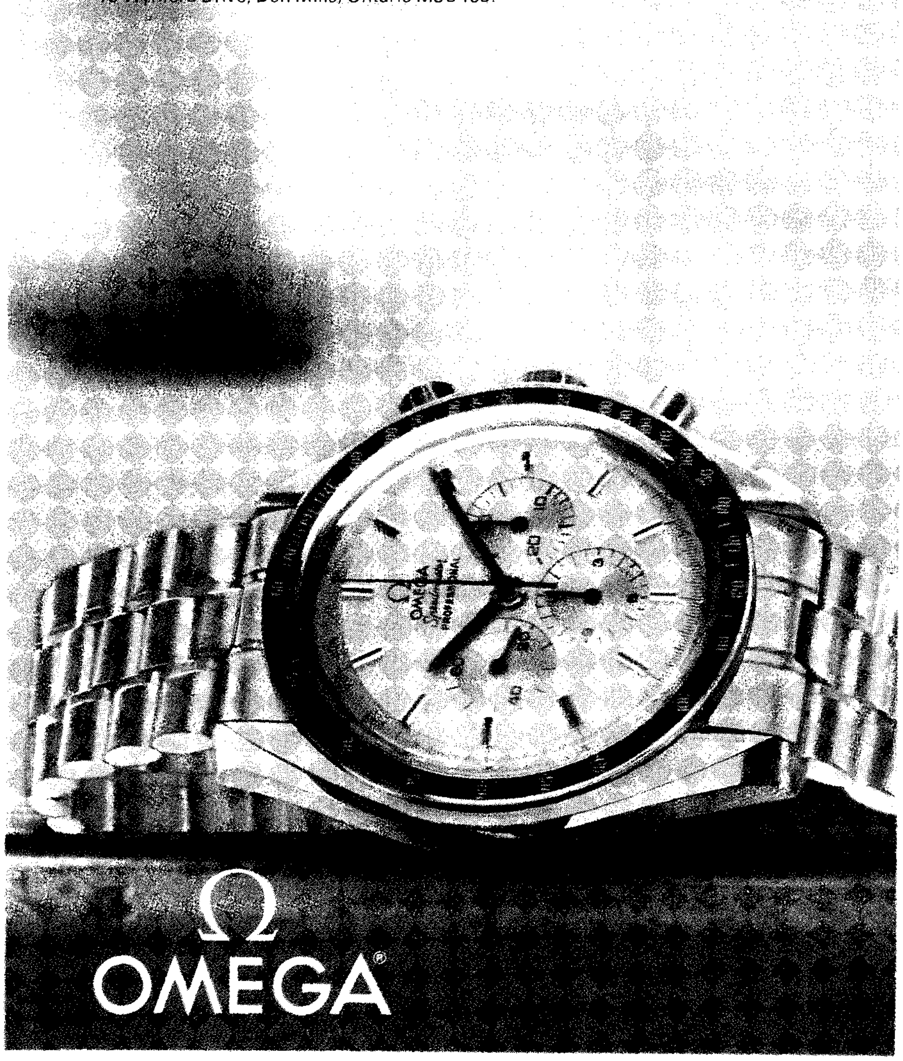

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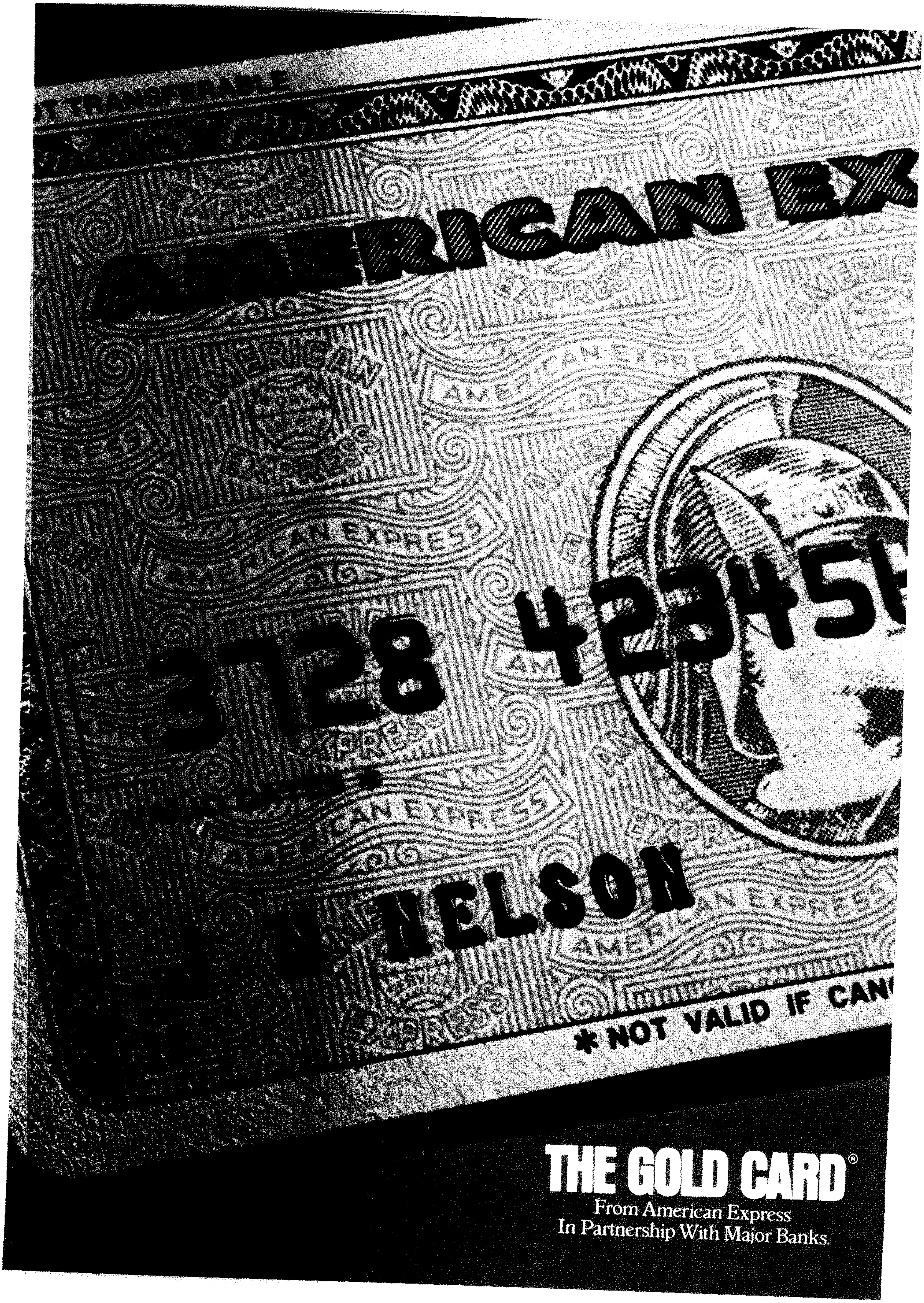
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same funny way of speaking Marathi; I later learned that the accent was characteristic of many Bengalis.) Yet when he addressed me by name I would start, for it seemed that Mamaji was calling me. Many women's voices were not as high-pitched as his. I remember that he had a thin falsetto voice, which was always pitched on more or less the same note and had a weary quality. Perhaps because he was angry now, his voice was cracking, like Mamaji's. (She had long suffered from asthma, which had clouded her voice, but she had a much greater range of tones than Mr. Ras Mohun did.) I found myself listening to Mr. Ras Mohun's voice and trying to remember Mamaji's voice.

"Shpeak, boy, shpeak."

I jumped. "I was in the boys' common bathroom and couldn't get quickly into my bell—I mean, my bed, Uncle."

SATURDAYS and Sundays, the boys ordinarily had to stay in the boys' dormitory and the girls in the girls' dormitory. But now and then the Sighted Master and the Matron would organize outings or games for us.

Sometimes we went on outings to Mahim Sea Beach. Those of us who were totally blind walked with the partially sighted, in twos or threes, but boys could walk only with boys, and girls only with girls. Mahim Sea Beach was far away, beyond Dadar Pool and Shivaji Park. Because I was small, I had trouble keeping up with the others, and quickly got tired. Sometimes I would sit down on the way and ask to be carried. If I was walking with Bhaskar and Deoji, Bhaskar would get angry and go ahead, but Deoji would stay back with me. Sometimes Deoji and I would reach Mahim Sea Beach only as the others were starting back. Mahim Sea Beach smelled like the boys' common bathroom, the mud underfoot was slippery, and the water was so shallow that I had to sit down even to get my legs wet. Just the same, we always felt refreshed after the outing.

One Saturday, Abdul announced in the boys' dormitory, "The Sighted Master has found a new game for us."

All of us gathered around Abdul to find out what it was.

"It has to do with a long rope," he said.

"They are going to hang Jaisingh, so that the rest of us can sleep," Tarak Nath said.

Everyone laughed at Tarak Nath's

remark. None of us liked the deaf, dumb, and blind Jaisingh much, because he cried in the middle of the night for no reason at all; in fact, we scorned him, as we imagined that the sighted scorned all of us.

Bhaskar wanted to know if this was the game he had been dreaming about, in which boys and girls could play together and touch each other.

"No," Abdul said. "There are no such games for the blind. As long as Mr. Ras Mohun has his ruler, such games will not be played here."

We all cursed Abdul for never letting us forget Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler.

That afternoon, the Sighted Master called us all to the postage stamp of a front courtyard for the game. He let us feel a huge rope that was coiled up on the ground. It was rough and abrasive and muddy and so thick that my hands could scarcely go round it. Following the Sighted Master's directions, we uncoiled the rope and laid it out on the ground, organized ourselves into two parties, dug a line across the middle of the muddy courtyard, and took places along the rope, on either side of the line. We held the rope up, nestling it under our arms. The Sighted Master shouted "Go!" and we started pulling. Deoji was very strong and he was on my side of the line, and our team pulled everyone on the other across the line. All of us liked the game very much, because at the end we all fell on each other in a heap in the mud. We begged to play some more, but the Sighted Master said, "This is a tug-of-war. Mr. Ras Mohun says you can hurt yourself, so it must be played only once in a while, under my supervision." It was many weeks before we got a chance to have a tug-of-war again.

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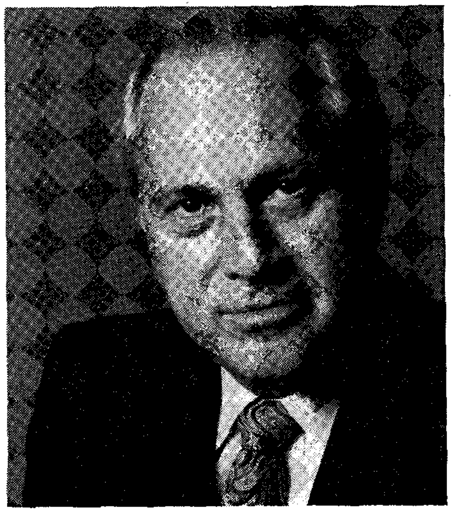
"THE worst thing a person can do to blind children is to coddle them," Mr. Ras Mohun used to say to Mrs. Ras Mohun. "Activities and hard knocks are the best thing for their development. Vedi's lucky that he's so naturally active."

I never walked anywhere but always ran, not caring what was in the way. Sometimes I would forget where a wall or a post was, and would crash into it. Other times, a bed or a chair would have been moved, or a door left half open—generally by a partially sighted person—and I would run into it. There was hardly a day when I did not get a cut or a bump, and the cuts and bumps were most often on the



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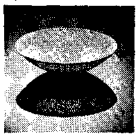

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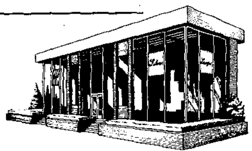

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forehead, the eyebrows, or the shins. Once, my shins would not stop bleeding, even after Mrs. Ras Mohun repeatedly applied tincture of iodine to them. She had to bandage my legs from knee to ankle. The bandages stayed on for several days, and after Mrs. Ras Mohun took them off I was careful for a while. When I injured the same area again and again, it became so tender that sometimes a proper scab would not form, and a mere bit of friction in bed would start up the bleeding again. I did not give the cuts and bruises much thought, but I automatically learned to sleep on my side in such a manner that they would not touch the sheets or the pillow.

All of us totally blind boys were constantly hitting ourselves against something or other. We would feel each other's bumps and injuries, and we would joke about them. "Let me feel," we would say. "Is it on your hood or on your mudguard? Or is it the wheel again?" "Hood" was our slang for a forehead, "mudguard" for an eyebrow, and "wheel" for a shin. We had special names for bumps on special spots—like "horns" for bumps on the sides of the forehead. "Have you got one horn on your hood or two?" we might say. "Oh, that's a big horn!" Even as we made light of our injuries, we endowed whatever we hit—or whatever hit us, as we came to think of it—with the malevolence we attributed to the entire sighted world. It seemed to us that a stationary object, like a wall, no less than a familiar object in an unfamiliar place, like a chair that had been moved, would willfully loom out of the sighted world to vex us. Whenever we hurt ourselves on anything at all, we would kick it and beat it and cry out, "The sighted bastards!" And yet sometimes our injuries came not from the sighted world but from our own carelessness.

One day, Abdul and Bhaskar were on the swing in the back courtyard. I could feel the whoosh of air as the swing repeatedly flew past my head—first coming, then going back. The swing board was held on the rope only by a notch in each end. When the swingers went too high, the board would sometimes come unhooked from the rope and spill them. I feared that Abdul and Bhaskar would get thrown and hurt themselves. Besides, it was long past time for me to have my turn on the swing. "Stop!" I shouted. "It's my turn!" Instead of stopping, Abdul and Bhaskar pumped the swing harder and faster and higher, as if they were a couple of trapped birds trying to escape from the courtyard. Now the swing was way up here, now way back there, coming and going so fast that I was aware only of one whoosh of air after another sweeping by my head. "Catch us and you can have the swing!" Bhaskar shouted breathlessly, his voice ricocheting in the well of the back courtyard.

When the swingers did not play fair, we would often stop the swing by rushing at the rope from the front, catching hold of it, and dragging our feet along the ground. We might be carried aloft by the momentum for a few swings, but eventually the swing would come to a stop. I listened carefully to the whooshes of air, and when I was sure that the swing was just in front of me I dashed forward with my arms outstretched. But I had forgotten momentarily that Bhaskar had one good eye and could see me coming. I heard the board squeak against the rope as the swing was jerked to the side out of my reach. Suddenly, the rope wasn't where I had expected it to be, and I remember thinking that I was going to fall. But the swing, it turned out, was going so fast that Bhaskar wasn't able to jerk it far enough, and a corner of the board struck me like a hammer blow in the middle of my forehead. I staggered and fainted.

When I woke up, I had the odd sensation that my forehead was frozen and that someone was scratching it with the point of an icepick—the kind that the servants used at home to break a block of ice for the ice chest.

"Don't!" I cried, trying to wriggle out from under it.

"Lie still," said a strange man's voice that seemed to be coming from above my head. "I'm stitching up your wound. It's really a bad one. You're lucky that your brain was spared."

I began to cry.

"You're just in pain. Try to go to sleep," the man said, and he tied a bandage around my head so tightly that it seemed to bunch up the skin on my forehead under it.

I remember that I slept; that I had to sleep on my back, because every time I turned on my side in my sleep I felt that the man was jabbing my forehead with the icepick again; and that I didn't wake up for a long time. I remember that the moment I woke up I examined the wound through the bandage. It felt as if someone had branded me. I had heard that really bad criminals were permanently branded on their foreheads with an iron and abandoned on Blackwater Island. I started howling.

"You are making noise," the Sighted Master said.

"The man is going to send me to Blackwater Island!" I cried.

"You are going nowhere," the Sighted Master said. "You are going to sleep under my supervision."

I went back to sleep.

I don't know how long I stayed out of classes, but the next thing I remember is that I was feeling my forehead, from which the bandage had been removed, and the boys had gathered around me to feel it, too. There were impressions on my forehead, and they formed a sort of pattern—two parallel lines of dots, one longer than the other, rather like an elongated Braille "q."

Abdul was feeling it with his fingers, which were as rough as a pumice stone.

I cried out with pain.

" 'Q' for 'quiet'!" he yelled. "Two, four, six, eight, who don't you appreciate? Half-sighted Bhaskar!"

I STARTED getting colds and fevers. "Children often get colds and fevers," Mrs. Ras Mohun said, and she and Mr. Ras Mohun didn't make me stay in bed.

Then I got a bad fever, and they did make me stay in bed.

"Probably the Bombay climate doesn't suit him," Mrs. Ras Mohun said, opening my mosquito net, putting her head in, and feeling my hand.

"It's damp and foggy, and I understand that the Punjab climate is dry and clear," I heard Mr. Ras Mohun say through the mosquito net. "Is that true, Vedi?"

I tried to think about the weather in the Punjab, but I couldn't remember it at all. "It rains here every day," I said.

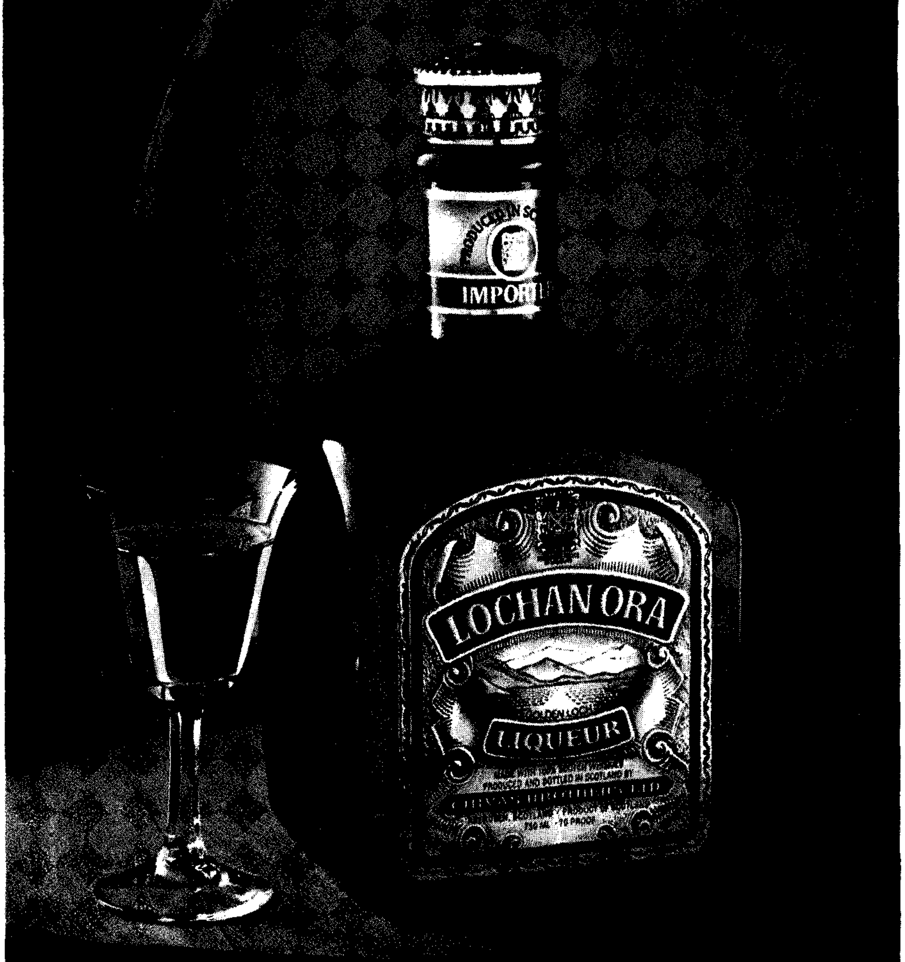
"But Uncle is asking you about the climate of the Punjab," Mrs. Ras Mohun said.

"I want to go to sleep," I said.

The fever wouldn't go away, and either the next day or the day after that or the day after that—I lost count—Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun came to the boys' dormitory with a stranger.

"This is Dr. Bose," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "He is our personal doctor. He has come specially to see you—you remember he came when you had to have stitches in your head?"

"Can you tell what temperature you have?" Dr. Bose asked, opening my



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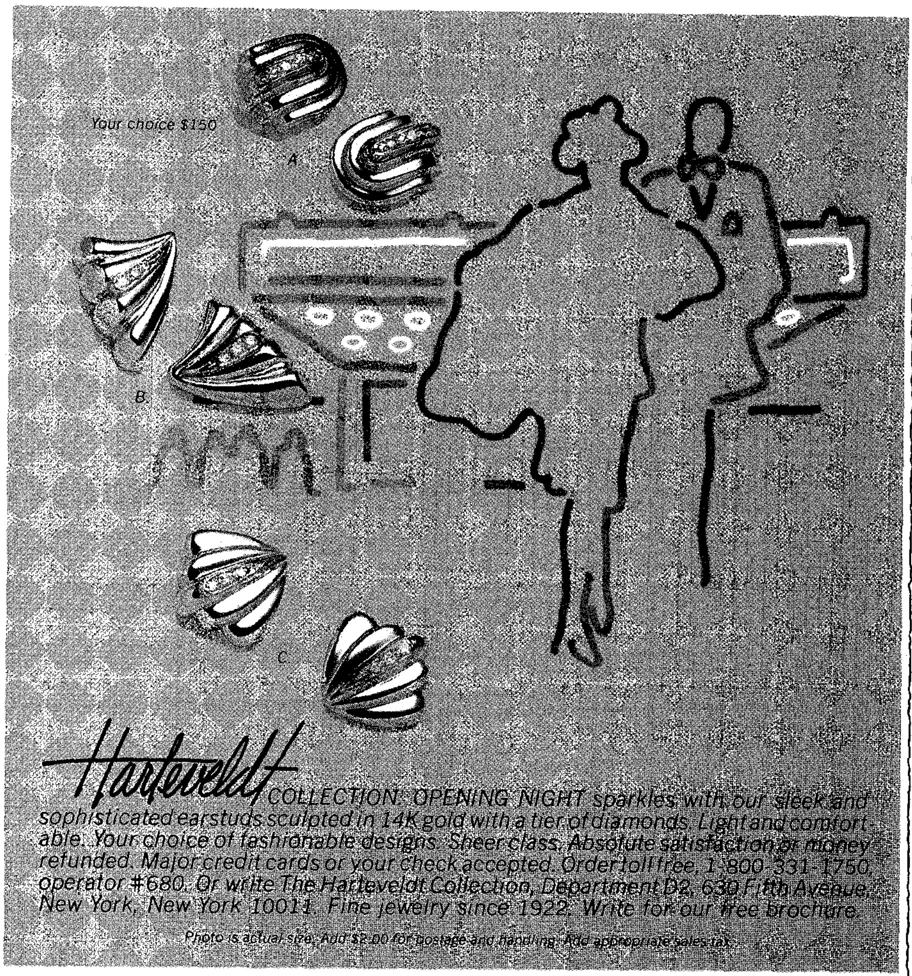

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pajama coat and putting a cold piece of metal on my chest. He sounded at once very far away and very close, but I decided that he was a Bengali, because he talked like Mr. Ras Mohun—he said "con" for "can," and "hove" for "have." I wanted to laugh.

"Two degrees," I said. I felt very hot.

Dr. Bose laughed. He put an ice-cold thermometer under my tongue. He had a pocket watch. It sounded loud, like a big clock, and I wanted to tell him to put it in the sitting-and-dining room and let me sleep.

I dimly heard him say, "I think he ought to be shifted to a hospital."

I fell asleep.

I woke up in what seemed like the boys' dormitory, except that I could not recognize any of the voices around me. I called for Deoji and for Abdul and for Bhaskar and for Tarak Nath, but no one came to my bedside. I started crying loudly and then checked myself and listened. It seemed that a wall on wheels was being put around my bed.

"It's a prison on Blackwater Island!" I cried.

A lady answered, but either her voice was very quiet or I had begun having difficulty hearing, for I couldn't tell what she was saying.

"What is it?" I called out.

"It's a screen," she said.

I felt cold, unfamiliar hands about my stomach. I tried to shrink back; the hands, however, were gentle but firm.

"I'm Nurse," the lady said, undoing my pajama string.

I thought that she was going to change my clothes, and I yielded. She took off my pajamas, but instead of giving me new ones she put something cold and metallic under me. Then she pumped me with something that gave me a violent stomach ache. I screamed.

AS Daddyji later remembered it, one day he received a letter from Mr. Ras Mohun and, expecting to read Mr. Ras Mohun's usual cheerful, mundane report on me, opened it to find the following message instead:

As from
Dadar School for the Blind,
Dadar, Bombay.
22 March, 1939.

DEAR DR. MEHTA:

I am sorry to inform you that Vedi was in J. J. Hospital for the past few weeks. The diagnosis was typhoid. I didn't write to you until now because the diagnosis took some time and because I didn't want to alarm you and Mrs. Mehta unnecessarily. He is now perfectly all right and back at the school and running around.

Daddyji was alarmed. He worked in the Public Health Department, and he knew how serious typhoid could be—especially if it was not diagnosed right away. (He had blamed the delay in the diagnosis of meningitis for my blindness.) Moreover, there were several kinds of fever called typhoid, and Mr. Ras Mohun had given no details. But then Daddyji also knew that children in boarding school always came down with one thing or another, and he considered it a good sign that Mr. Ras Mohun had taken the precaution of entering me in J. J. Hospital, which had one of the best medical staffs in Bombay. He also thought it a good sign that Mr. Ras Mohun had given the diagnosis. Many principals in his place would have fudged it. In any case, Daddyji was reassured to learn that I was well again and to read this postscript to Mr. Ras Mohun's letter: "Brother, I regard Vedi as my nephew, and there is nothing Mrs. Ras Mohun and I would not do for him."

Daddyji translated the letter for Mamaji. At the time, she was washing some silk clothes. She remembers that when she heard the word "typhoid" over the rushing water the strength went out of her hands. She says that ever since she saw me off at the station she had felt that I'd entered a different country, like England or America, where Daddyji had gone for his studies—countries of which she had little conception. She had never been to Bombay and had never seen a "blind school." She imagined that it was full of children with bad, watery eyes, about which she also knew next to nothing. The school was run by casteless Christians, she had been told, and she was sure they didn't believe in the influence of the stars or in much of anything else. "Typhoid!" she exclaimed, picking up a dripping veil and trying hard to wring it. Then she added in a small voice, as if comforting herself, "What God wants must be."

Daddyji had already sat down to

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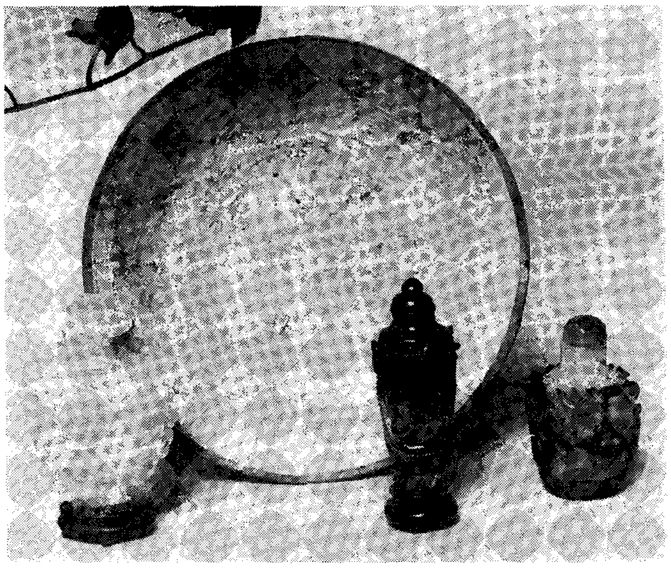

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write Mr. Ras Mohun a letter asking for more details.

MR. RAS MOHUN watched me as I wrote my first letter home, in English, on a Braille slate:

Dadar School for the Blind
Dadar, Bombay.
2 April, 1939.
DEAR DADDY AND MUMMY,
I'm quite well and happy, thank you. How are you?
Your affectionate son,
Vedi
P.S. Typhoid finished.

I took the cardboardlike paper out of the Braille slate and gave it to Mr. Ras Mohun. Then I heard the nib of his pen scratching on the thick paper. I knew he was inking in the message, word for word, between the Braille lines; the boys had told me that that was how a Braille/print letter was written.

I heard him struggling to roll the paper. "If you roll the paper tightly, the roll and the Braille letters will not get crushed in the post," he said. "Can you understand why?"

"Yes, Uncle," I said.

He showed me the rolled-up letter. He had glued down the free end of the paper and had also put a string through the roll and tied it securely. He took the letter from me and went away to post it.

I remembered how my brother Om's letters used to arrive from his boarding school. They would arrive in small, thin, square envelopes, which rustled like trees in the breeze. They were opened with one quick flick of a letter opener or a finger, and they went on for many pages. I thought of everyone at home struggling with the string and the glued roll of thick Braille paper. I thought of Brother Om's nice, small letter and my unseemly roll both on the mantelpiece, and I felt embarrassed.

ACTIVITIES AND OUTINGS

IT was Easter. We all gathered on the veranda to greet Mrs. Thomas, the school's superintendent. We boys stood in one line and the girls stood in another, in front of her and Mr. Ras Mohun, and shouted, "Good morning, Mrs. Thomas!"

"Good morning, boys and girls," she said, in funny-sounding Marathi.

Then she turned to Mr. Ras Mohun, and they started talking together in fast English.

"You hear how respectfully Mr. Ras Mohun talks to her?" Abdul whispered to me. "That's because she's from the rich country of America and has a bigger ruler."

"Thanks to the work of Mrs. Thomas and her good husband, who couldn't be here today," Mr. Ras Mohun was saying to us, "this school is a happy home. Mrs. Thomas would like to hear you sing now."

We boys had never sung together with the girls before, and there was a little confusion about whether they or we should start. But Deoji launched into "When the Saints Go Marching In," and we all joined in.

Then Mrs. Thomas gave a speech. "Boys and girls, I want you all to grow up like Louis Braille," she said, in her funny Marathi. "He was a little boy, like the littlest of you here, who lived in a village far, far away, across the ocean, more than a hundred years ago. He had an accident when he was three years old and went blind. When he was ten, he went to a blind school. There he learned to read with his fingers something called the line code. At the time, the blind could read the line code, but there was no way for them to write it. Then someone thought up a new code, which could be written. It was a twelve-dot-letter embossed code, and little Louis learned that, but its letters were too big for his fingers and those of his blind friends. So he decided he would think up a better code, and he spent many, many years working on it. He came up with one oblong cell of six embossed dots which could be easily recognized by the littlest fingers. It is because of little Louis that you're able to read and write Braille and go to school. So every night when you go to sleep think of Louis, in Heaven with Jesus, thinking about you."

"Let's give a good cheer for Mrs. Thomas," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "Hip, hip!"

"Hip, hip!" we shouted.

"Hi-i-ip, hip!"

"Hi-i-ip, hip!" we repeated.

"Hurrah!" we all shouted with Mr. Ras Mohun.

Mrs. Thomas thanked us and then came around with a basket and gave everyone a present. Paran got a hand mirror, Abdul got a small wooden cross, Deoji got a small wooden angel, Bhaskar got a rubber frog, and I got a metal car.

Mr. Ras Mohun called on Deoji to thank Mrs. Thomas on behalf of the school.

All of us boys pushed Deoji forward, and he said a few words in English and concluded, "Mrs. Thomas is our saint come marching in. Thank you."

WHENEVER I asked Paran, from the boys' side of the classroom, "What are you doing, Paran?" she would say, "I'm looking into my mirror."

"What do you see in a mirror?"

"My reflection."

"What is that?"

"It's my double."

"But how can it be your double? The mirror is thin and flat."

"You have to be able to see to understand."

I could not work out the puzzle of Paran and the mirror until some time after Abdul and I stumbled onto a heavy stone slab in the cellar. We moved it and discovered that under it was a big, sloping hole. We got down into the hole. I was frightened and wanted to run back, because the tunnel—for that was what it seemed to be—was knee-deep in water, and I could hear things splashing and swimming, scuttling and buzzing. The little noises were picked up and repeated all around me, until it seemed that the whole tunnel was full of ghosts, snakes, and wasps.

"I'm getting out of here!" I shouted.

"I'm getting out of here!" they shouted back.

Abdul and I almost fell over each other getting out of the tunnel.

We put the stone back over the hole and didn't go near it for a few days. But one day I told Deoji about the tunnel.

"That's an old, unused sewer," he said. "I don't know what things were swimming down there. But the sound you heard was an echo."

"What is an echo?"

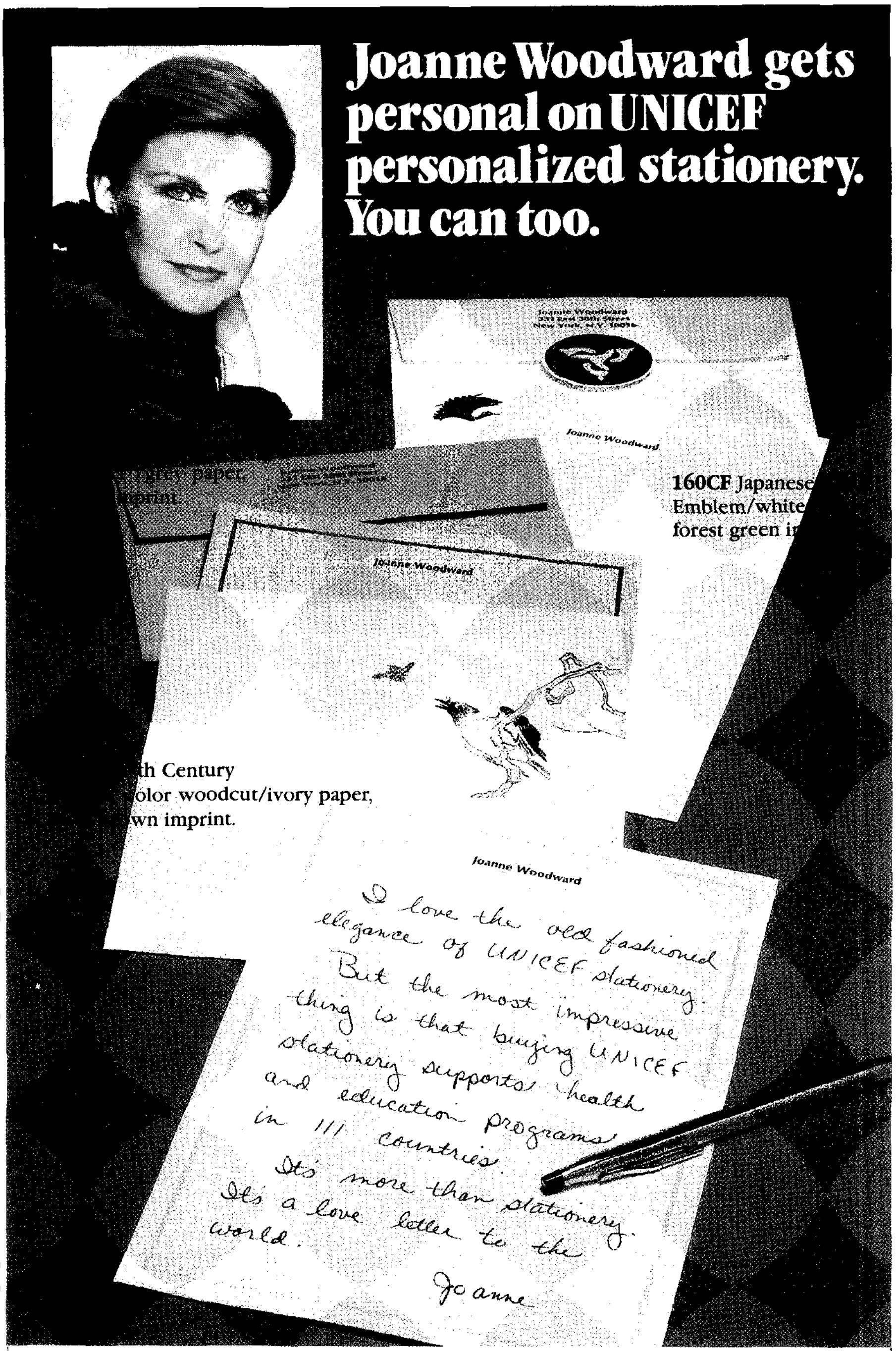
"It's when your voice bounces back from the walls and the ceiling."

"Why doesn't it do that everywhere?"

"You have to be in a tight corner or the voice will escape."

After that, I would often go down to the slab of stone, move it a chink, and shout, "Hello, there!" As I listened to the echo, I felt that, like Paran, I was looking into a mirror.

ONE afternoon, Mr. Ras Mohun took those of us boys who were totally blind behind the school building, past Abdul's boa-constrictor tree, to a little vacant area by the wall of the Tata Mill. Here he let us feel four



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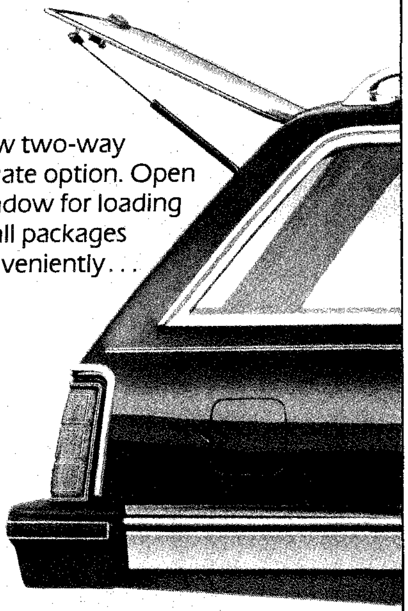

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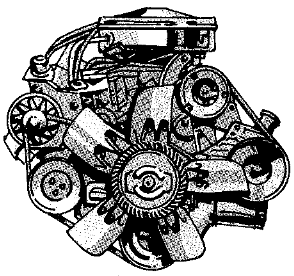

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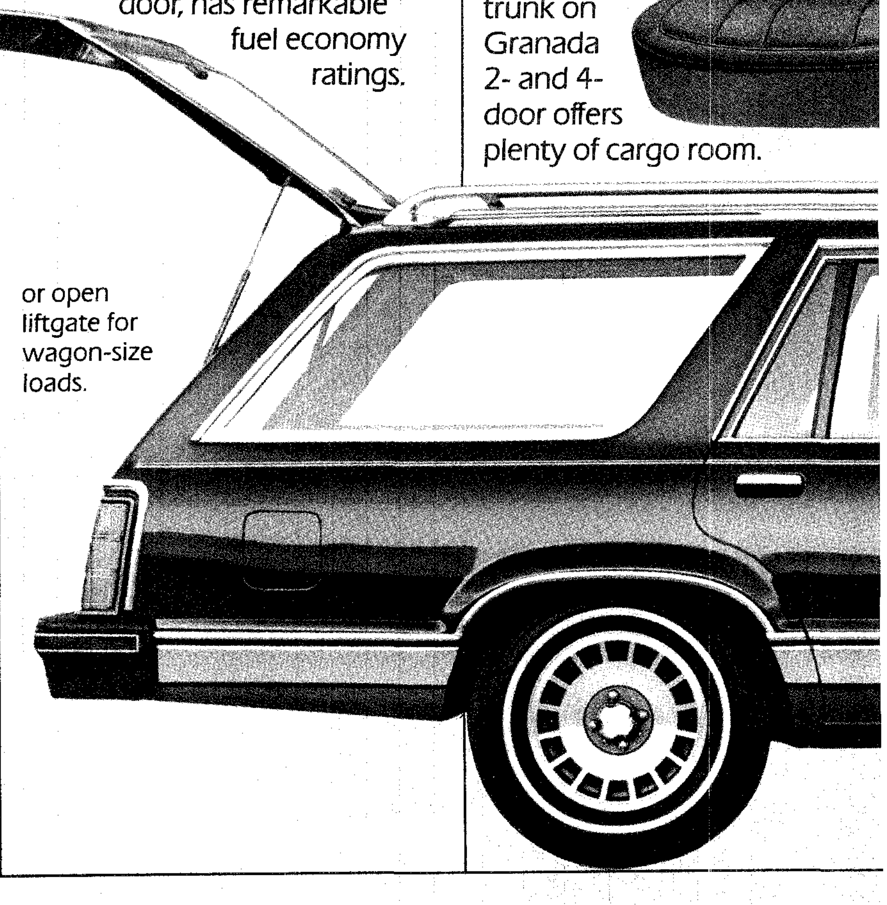

or open liftgate for wagon-size loads.

33 EST HWY **22** EPA EST MPG

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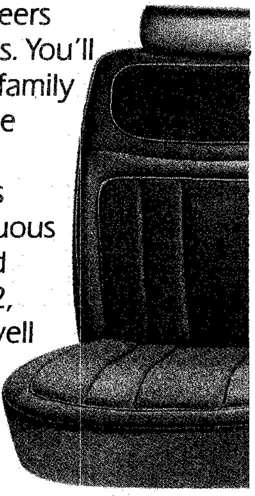
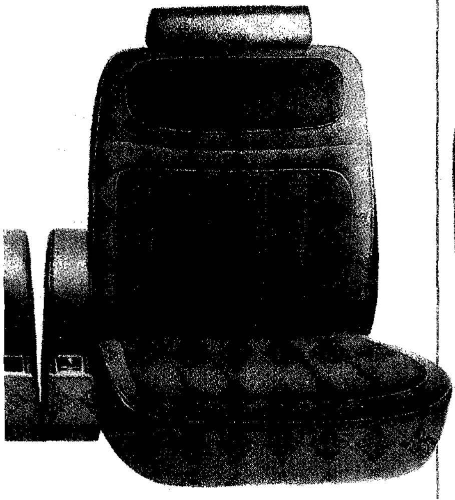
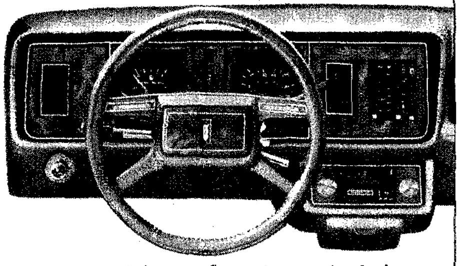
The interior: settle back and settle in.

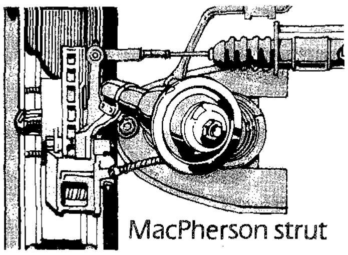


Granada's interior is crafted both engineers and artisans. You'll find lots of family room, subtle colors, rich woodtones and sumptuous fabrics. And new for '82, the deep-well trunk on Granada 2- and 4-door offers plenty of cargo room.

Granada engineering: the science behind a smooth ride.







Starting right at the road, Granada rides on P-metric steel-belted radials. You'll have the precision of rack and pinion steering. Your ride is smoothed by a MacPherson strut front suspension and Ford's 4-bar link coil suspension in the rear. Power front disc brakes are standard. Sound insulation has been generously engineered right down to the double weather-stripping around all doors.

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Granada: something to arrive in.

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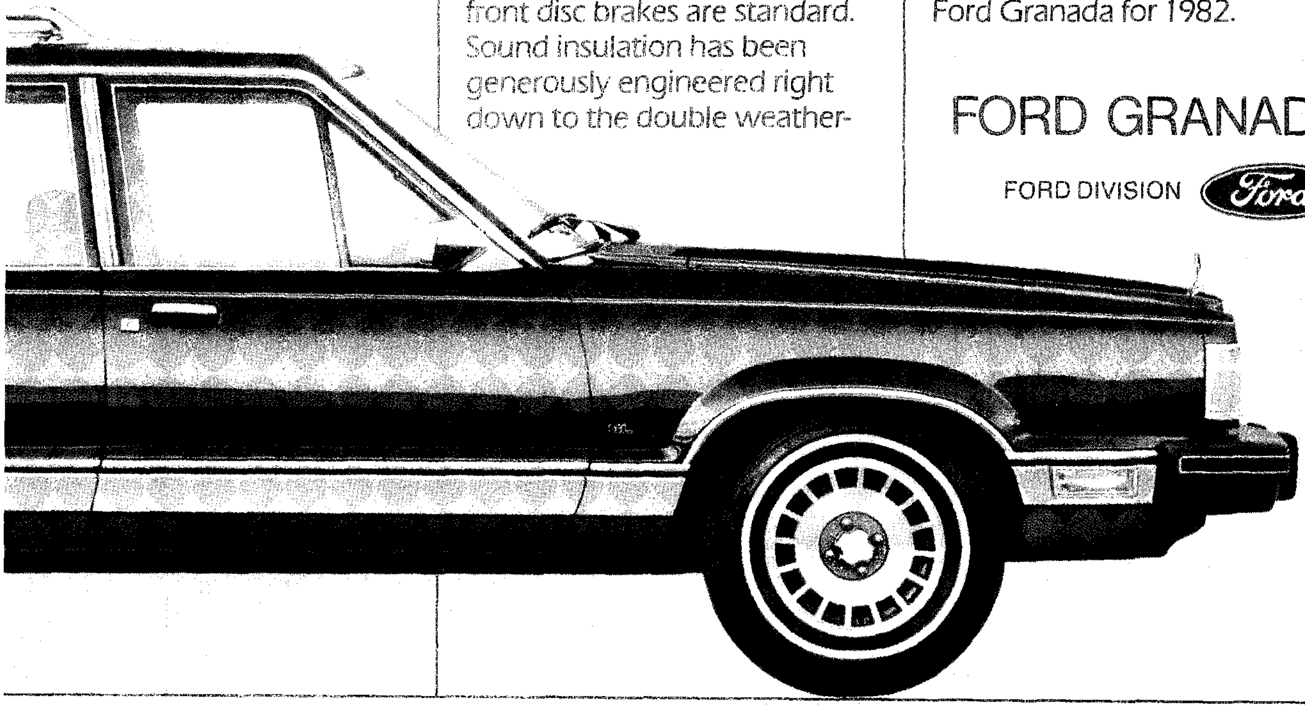


waist-high metal wires and what he called *the starting and finishing posts*, between which the wires had been strung. The wires formed three long lanes, each a few feet wide. Each wire had a hoop about the size of a thick bangle hanging from it.

"This is a racing track," he said. "I have modelled it on a racing track for the blind which I saw at Perkins, in America. We will have races for you here every week."

We were excited. At school, the most we could do was to run up and down the boys' stairs, and even that we were not supposed to do, because the Sighted Master didn't like the noise we made. When we went for our outings, we had to hold on to the partially sighted or half-sighted boys and walk slowly. But here, Mr. Ras Mohun said, we could run, and by ourselves.

Mr. Ras Mohun positioned Abdul, Reuben, and me in separate lanes, at the starting posts, and showed us how to catch hold of the metal hoop by a string that hung from it, and then run with the wire as our guide.

"No, no, Reuben, don't hold on to the string with both hands," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "Just catch hold of the string loosely with your right hand, like this."

"I don't need the string, Uncle," I said. "I *can run just holding on to the* hoop."

"You need the string for a certain amount of leeway," he said. "Let's have a trial race, and you'll see what I mean."

I prayed to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph that I would win.

Mr. Ras Mohun called out, "Ready, steady, go!"

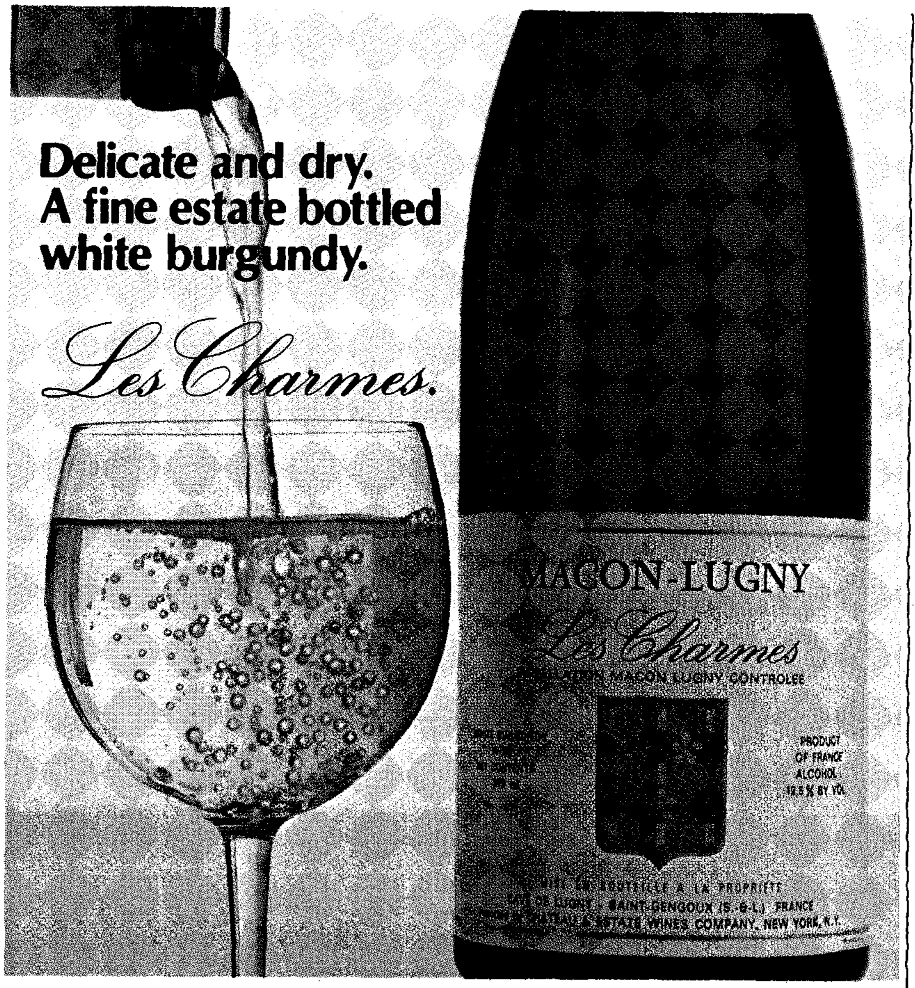
I had never run so fast. I imagined myself an arrow flying from one post to the other.

"Oh, my God, they're going to kill themselves!" I heard Mr. Ras Mohun exclaim as I fell sidewise, almost wrapping myself around the finishing post, and hitting my mouth on it.

"Any of you badly hurt?" Mr. Ras Mohun asked, running up to us.

All three of us had bleeding mouths and bleeding foreheads. There had been no way for us to know when we were coming to the end, so we had all fallen down and hurt ourselves on the finishing posts.

Mr. Ras Mohun sent for tincture of iodine and bandages, and after he had attended to our injuries he said, almost to himself, "Bless me, I can't remember how they prevented such mishaps at Perkins." He paused, and then went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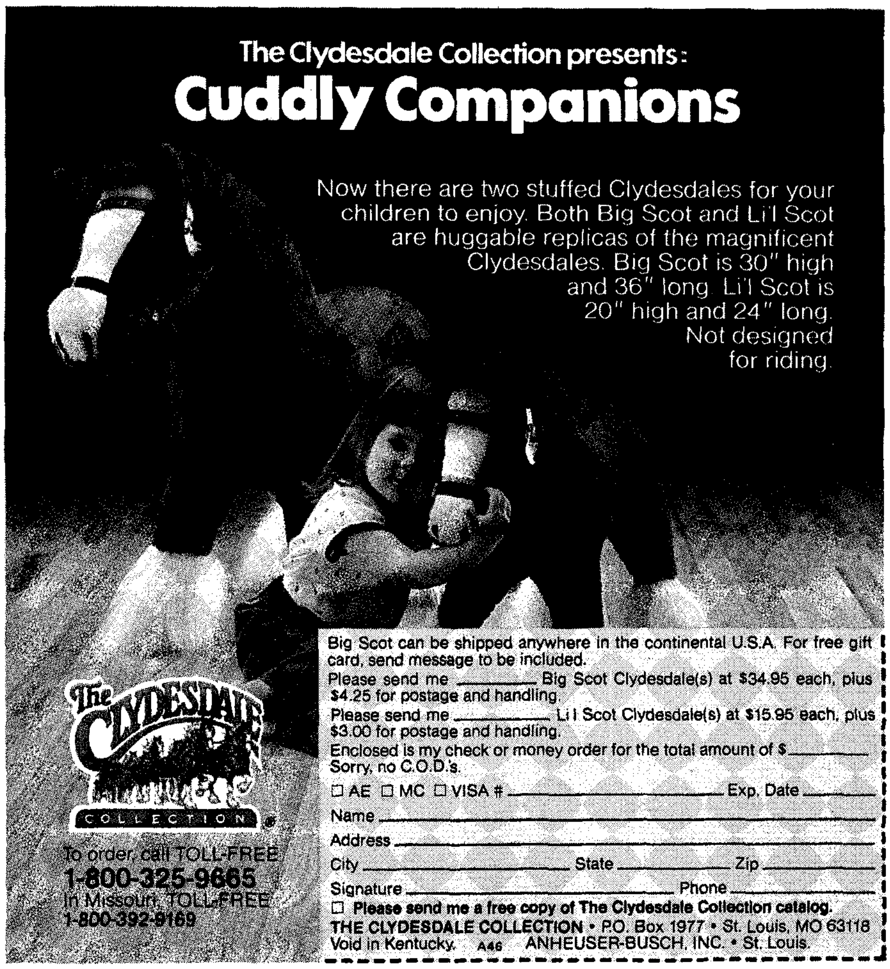
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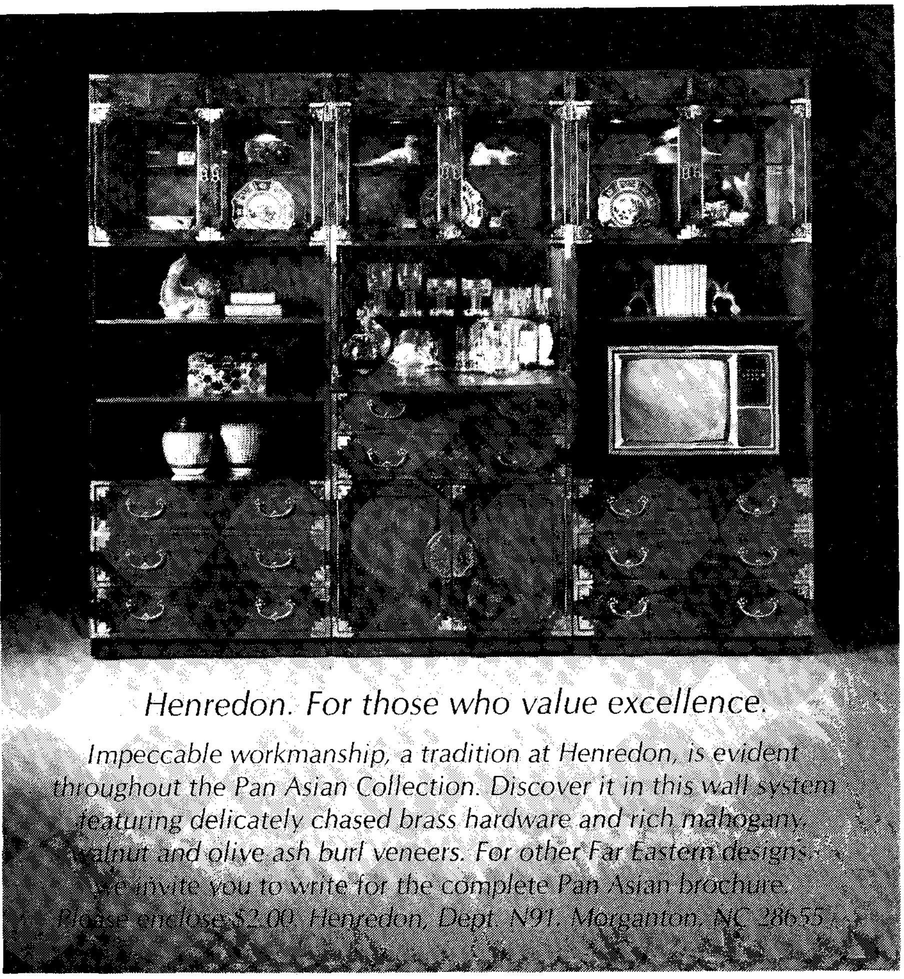
on, to us, "I know. I'll station the Sighted Master at the finishing posts with my bell. He can ring it during the races. From the sound of the ringing, you'll know how close you are to the end. As an added precaution, I'll have a nice, strong rope stretched across the lanes, at the height of the wires, just before the end, so that if you fall you won't hit the finishing posts."

After that, every Saturday we had races at the racing track. Mr. Ras Mohun would stand at the starting posts and get us off, and the Sighted Master would stand at the finishing posts, behind the newly stretched rope, and ring the bell. Abdul, Reuben, and I were the three fastest runners, and whenever the school had visitors—missionaries and benefactors, Bombay notables and government officials—we three would be asked to put on a special racing exhibition, running different kinds of races we had learned. We would put on the Biscuit Race: Mr. Ras Mohun would give us each a hard biscuit, and when he said "Ready, steady, go!" we would eat the biscuit quickly, show our mouths to him, and then run. We would put on the Leapfrog Race: we would leap frog-fashion along the racing track, hanging on to the string. We would put on the Dog Race, with two dogs, Bobby and Robby, which Mr. Ras Mohun had just acquired for us to play with: Mr. Ras Mohun would line up Bobby and Robby as best he could outside the lanes, and we would all race against one another. The Dog Race was not as satisfactory as the Biscuit Race or the Leapfrog Race, because Mr. Ras Mohun never quite succeeded in starting Bobby and Robby at the right time and getting them to run exactly as he wanted them to.

As time went on, the boys from a sighted school nearby occasionally came and joined us at our Saturday races. They would run outside the lanes. I was so eager to compete with them on even terms that now and again I would slyly let go of the string and hurl the hoop forward, so that I could run along the track like them for a time.

ONE warm day, there was a series of explosions at the front gate. At first, I thought someone was setting off firecrackers, but then I realized that what I heard was a motorcar engine idling and repeatedly backfiring. We heard such engine sounds all the time—mixed in with the clip-clop



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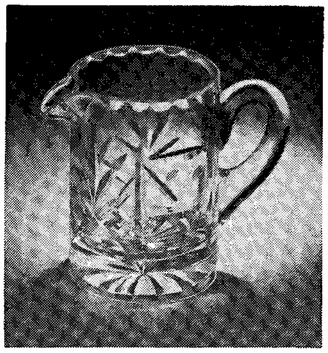

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of victoria horses, the clatter of handcarts, and the clink and ponk-ponk of bicycle bells and car klaxons—but they were always the sounds of passing traffic. No vehicle, it seemed, ever stopped in front of the school.

"Mr. Ras Mohun wants us all at the front gate!" Bhaskar cried, running into the boys' dormitory. "There's a lorry! We are really going to Juhu Beach!"

We had heard Mr. Ras Mohun mention the visit to Juhu Beach as a "red-letter day." We had all talked about going to the seaside, without knowing exactly what it was. Abdul had once remarked, "Mahim Sea Beach is not the seaside, and there is no stuffed sand or stuffed ocean for the blind to feel. They have to take us to Juhu Beach to show us what it is."

"Why are we going in a lorry?" I asked now.

"Because there are no trams to Juhu Beach, you son of an owl," Abdul said. "It's really far."

The lorry had no seats, so we all sat on the floor, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. I wanted to run around—perhaps try to sit with Paran—but Mr. Ras Mohun was addressing us from the front of the lorry.

"Boys and girls, this is our first annual holiday at Juhu Beach," he said. "Juhu Beach is on the Arabian Sea, and we have a day's holiday there because of a special gift from Mrs. Thomas and the American Marathi Mission. It will take us quite some time to reach Juhu Beach. I want you to stay in your places, because the ride to Juhu Beach is bumpy."

To help us pass the time, Miss Mary led us in a new song. It really had only one line: "John Brown's Whiskey Bottle Number One Hundred and One." Each time we sang it, we would sing out one number less than the time before. The song sounded naughty and festive to us, and we felt we were really on an annual holiday.

At Juhu Beach, I heard a sound I'd never heard before—a gigantic roar alternating with the sound of a huge amount of water rushing out. The sound was very different from Mahim Sea Beach, which was quiet, like a canal in Lahore. (It was actually an inlet.) I wanted to run toward the sound and touch it—to feel what it was really like—but the Sighted Master herded us boys into the boys' shack. He gave us each a pair of bathing drawers and we got into them.

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the Sighted Master said. "But don't go beyond the rope in the water."

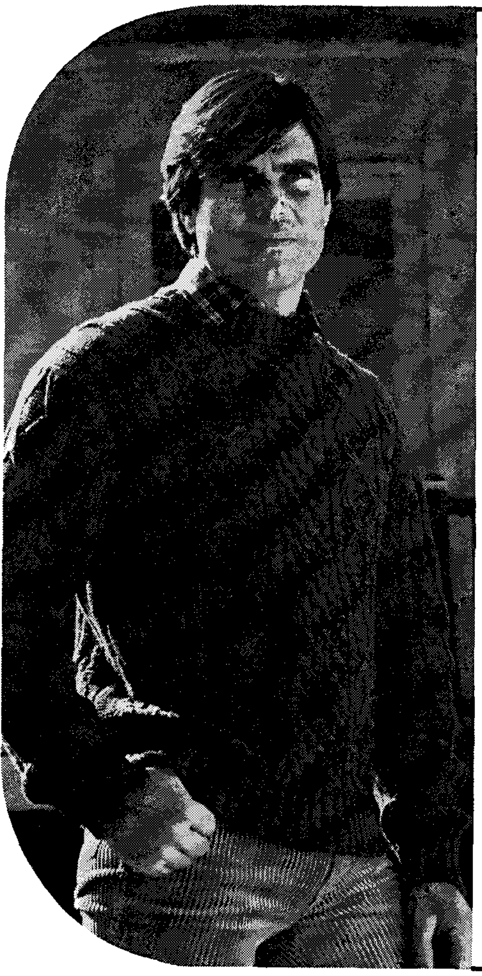
I hesitated for a moment, wondering if there were wired lanes and how, amid the roar and the rush, I would hear the Sighted Master ringing the bell on the other side of the rope, but the partially sighted boys started running toward the roar and the rush, calling back, "Abdul! Reuben! Vedi! There is nothing in the way! You can run, too!"

I ran toward the roar and the rush. The air smelled of salt and coconut. There was hot, grainy, dry ground underfoot. It was so hot that I could scarcely bear to put my feet on it, so I had to run fast, and couldn't stop to examine it. Suddenly, I was in the water, being carried out. It closed over my head. I forgot everything. I felt I'd never been so happy. A jolt opened my mouth. I was rapidly swallowing water that tasted of tears—buckets of them. I was flung back, choking. Again the water closed over my head. The water retreated. I lay on the water, wondering if the sea could take me all the way to the Punjab. Then I came up against the rope, as thick as the one we used for the tug-of-war, and I heard the Sighted Master calling to me, "That's far enough! Come back! You'll drown!"

We spent the day bathing in the water and running around on the new ground. I couldn't get over the way it shifted around, almost like the water. We could go into the water as often as we liked, and when we ran we just had to keep the sound of the ocean to our left or right, depending on which way we were facing. The school compound and the racing track suddenly shrank in my mind, like a woollen sock Mamaji had knitted for me which became so small after Heea's ayah washed it that I could scarcely get my hand in it.

At one point, we had a picnic—Mr. Ras Mohun, the Sighted Master, Mrs. Ras Mohun, Heea, the Matron, and all the boys and girls. We all sat down on bedsheets. For the first time, I was able to sit next to Deoji and eat with him. The food was not mutton and toast but thick, heavy potato-filled bread, with a chewy relish made of pickled mango skin.

IT was Sunday, and all of us were excited because we had been brought in a fast, sootless electric train to the zoo. We walked in twos and threes along the cages and pens, holding one another or touching the outer



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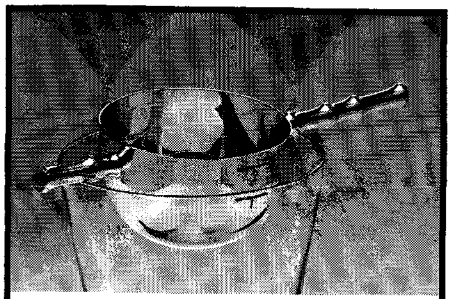

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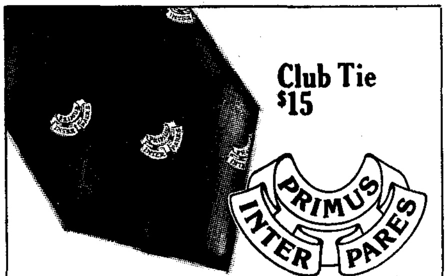

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railings with our hands. Mr. Ras Mohun explained to us from the front about the animals we were going past while Mrs. Ras Mohun pointed them out to Heea and the partially sighted boys and girls.

"Here is a lion," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "He has a big mane."

"Can I touch him, Uncle?" I asked, running up to him. I had learned the shape of the lion in the birds-and-animals class, but I had no idea how big a lion was. I wondered if the one behind the railing was ten times as big as the stuffed animal in our class, or twenty times, or a hundred times.

"Touch what? The lion?" he asked. "If you touch him, he'll make lunch of your hands, and you'll never be able to read Braille again."

I took a step, and I heard thunder underfoot. I jumped back. "It's going to rain in the ground," I said.

Mr. Ras Mohun laughed. "It's only the lion roaring," he said. "That's the way he talks."

"I didn't know that the lion could make a sound," I said. "He sounds as big as our school."

But Mr. Ras Mohun had walked away, and Abdul said, "You know what he's saying?"

"No. What?"

"He's saying, 'I'm hungry, I want my food.' You see, the lion is no different from me. Food is all I think about when I am in my cage at Dadar."

Ahead, Mr. Ras Mohun was walking along and saying, "Here is a bear. . . . You hear his growl? Notice how different it is from the roar of the lion. . . . You hear that hooting? Well, that's an owl. . . . Here are some monkeys."

Mr. Ras Mohun stopped, bought some groundnuts from a vender, and gave us a few to feed the monkeys. I put my hand with the nuts inside the railing. Suddenly, I felt a little pinch on my hand, and the nuts were gone.

"There, Vedi. He's eating the nuts now," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "You can say now that at least you have touched a monkey."

Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun walked Heea and me away from the other boys and girls, and took us up a very tall ladder—it had many more rungs than the climbing bars at the school—to the top of an elephant. Here there was a sofa with a cane seat and a cane back, and we sat on it, facing backward, as in a tonga.

"What's his name?" I asked the mahout, turning around.

"Dumbo, little Sahib," he said. He clicked his tongue, as I had heard Lahore tongawallahs do, and the elephant set off. I expected the elephant to trot, like a tonga horse, but he rolled and pitched, throwing Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun, Heea, and me against one another on the sofa.

I felt I had never been so high up—so close to the sun, which was warm against my cheeks. I felt wonderfully dizzy.

I could hear the voices of Deoji, Abdul, Bhaskar, Tarak Nath, Dham, Miss Mary, and Paran far below. I was riding above the heads of the tallest of them.

"Uncle and Auntie, let's invite Deoji, Abdul, and Paran up," I said.

"The ride on the elephant costs money," Mrs. Ras Mohun said. "And they don't get that much pocket money. Only maharajas can ride elephants."

I recalled that the boys' missionary mummies and daddies sometimes sent them a rupee or two for pocket money on the first day of the month. Even though the boys spent their pocket money only on snacks like mother's kisses at the Muhammadan Hotel, the money was gone before they knew it. Bhaskar would say when he received his money, "This will last me for a month," but within a few days the money would be gone, and he would already be looking forward to the first day of the next month. Then every day he would ask Deoji "How many days to the new month?" and sometimes on the same day "Deoji, when did you say the new month is?"

I wished that Mamaji and Daddyji were there, so they could pay for everyone to ride on Dumbo. I decided that I would count every rung of the ladder on the way down, because then I could tell my friends below how tall the elephant really was.

"WE are going to the grounds of the Bombay Studios!" Mr. Ras Mohun shouted, standing near the driver of a lorry and addressing all of us, inside it. He had to shout because this lorry was, if anything, noisier than the one that had taken us to Juhu Beach. His thin voice cracked with the effort. "You're going to be actors and actresses in a picture called 'Andheri'! It will be shown in cinemas all over the country!" *Andheri* means "darkness."

I didn't know exactly what a picture was, but I was excited. I expected to meet Cousin Prakash at the cinema place.

The driver changed gears, and for a time I couldn't hear what Mr. Ras Mohun was saying. But then the lorry slowed down, and I heard him say, "Few people have heard of Dadar School. The public doesn't know about schools for the blind. The public doesn't know about the blind. But now Jesus, in his mercy, has given us the cinema to arouse the public's interest in both these matters."

I didn't know what the public was, but I was all the more excited.

The lorry left us in some kind of park. There was no Cousin Prakash; instead, there were a lot of strangers, who surrounded us. They moved us this way and that way, making many of us change places several times.

"You are the smallest," Mr. Ras Mohun said, moving me to the front. "Stand here."

A stranger ran up and pressed down on my shoulders with rough hands. "Down, boy," he said, and I dropped my shoulders. He ran back to where he had been standing, and called out to me, "Boy, look this way. . . . No, no—in the direction of my voice. . . . Now hold up your head. . . . No, that's too high. . . . That's right."

A fly started buzzing around my ear. I tried furtively to flick it with my shoulder.

The stranger with the rough hands shouted, "Stand by. . . . Lights. . . . Action."

A yawn began to fill my mouth, and at the same time my left foot started to fall asleep. The sun was very hot, and lights hot as fire were turned on me. But I didn't move.

"Children of Darkness, come to me. Don't be frightened," I heard a lady say kindly.

I started to step forward.

"Cut!"

"Mr. Ras Mohun, tell him not to move—tell him he's on the set!" the stranger with the rough hands cried.

Mr. Ras Mohun came up to me and put his ruler on my bare arm. It was the first time I had felt it, and, just as Abdul said, it was heavy, round, and hard. "You really mustn't move," Mr. Ras Mohun told me. "You must stand still—at attention."

"But there is a fly!" I cried.

"It won't hurt you. It will go away."

It seemed that we had to do the exercise of standing at attention over and over.

I remember that finally Mr. Ras

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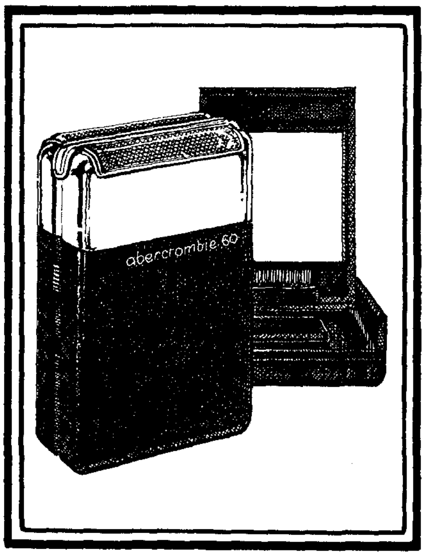

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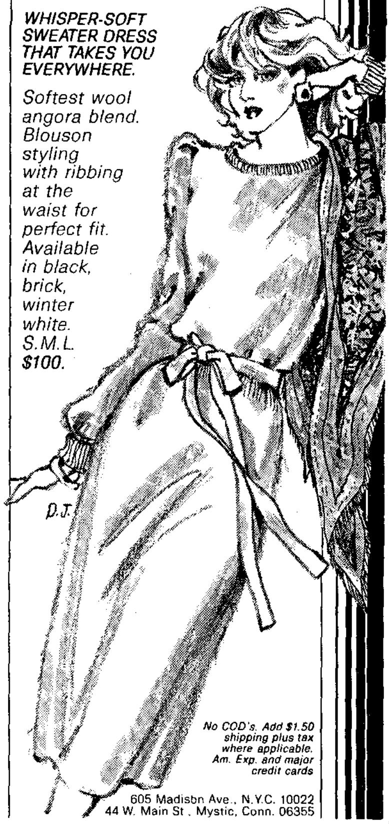

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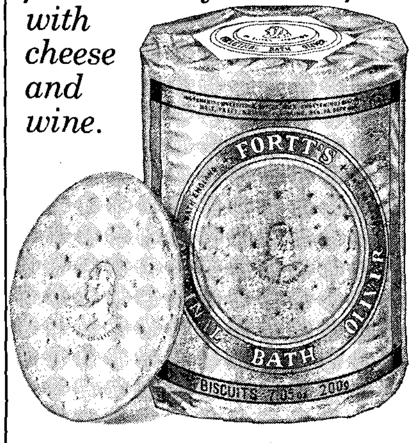

Mohun called out, "At ease! Boys and girls, you can play now and eat as much *bhel-puri* as you like. The studio's vender will give it to you free."

There was something frightening about eating the secret hot, spicy snacks of the Muhammadan Hotel out in the open, under the eyes of Mr. Ras Mohun. But we ran up to a vender who was crying "*Bhel-puri! Bhel-puri!*" and crowded around him. He handed us *bhel-puri* in plantain leaves. We ate it with our fingers and licked them clean.

Abdul started chasing me. I ran into something, and I felt it to see what it was. It felt like a cart with a mysterious thing on it. I started to climb up on the cart to examine the thing.

The lady with the kind voice came rushing up to me. "You don't want to play with that horrible camera," she said. "Let me show you a better game."

I gave her my hand, and we walked along together. She was very different from Mr. Ras Mohun; she let me walk any way I liked—turning my toes out, running from side to side, falling behind and catching up with her.

"What do you do?" I asked her.

"I am the Lady of Charity in the orphanage in the picture," she said. "You are all my Children of Darkness, and I take care of you."

"Do you know Mrs. Thomas?" I asked, jumping up and down.

"Who is Mrs. Thomas?"

"She's our missionary lady. She came to our school at Easter and brought a present for everyone."

She laughed. "Well, I suppose I'm like her, but in the picture I live in the orphanage."

"What is your new game?" I asked.

"Here it is," she answered. She walked me up a ladder taller than the one on the elephant. Then she sat me down at the top and pushed me. I laughed and shrieked with delight, for I was on a slide and it seemed endless. Every time I thought I had come to the bottom of the slide, it turned out to be only a landing and there was another slope. The school slide had one slope, but this slide had many slopes.

"Again!" I cried when I reached the bottom. I was so light-headed I could scarcely stand up.

"That's enough for today," she said. "You can go on the slide again tomorrow."

Every day for the next month or two, the lorry came for us and took us to the cinema place. Every day, we had

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to stand still under the hot sun near the fire of lights. Every day, there was a lot of *bhel-puri* to eat and many rides down the slide. But, for some reason, except for these few memories of routine—and, of course, the remarkable first day—I remember little about "Darkness."

HOLIDAYS

MRS. RAS MOHUN put something in my bowl. "Now eat your porridge," she said.

"I want some banana," I said.

"You know perfectly well there are no bananas these days," she said. "There is a war on."

"Mr. Anand is coming today," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "He's going to take you to Lahore for your Christmas holidays."

For a moment, I couldn't remember who Mr. Anand was. As soon as I remembered that he was Cousin Prakash, I didn't want to meet him. He was a sahib, like Mr. Ras Mohun. I was a blind boy from the boys' dormitory. I thought that I had forgotten Punjabi and that he would laugh at my Marathi. I thought that he would make fun of the boys' dormitory.

"What are Deoji, Abdul, Bhaskar, and Paran going to do for their Christmas holidays?" I asked. "I want to stay with them. I don't want to meet Cousin Prakash."

"Most of them will stay with us here at the school—they don't have loving parents, a brother, and sisters to go to—but there will be no classes during the holidays," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

"I'm not going home," I said, playing with my porridge and taking a small spoonful to please Mrs. Ras Mohun. "I don't know Punjabi."

"You'll pick it up quickly," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

"We should have got him some fruit for his porridge today," Mrs. Ras Mohun said to Mr. Ras Mohun. "It's his last day of school."

"School is nice. I want to stay in the boys' dormitory," I said.

"Now go and pack," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "Deoji will help you."

AT Lahore station, it seemed that about ten people had picked me up at once and were kissing me and handing me to one another. I stiffened. I didn't like to be picked up or touched, and I couldn't tell exactly who was who. The voices around me sounded familiar, but I heard them distantly. Everywhere there was a

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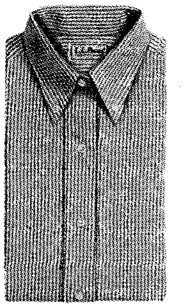

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deafening racket of engines shunting, of handcarts rattling past, of people shouting.

"Vedi sobbed most of the way," I heard Cousin Prakash say, in Punjabi, over the station din. "He says he has forgotten Punjabi and doesn't know how he's going to speak to you."

Everyone laughed.

"You think you've grown so big that you can't talk to your own mummy?" Mamaji said, pressing me against her neck. She said "mummy," in English, as if a boy coming from a boarding school would naturally call her Mummy instead of Mamaji.

In the quiet of the car, I touched the dashboard and touched the steering wheel. I listened to the soothing murmur of the engine and suddenly asked, in Punjabi, "Where is my ayah, Ajmero?"

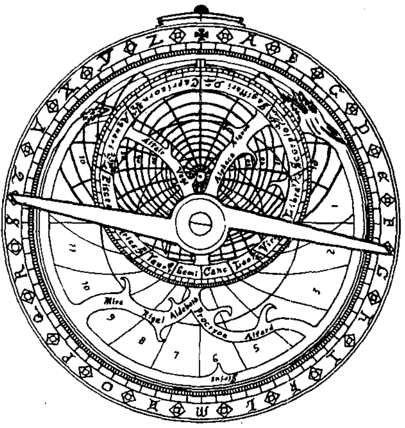
"She's gone," Mamaji said, hugging me in her lap.

"Gone where?"

"To her village."

I kept on asking about Ajmero.

After I went blind, when I needed something I would often run to Ajmero instead of to Mamaji; I couldn't think of Mamaji without fearing pain, because Mamaji took me to faith healers who prescribed stinging solutions to restore my sight and beat me with birch twigs to exorcise the evil eye. When Ajmero washed clothes in a basin in the inside courtyard, she would let me sit with her on the ground. She would hand me a glass containing a little bit of the soapy water from her basin. As she kneaded the clothes, I would blow soap bubbles through a glass bead that she had pinched for me from a beaded curtain, and pretend I was helping her wash clothes. I would listen to the tinkle of the dozens of glass bangles she always wore on her arms, and try to gurgle into the glass to accompany the tinkling. I never knew how big the bubble at the end of my bead was, and I would go on blowing to make it bigger and bigger. When it burst, she would go into peals of laughter and say, "That was really a big bubble! Blow another one." I liked the sounds we made together washing clothes. When Ajmero was making biscuits in the kitchen, she would let me cut out the dough with biscuit cutters. I liked running my fingers along the dough cutouts and feeling the different shapes—a hillock, a star, a half-moon. I liked to wait around for the baking smells to rise and fill the kitchen. At night, Ajmero would sit by my bed and



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sing me to sleep. She knew a few village lullabies, and she sang them in a lilting voice. Sometimes when I was going off to sleep, I would feel that she was singing inside my head. I couldn't remember thinking about Ajmero at all at school, but now, in the car, I remembered all at once her bangles, her laughter, the soap bubbles, the hillocks, the stars, the half-moons, the lullabies.

"When is Ajmero coming back?" I asked.

"She's not coming back," Mamaji said.

"Why not?"

From the back seat, my big sisters, Pom, Nimi, and Umi, tried to divert me, but I wouldn't be diverted.

"She went to her village to visit her people," Daddyji finally said, from the driver's seat. "She fell asleep under a shisham tree. There was a sudden dust storm. The tree fell on her, and the poor girl died immediately. The tree must have been old. Its roots must have been eaten by worms. The tree must have struck her on the head. Perhaps the dust storm was more violent—"

"She was a foolish girl," Sister Umi broke in. "Lying under an old tree in the middle of a dust storm! I always thought she was a little silly."

"She wasn't silly!" I cried.

"Poor girl, she was hardly sixteen," Mamaji said. "So young and simple. How she used to like to go out dressed in my saris! The ayahs of other families would scold her for taking liberties, and she would say, 'I take out my mistress's children, don't I? If their ayah is not well dressed, what will people think?' "

"Here we are—home, sweet home," Daddyji said, stopping the car.

I went from room to room, quietly calling Ajmero.

A man picked me up in the inside courtyard. I struggled to get down.

"You don't remember who I am?" he asked.

"I don't," I said. "I don't like you. Let me down."

"I am your old servant." He took my hand and put it on his right ear. There, hanging from his earlobe, was a small ring.

As soon as I touched it, I remembered. "You are Sher Singh!" I cried.

"It's so. It's your same Sher Singh."

"The tiger-lion with an earring!" I exclaimed, laughing. "Are you going to eat up Baby Usha?" He, like Ajmero, had come to work at our house when my little sister, Usha, was

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born. He had told me that Sher Singh meant "tiger-lion." After that, I used to call him "the tiger-lion with an earring" and tease him about eating up Baby Usha.

"How could Huzoor forget?" he said. "Ajmero is gone, like your eyes, Vedi Sahib, but I'm still here to play with you."

He brought out of the kitchen a strip of rubber from an old bicycle tube and a forked stick, and showed me how to loop the rubber around the stick and fashion a slingshot. He showed me how to aim a stone at crows and kites from the little lawn in the front, always being careful to face away from the house and to make sure no one was about.

"Drowned one, he'll break all our windows!" Mamaji shouted to Sher Singh from the veranda. "Drowned one" is a common Punjabi term of abuse.

Sher Singh quickly secreted the slingshot, but whenever Mamaji went out he would give it to me. I would go out on the lawn, collect a pile of stones, listen for the cawing of crows or the shrieking of kites, and take aim. I don't remember ever hitting a bird, but just the sound of the rubber snapping, releasing the stone into the air, and then of the stone ricocheting off a wall delighted me. I came to think that shooting with my toy weapon was a much more grownup game than washing clothes had been.

I WAS able to prevail upon Sister Pom to clear a shelf in a cupboard for me and to let me arrange my knickers, shirts, and socks exactly as I had arranged them in my suitcase at school. But no matter how often I told Mamaji that I wanted to wash my knees and elbows myself, she would catch hold of me and start scrubbing them. "Let Mummy do it for you," she would say. No matter how often I told Sher Singh that I wanted to make my own bed, he would make it for me. "What are servants for?" he would say. "If I don't make Vedi Sahib's bed, what will I do with my time?" No matter how often I told the sweeper that I wanted to polish my own shoes, she would polish them. "Sahib, we are poor people," she would say. "Such jobs are for us. You are big people. Such jobs are not even for your notice." So I had to get used to letting things be done for me. But I could not get used to doing without the school bell. Without it, I never knew what time it was.

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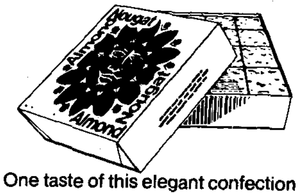

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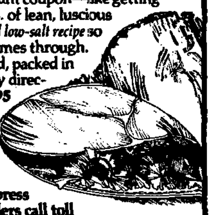

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"Sher Singh, what time is it?" I would shout.

"I don't know, Vedi Sahib. It must be twelve or one."

"Which is it—twelve or one?"

"Sahib, I am a poor man. I don't have a watch. Why don't you ask the sahibs and memsahibs?"

I would run from room to room trying to get someone to tell me the time, but more often than not Mamaji's watch had stopped, Sister Pom's watch was too slow, Sister Nimi had forgotten to wear her watch, and Daddyji was nowhere to be found. (Brother Om was too small to own a watch.)

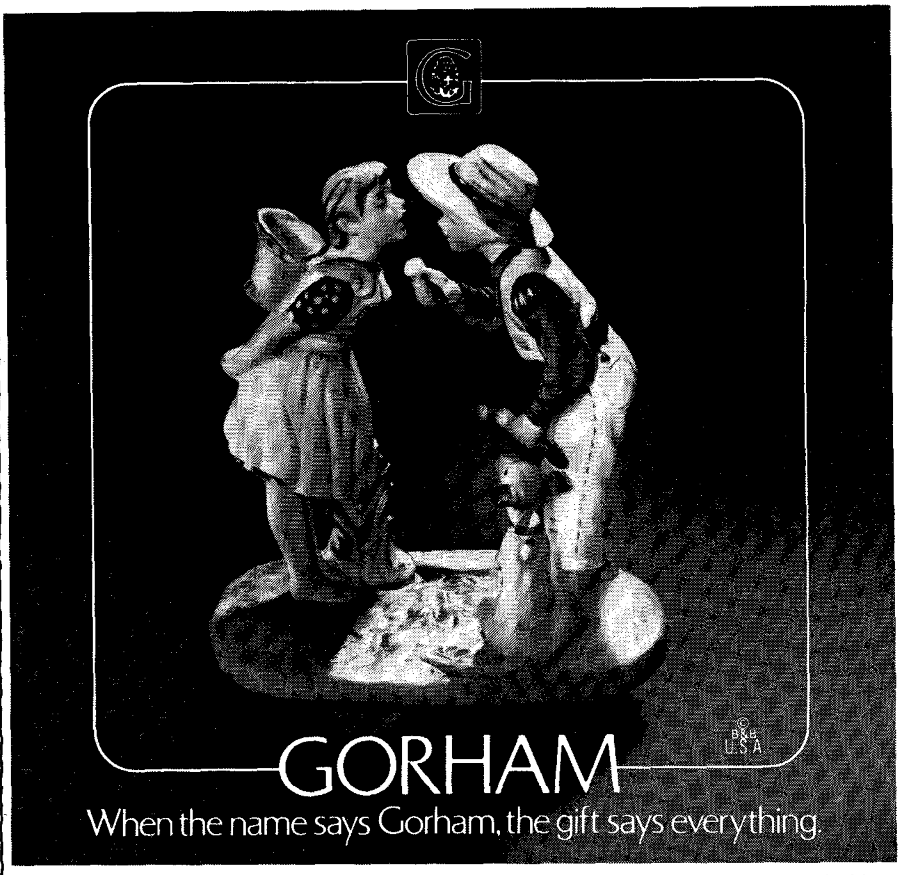
Sister Umi had the correct time but wouldn't tell me what it was. "Why do you always want to know what time it is?" she would say. "You're not at school. You have nothing to do all day. What difference does it make?"

I couldn't explain what difference it made, but I would pull at her wrist and order her to tell me the time.

"Go order someone else around," she would say.

Eventually, I worked out my own system for telling the time. When I heard the sweeper washing the drain in the *gulli* in front of our house in the morning, I knew that it was eight o'clock and time to get up. When I heard the vender Chadah calling "Oranges, pomegranates, guavas, strawberries!" at our gate, I knew that it was nine o'clock and time for breakfast. When I heard the radio announcer come on after the request program of film songs—Brother Om's favorite—I knew that it was one o'clock and time for lunch. When I heard the frenetic ringing of a bicycle bell with the call "Carry-home ice cream, carry-home ice cream!" coming down the *gulli*, I knew that it was four o'clock and time for tiffin. And when I heard the "Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, bee-eep" of the BBC—Daddyji always listened to the news in English—I knew that it was nine o'clock and half an hour to dinner.

It was one thing to know the time and quite another to get everyone to do things on time. On top of our house were some laborers who were reinforcing the roof with steel and cement, and I got them to shape the end of a steel rod into a hook. I put a string through the hook and suspended the rod from a nail in the inside courtyard. I got another rod for a striker. At mealtimes, I would hit the striker



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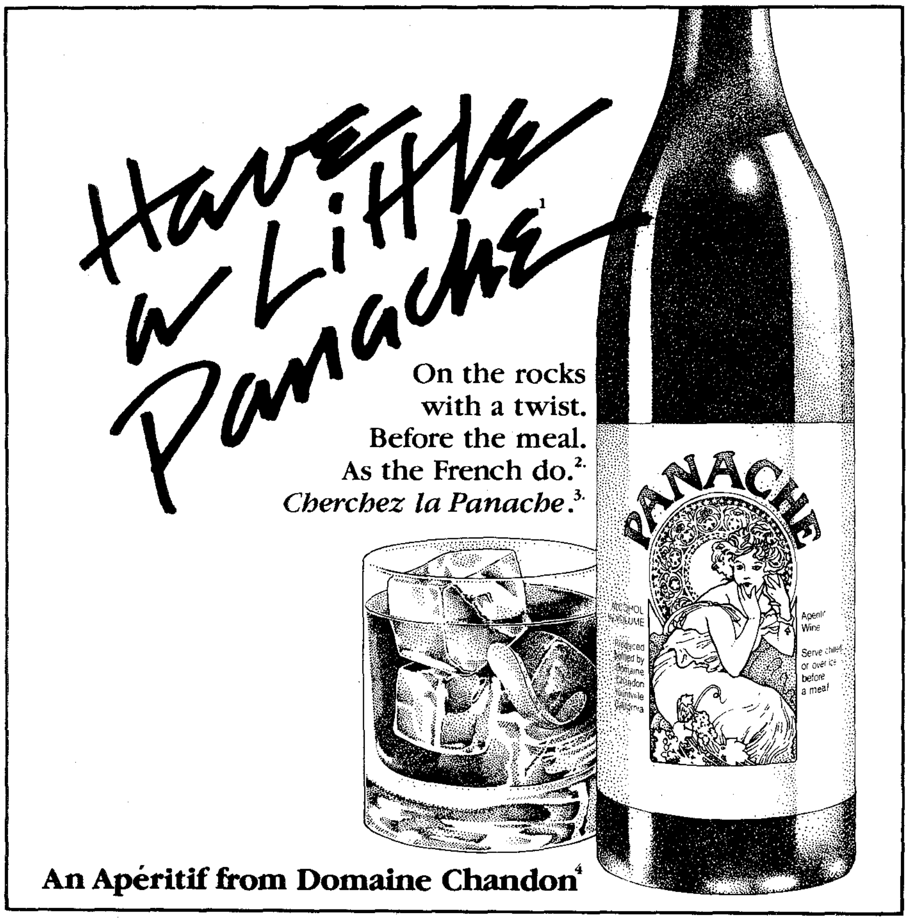

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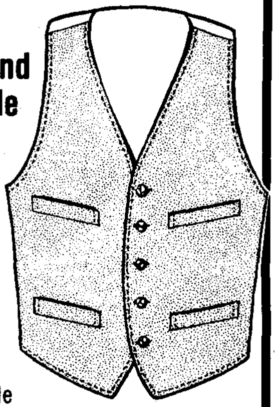

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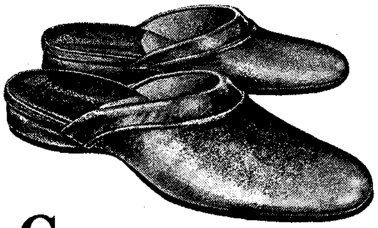

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against the hanging rod and shout "Sher Singh, where is my breakfast?" and "Sher Singh, bring my lunch!" and "Sher Singh, you know I like my tiffin on the table at four o'clock sharp!" If Sher Singh didn't answer at once, I would go on ringing my bell until everyone in the house was shouting at him to obey my orders. If Sher Singh was still tardy, I would clench my teeth, close my lips tightly, and go on ringing the bell furiously. But, I remember, I would not allow my eyes to tear.

"Why don't you ever cry?" Sister Umi finally asked me.

"Daddyji will beat me."

"What rubbish! Has he ever beaten anybody?"

"He has a ruler."

"Who has a ruler?"

"Uncle."

"Which uncle?"

"Uncle Ras Mohun."

"What are you talking about?"

I started crying, tears suddenly streaming down my cheeks and neck.

ONE evening at the table, I raised my little finger. Nobody paid any attention. I raised my fourth finger, too. Still nobody paid any attention. I cleared my throat several times.

"What do you think you are doing?" Sister Umi asked. "Why are you holding your hand up in that absurd way?"

"Water and vegetables," I whispered. "Little finger for water, both fingers for water and food."

"Speak up," she said. "Why are you whispering? Why don't you say, 'I want water and vegetables'?"

"That's what jungly boys do."

"Which jungly boys?" Sister Umi asked. "Who says that?"

"Auntie at school says it."

"Who? Mrs. Ras Mohun?" Sister Umi asked. "She must talk a lot of nonsense. She must be an odd duck!"

I pictured Mrs. Ras Mohun as a duck in the birds-and-animals class, and I laughed out loud.

"Why are you laughing with your hand across your mouth?" Sister Umi asked. "Someone would think that you were sneezing or yawning."

"Only jungly boys laugh without covering their mouths," I said, sobering a little.

"No doubt that's another of Mrs. Ras Mohun's brilliant ideas," she said.

"Here, Vedi, hold my hands," Sister Nimi said, laughing. "Now, see—I

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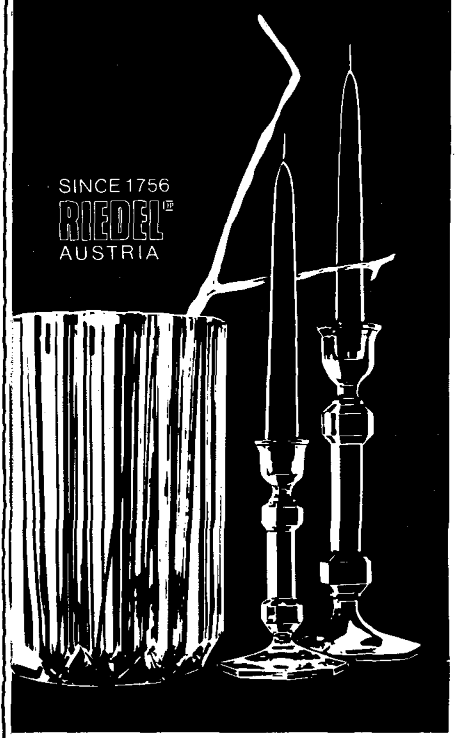

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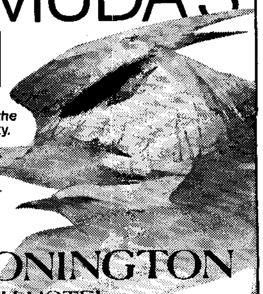

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am laughing, and my hands are nowhere near my mouth."

Daddyji happened to arrive from his club just then, and when he learned what we had been talking about he said, "If you want to ask for things by raising your hand, you can—Mrs. Ras Mohun probably taught you to raise your hand for things because she didn't want you to be rude and interrupt—but you are in your own home now, and you should feel free to interrupt at any time and call for whatever you want. As for that laughing business, I've been right around the world, and I've never seen anybody laugh with a hand across the mouth. And the next time I write to Mrs. Ras Mohun I'll tell her so."

After that, I hardly ever raised my hand for water and food, and I tried to laugh without covering my mouth, but sometimes when I was laughing my hand would go up to my mouth automatically.

IT seemed that at the table everyone was always referring to things that had happened while I was away. I remember that once my big sisters were all laughing.

"Nimi really behaved like a simpleton," Sister Pom said. "Imagine saying, 'If the tigers are coming, let's all climb up the trees.' "

"Which tigers? Where?" I asked. "Can't they climb trees? Where were you?"

But they wouldn't stop to explain; they had already gone on to something else. When I persisted, Sister Umi said, "I'll tell you later."

I beat my spoon on my plate and insisted on being told right then.

"We were just on a walk and it got dark," Sister Pom said. "We thought we were lost, and Umi thought tigers would come and eat us all up."

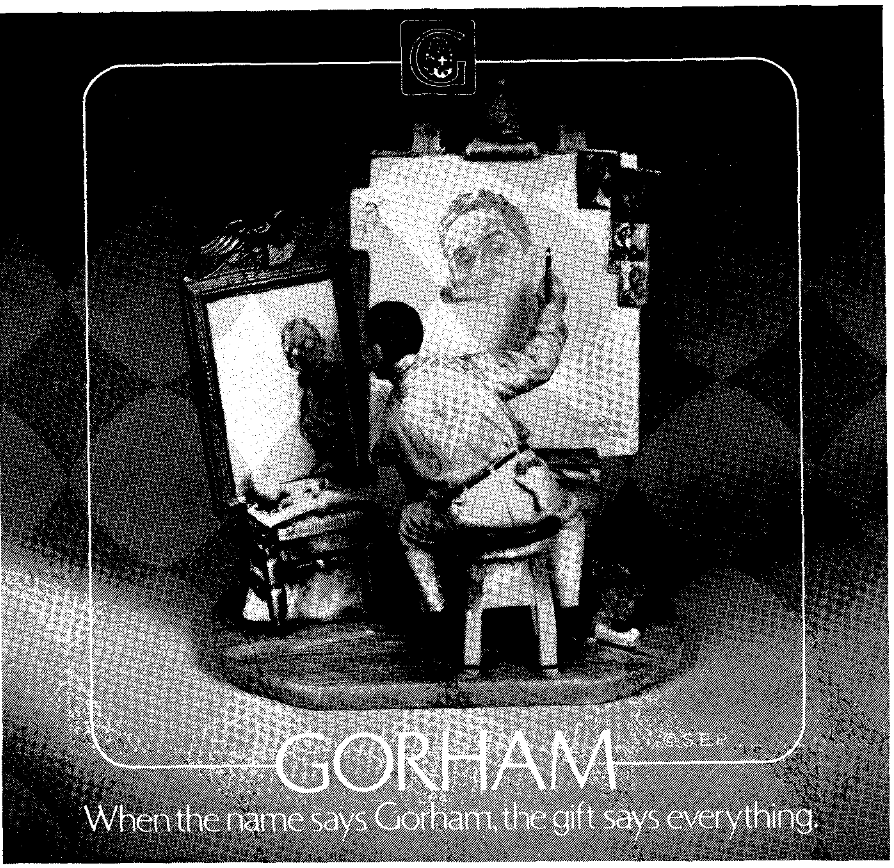
"What else do you want to know?" Sister Umi asked.

I thought I wanted to know much more, but I couldn't remember what. I tried to get them to remind me of exactly what they had been talking about, but Sister Umi said, "How do you expect us to remember what you want to know?"

They went on to some other subject.

ONE day, Daddyji bought six picture albums, one for each of us brothers and sisters. They were small oblong affairs with cushioned bindings and came with packets of little corners to hold the pictures in the album.

There was one particular picture



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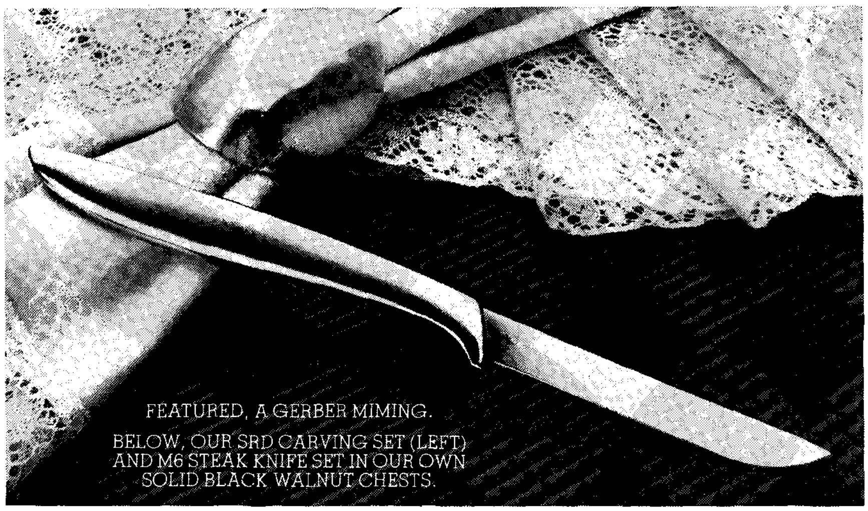
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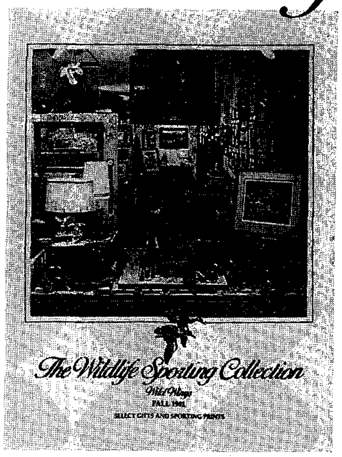

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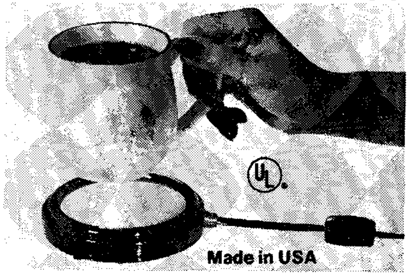

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that I wanted very much for my album. But there was only one copy, and Sister Umi had appropriated it and wouldn't give it to me.

"Why do you want the picture?" she said. "You can't see it. Why do you even need the album?"

"I can, too, see the picture," I said defiantly. I had imagined that I could see it ever since I heard the story about how it came to be taken.

When I was at school, my big sisters had gone to Karachi with Bhabiji, our paternal grandmother, and stayed with Cousin Prakash, who had got into the Customs Department and was posted for a time as an Assistant Collector of Customs there. His younger sister Shanti was in the marriage market, and it seemed that every day she would trot off to the studios to have a formal portrait taken for prospective suitors. My big sisters became jealous of all the attention she was getting. They got Bhabiji to ask Cousin Prakash to have one formal photograph taken of Bhabiji with the three of them. "Sure, Bhabiji," Cousin Prakash said. "Let's have a photograph of you with all your granddaughters who are here—Shanti, Pom, Nimi, and Umi." But Sister Umi said, "Shanti is the daughter of Bhabiji's daughter. Bhabiji wants one formal portrait with only the daughters of her eldest son." And so, as Sister Umi later boasted, a formal portrait was taken in the studio, with Bhabiji dressed in her best white cottons and my big sisters dressed in new satin suits sewn for the occasion. Cousin Shanti sulked because she thought she had been bested, but my big sisters felt elated.

"I want that picture for my album," I repeated.

"Umi, give it to him," Sister Nimi said. "What difference does it make?"

"It's my picture," Sister Umi said. "I was the one who got Bhabiji to have it taken."

I appealed to Daddyji. He said that a second print should be made for me. But the negative had been misplaced, and I lost all interest in getting a new negative made after Sister Umi told me, "Your print will be inferior to my original copy."

Night after night, when I went to bed, I prayed to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to help me wrest the picture from Sister Umi, but I never got it.

"HERE is a letter for you," Sister Pom said. "It's from your friend Deoji."

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I was embarrassed. I hardly ever mentioned him or anyone else from the boys' dormitory. They belonged in a school for the blind, not in the house of a sighted, well-to-do family. "Give it to me," I said. I put out my hand, thinking that I could quietly read it by myself.

"But it's not in Braille," she said. "It's written in ink, and it's in English."

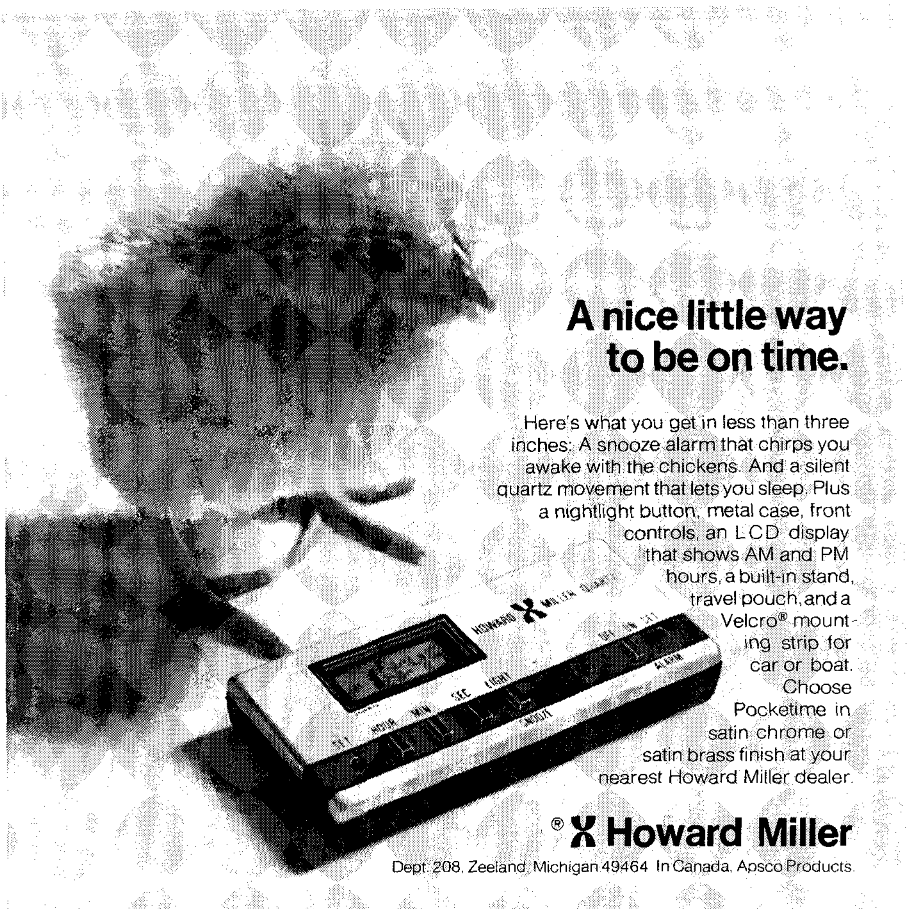
Before I could think of an excuse to take the letter away from Sister Pom, she read out, "My dear Vedi, Mr. Ras Mohun is to saying that an idle mind is to being the Devil's workshop, and that there are to being no people more likely to getting up to Devil-things than the blind sort. So he is to organizing all kinds of things to keeping us busy. We are to washing the floors, walls, windows, doors, and such. We are also to cleaning up every bed frame with Lifebuoy soap and water. Your special bed is to getting a good airing. The pupil-teachers, Miss Mary and Mr. Joseph, are to studying the new Braille primer for the new year. Mr. Ras Mohun is to getting for us two gentlemen, Mr. Draughtswallah and Mr. Cardswallah. Mr. Draughtswallah and Mr. Cardswallah are to coming every day and to teaching us two indoor games, draughts and cards. We are to spending much time to playing them. I have to deciding to teaching you draughts and cards so that you are not to falling behind. Mr. Ras Mohun is also to buying for us a radio. The Matron is to in charging of it, and she is to turning it on at news times in the veranda in the evenings. So we are to getting very busy and happy here. The boys' dormitory is to requesting to you to bringing new toys. The Sighted Master is to asking your Daddy-Doctor for to sleep medicine. Everyone is to missing you and to counting the days for your to coming back to school. The boys' dormitory is to sending you good health and wishes. Mr. Draughtswallah, who is to knowing English and to writing this letter for me, is to sending you his compliments. Your affectionate Loving Big Brother, Deoji."

Sister Pom handed me the letter. "He sounds nice. He must be a nice boy," she said.

I ran out of the room and pushed the letter as far back as I could under the shelf paper and clothes in my cupboard.

—VED MEHTA

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)



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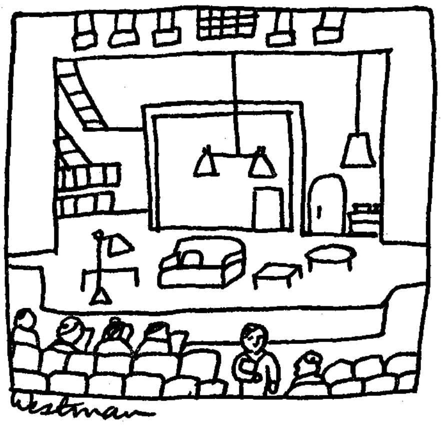
SHAW'S "Candida" is an immaculate little comedy, to be enacted allegretto from start to finish, and one has to make an exceptional effort to bungle it as thoroughly as it has been bungled in the production that has just opened at the Circle in the Square. The chief culprit is all too plainly the director, Michael Cristofer, who is engaged in the folly of attempting to demonstrate that he knows more about how to stage Shaw than Shaw ever did. Again and again, with a deliberation not to be accounted for by innocent obtuseness, Cristofer contradicts Shaw's clear-cut intentions, and it appears that his motive is no more serious than that of calling attention to himself. Surely it is the case that Shaw, of all playwrights, ought to be granted the privilege—which Shaw, in any event, was always quick to assume—of doing his own showing off, with no need of being incompetently aped by a mere director. As I entered the subterranean auditorium of the Circle in the Square, my heart sank on beholding the scenery designed by Cristofer's accomplice, Kenneth Foy, who has been encouraged to carry out designs totally at odds with the published text of the play. Shaw was notorious for the amount of factual matter that he liked to include in his stage directions, and "Candida" is no exception; the play begins with a description of the northeast quarter of London, "miles away from the London of Mayfair and St. James's," where the Reverend James Mavor Morell presides over the parsonage of St. Dominic's. The parsonage is a semi-detached villa with a tiny grass-grown front garden "untrodden by the foot of man save as to the path from the gate to the hall door." Overlooking the street and an adjacent park is Morell's cluttered, makeshift study, whose most important object is the hearth, with its ever-burning fire—the innermost, inviolable center of Morell's citadel and, as such, a symbol of the intimate relationship that exists between him and his wife, Candida. And what has Foy invented? A setting dominated by a large tree in full leaf, in the midst of a pretty, paved garden with iron chairs *à la Française*—a garden the very opposite of the ones that Shaw has described as existing by the hundred in the "desert of unattractiveness" that is the location of the parish of St. Dominic's.

If the garden is perverse, still more perverse is the use that Cristofer makes of it. For the plot unfolds in the study, and to Morell the poetical young Marchbanks' attempt to seduce Candida seems all the wickeder for taking place at Morell's fireside. Foy devotes approximately half the stage to the study—a sort of flea market of disparate Victorian furnishings, which no true Candida could have lived among—but Cristofer sees to it that the third act opens not as Shaw has planned it, with Candida and Marchbanks seated close to each other and to the fire, late at night and with the curtains drawn cozily against the dark, but out-of-doors. Moreover, Shaw, in a sexual hint far bolder than was usual with him, has Candida holding erect beside the hearth a brass poker, whose tip she studies as Marchbanks unwisely goes on reading his innumerable sonnets; Cristofer retains the poker, because it is necessary to the dialogue, but why on earth should Candida be staring at it in that daffy, Chekhovian garden?

I could make a hundred other objections to Cristofer's impertinent meddlings; it is kinder to deplore them than to describe them, especially when they are as aggressively anti-Shavian as the *tableaux vivants* that serve to introduce each of the three acts. In the midst of this debacle, Joanne Woodward does her best to embody a Candida worthy of Shaw and of herself. From time to time, she is a victim of faulty advice; in the long speech that brings the play to its climax she manifests not the "sweet irony" that Shaw's directions call for but a complaining near-tearfulness. Morell, that over-confident donkey, is played with some insight by Ron Parady, but Tait Rupert is an embarrassingly ill-at-ease Marchbanks, with no trace of high breeding about him, and Jane Curtin is altogether at sea in what one would have supposed was the foolproof role of Proserpine Garnett. Her screechy American accent assaults our ears like chalk on slate. John Gillis and Ronald Bishop are inadequate as the Reverend Mill and Mr. Burgess. Let me note in passing that in 1895, when "Candida" was first performed, and in 1905, when this version of the play is presumably taking place, Anglican priests didn't wear fedoras; nor would the lower-class Burgess have risked a repeated, vigorous pinching of Miss Garnett's posterior. The costumes have been designed by Richard Hornung, and the lighting is by Paul Gallo.



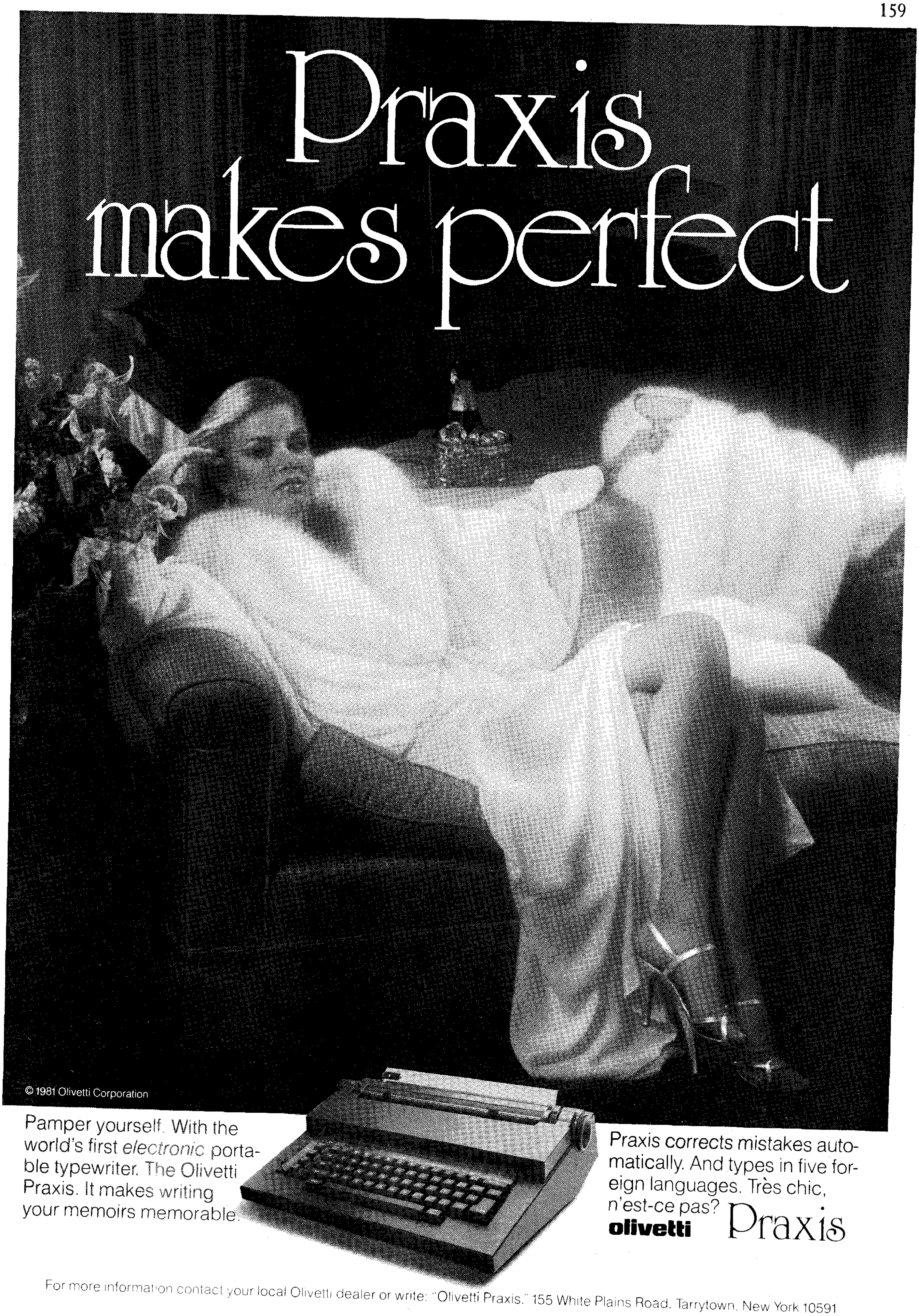
POOR Christopher Marlowe! Humiliating enough to have been born the son of a Canterbury cobbler; still more humiliating, as a Cambridge M.A., to have died in a drunken brawl in a low dive in Deptford; and most humiliating of all to be, after almost four centuries, the subject of an idiotic rock musical called "Marlowe," which opened last week at the Rialto. I left after the first act; up to that moment, the most memorable aspect of the production was the character not of Marlowe but of his rival, Shakespeare, who was played by a small, blue-eyed, tow-haired young man. For some reason, it would never have occurred to me to cast a cuddly blond as Shakespeare; be that as it may, this particular Shakespeare looked as if he would have considerable difficulty memorizing "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," much less writing it.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

West by South

THE opening of "2 by South," a brace of one-acters at St. Clement's, marks the New York début of Robert Altman as a theatre director and also of Frank South as a local dramatist. The plays are monologues—in other words, non-plays—the first being a set of monologues for two, the second a monologue for one. The second, "Rattlesnake in a Cooler," is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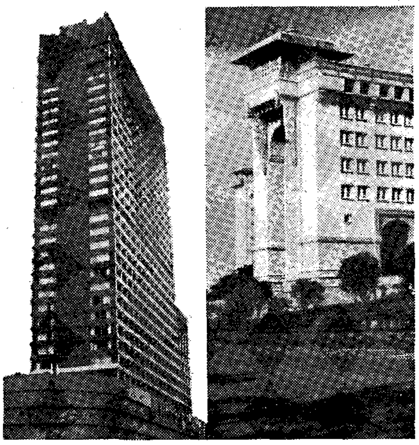

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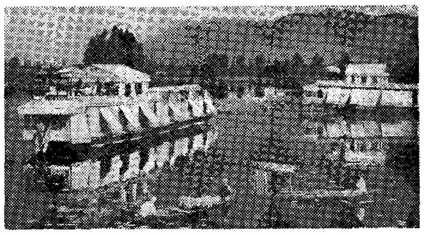

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by far the clearer and more successful, but the performance and production of both go well. "Rattlesnake" is set in a wood cabin out West where a man wearing a cowboy hat and cowboy boots is listening to country music over a radio. A guitarist—a figure of his fantasy—enters and sings one plaintive song after another, and the man, picking up and strumming a broom, joins in, although he becomes more and more annoyed at the gloomy music. The guitarist leaves, and the man, in a rage, kicks and hits the wall. Then, bit by bit, and speaking directly to the audience, he explores his own past. He is a doctor from Kentucky who, on impulse, has given up wife and practice and headed for the West with a dream of becoming a cowboy, unaware of the savagery within himself, which leads eventually to murder. He impersonates many of the people he runs into along the way (Leo Burmester performs this role with great skill)—most notably a crazy cowboy named Jim, whose idiotic brawl in a diner leads to the murder—and he tells an anecdote about some drunks who keep a rattlesnake in a truck as a kind of watchdog. At the end, we realize that the cabin is indeed the cooler, and that it is the speaker who is the rattlesnake.

The curtain-raiser, "Precious Blood" (I don't understand the title), is a very murky piece of work indeed. It's about the events leading up to the rape of a black nurse (Alfre Woodard) by the brother of someone she worked for as a girl (Guy Boyd), and the speakers are the rapist—another garrulous fellow and compulsive autobiographist, but this one a bore—and the nurse. The scene is a house somewhere in Kansas; the action, such as it is, moves back and forth in time; and the speakers' paths keep crossing, but except for the nurse's muted cry of recognition at the beginning they never connect until the rape (which is very well staged). If this synopsis seems confusing, it reflects my own state of mind while I was watching the show, and perhaps my wandering attention. At one tedious stretch, I remember thinking, What hath Sam Shepard wrought? But Mr. South shows none of Shepard's genius for funny, dazzling soliloquies, spoken by any number of Western and Midwestern characters. Nevertheless, I think South is a writer, with some humor and style, although he is very much an overwriter at present. Under Mr. Altman's direction, the actors perform competently, and perhaps no director on earth could clear up "Precious Blood" or make us give a damn about it. Danny Darst is both guitarist and composer, and his songs for "Rattlesnake" are as haunting as they are meant to be. The scenery, by John Kavelin, and the lighting, by Barbara Ling, are of high quality.

IT is the argument of Amiri Baraka (né LeRoi Jones), as set forth in his "Boy and Tarzan Appear in a Clearing"—at the New Federal through October 25th—that the black leaders of the black African countries are as greedy and as indifferent to the needs and suffering of their poor subjects as their white colonial predecessors were, and far more hypocritical. In the first act, which is broad comedy, these white colonials are represented by an aging, paunchy Tarzan and his foolish, overeducated son, and the new blacks by a smooth-talking conniver named Stan, who conspires with them. The style of the second act is serious and realistic, though not without humor. Stan has become Prime Minister; newsreels of parades and protest meetings and street riots appear on a movie screen at the rear of the stage, and nostalgic slogans about how wealth should belong to the workers fill the air. The play as a whole, as you can see, is a political tract, but it is a tract with a difference. Mr. Baraka is a fine writer, whose theatrical invention never flags, and in the persons of a rebellious young dockworker and a girl from a country village who falls in love with him he has created two strong, enduring characters. They are beautifully acted by James Pickens, Jr., and Christine Campbell. The others do well, too, under the direction of George Ferencz, who also designed the settings. —EDITH OLIVER

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AROUND CITY HALL

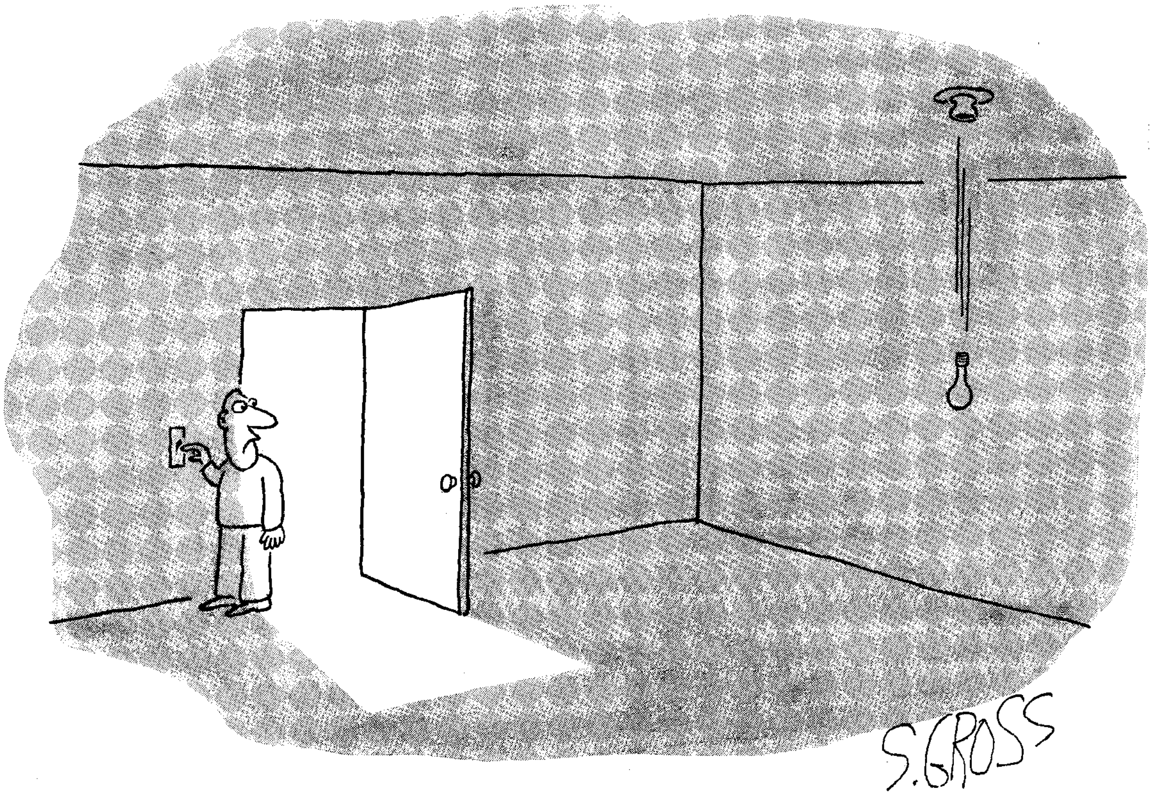
GETTING OUT THE VOTE

THERE was a downbeat tone to most of the published accounts of the eleventh annual gathering of American black leaders which was convened at the Washington Hilton during the last weekend of September, under the auspices of the eighteen members of the Congressional Black Caucus. The formal purpose of the session, as of the ten that preceded it, was to discuss the legislative strategy that would best serve the nation's blacks in the coming twelve months. This year's debate, however, often lacked coherence. Many of the twenty-five hundred participants seemed to be half paralyzed with anger and dismay over the severe cuts in social programs imposed by the Reagan Administration's economic recovery plan, which was to go into effect on October 1st—four days after the end of the meeting. Passed from hand to hand among the visitors was a press release that accompanied the final report of the federal National Advisory Council on Economic Opportunity, which said, "October 1, 1981, will be remembered as a day of infamy, for it will mark the worst massacre of social and human service programs in American history." The National Advisory Council and the Community Services Administration—which instituted Head Start, the Job Corps, and many of the programs for the poor that came into being during the Great Society days—were among the governmental bodies which were to go out of business on the first day of October, the beginning of the first full fiscal year of the Reagan era.

In urging members of Congress to make even deeper reductions in allotments for the poor in order to balance the large tax cuts that were prescribed by supply-side economic theorists and that mostly benefitted better-fixed Americans, the President and his spokesmen referred to "waste, fraud, and abuse" in federal social programs. Frequently cited at the black gathering was a remark by Representative Tony Coelho, a California Democrat, to the effect that "waste, fraud, and abuse" were intended—as many blacks believe is often true of references to "law and order" and to the death penalty—as anti-black code words. In Coelho's view, the phrase was "one of the best code words in politics today," being meant to indicate that it was appropriate for poor blacks and members of other minority groups to bear the brunt of the budgetary reform needed to repair the damaged national economy, since they were responsible for much of the damage. Mayor Richard Hatcher, of Gary, Indiana, declared during the Hilton meeting that the Administration of the new President, who received only fourteen per cent of the black vote in November, was "the most hostile Administration since George Wallace's last one in Alabama."

Another depressing topic at the session was the Administration's late-August announcement that it would sharply decrease the enforcement of federal affirmative-action regulations designed to prevent discrimination against women and against blacks and other minorities—a curtailment that Representative Charles Rangel, whose district includes Harlem, charged would be a signal to those in the private sector that they "need no longer worry about the government looking over their shoulders" and would in most cases be free to go back to indulging the prejudices and biases that come naturally to many Americans. Yet another downer at the Washington meeting was the reminder that, as a result of the new national trend toward conservatism, many white liberal politicians who could once be counted on to back issues of importance to blacks were no longer reliable allies. "As black Americans, the only thing we have is one another," Dorothy Height, the president of the National Council of Negro Women, told the gathering.

A Washington *Post* account of the well-dressed black visitors standing about in the comfort of the Hilton deploring the cuts in poverty programs was headlined "THE GLOOM AMID THE GLITTER." For many there, the *Post* reported, the prevailing atmosphere had been "guilt-ridden, defensive, and subdued." But above a story about the same meeting in the *Times*, whose correspondent had spent much of the weekend with conventioneers from New York City, the headline was "AT BLACK CAUCUS, ELATION



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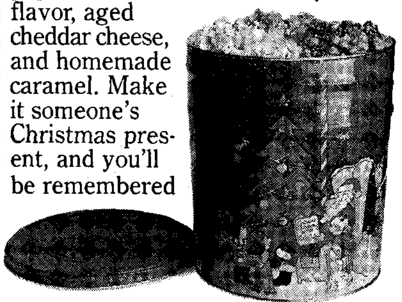

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AND HOPE." The New Yorkers at the gathering hadn't had any inside information that the President's insistence on further austerity measures for the poor would be modified. Nor had they had any good news about prospective federal dispensations that would be helpful to New York. Mayor Edward Koch had said that a major reason he wanted to win the nomination of the Republican Party as well as that of his own Democratic Party in his campaign for reëlection this year was that his doing so would be a boon to the city—that in Washington the President and the leaders of the Republican-controlled Senate would look with favor on requests from a Mayor who had run, as they had, on the G.O.P. line. The Mayor did win the two major-party nominations in this year's September 22nd primary, but some doubt has since been cast on the theory that his new Republican affiliation will mean a special break for New York in the matter of federal largesse. Two weeks after the primary, and a month after the President and the Mayor exchanged compliments on their records in their celebrated Labor Day meeting at Gracie Mansion, local authorities got word from Washington that the Economic Development Administration had rejected the city's request for twelve million four hundred thousand dollars in federal loan guarantees. The guarantees had been the key element in a plan to improve the area around the Hunts Point Market, in the South Bronx, and thus to make sure that at least part of that neighborhood did not live up to its reputation as a worldwide symbol of urban desolation. Prospects for the loan guarantees had seemed bright, since the Koch administration had already received a conditional grant of *two million four* hundred thousand dollars to develop blueprints for the project. Now it appeared that this smaller sum was also lost, as was the whole plan, and that, no matter how life flourished in booming midtown Manhattan, riders of commuter trains looking down on the South Bronx on their way to the suburbs would continue to be reminded of the inside of a decayed tooth. Although in recent meetings the Mayor and Washington Republican leaders had seemed to be in agreement that since Koch took office the name New York has been associated not with fiscal crisis but with fiscal recovery, the E.D.A. reported that it had turned down the loan guarantees "because of our inability to find reasonable as-

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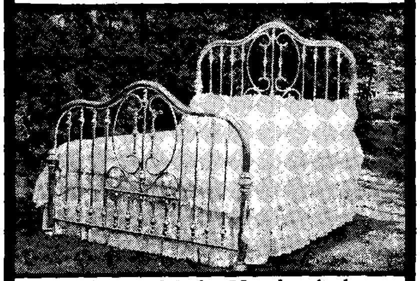

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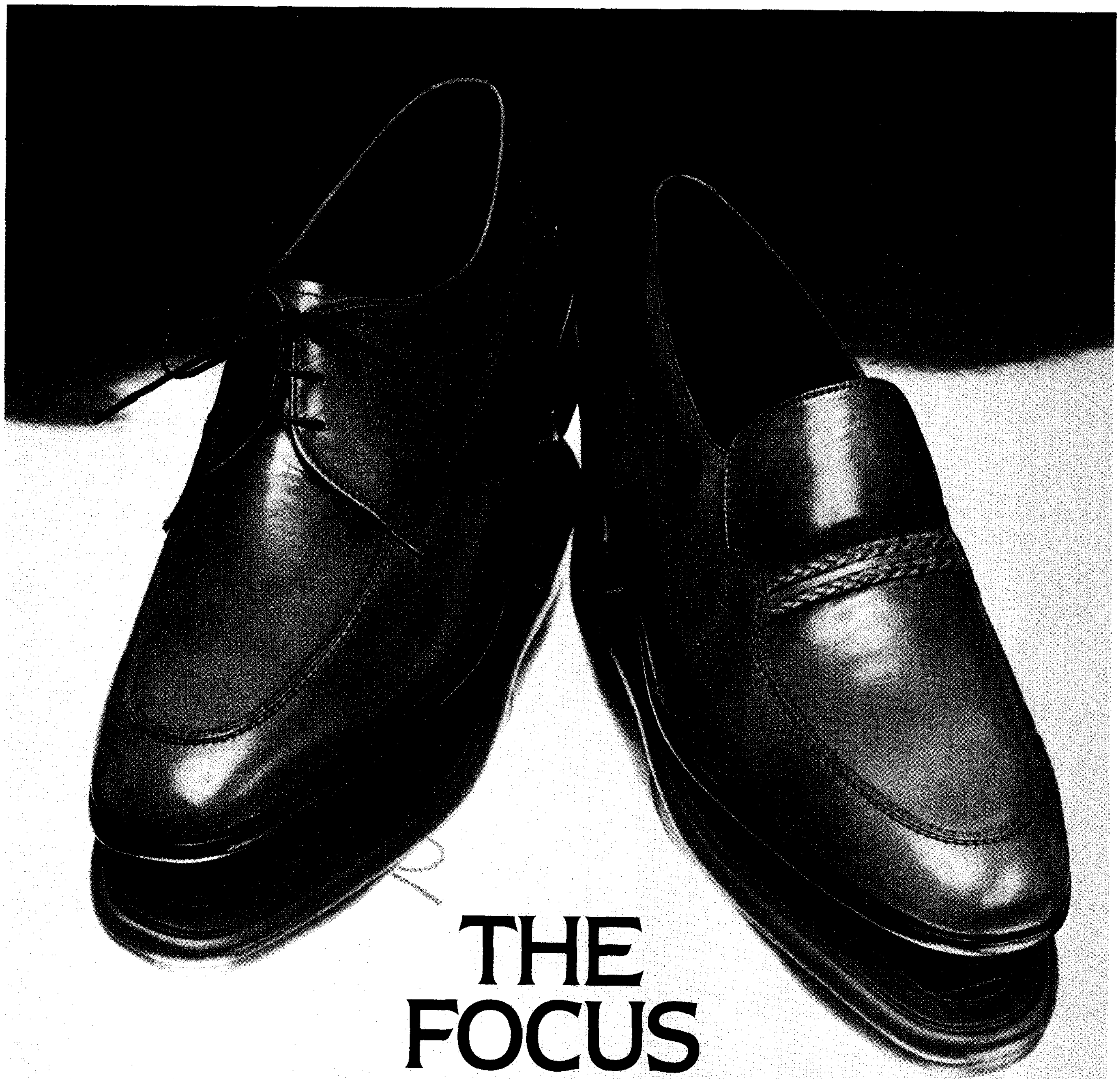

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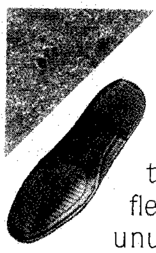

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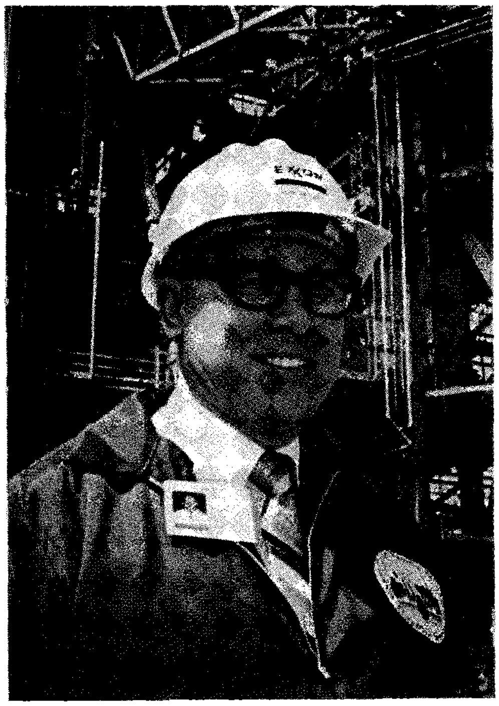

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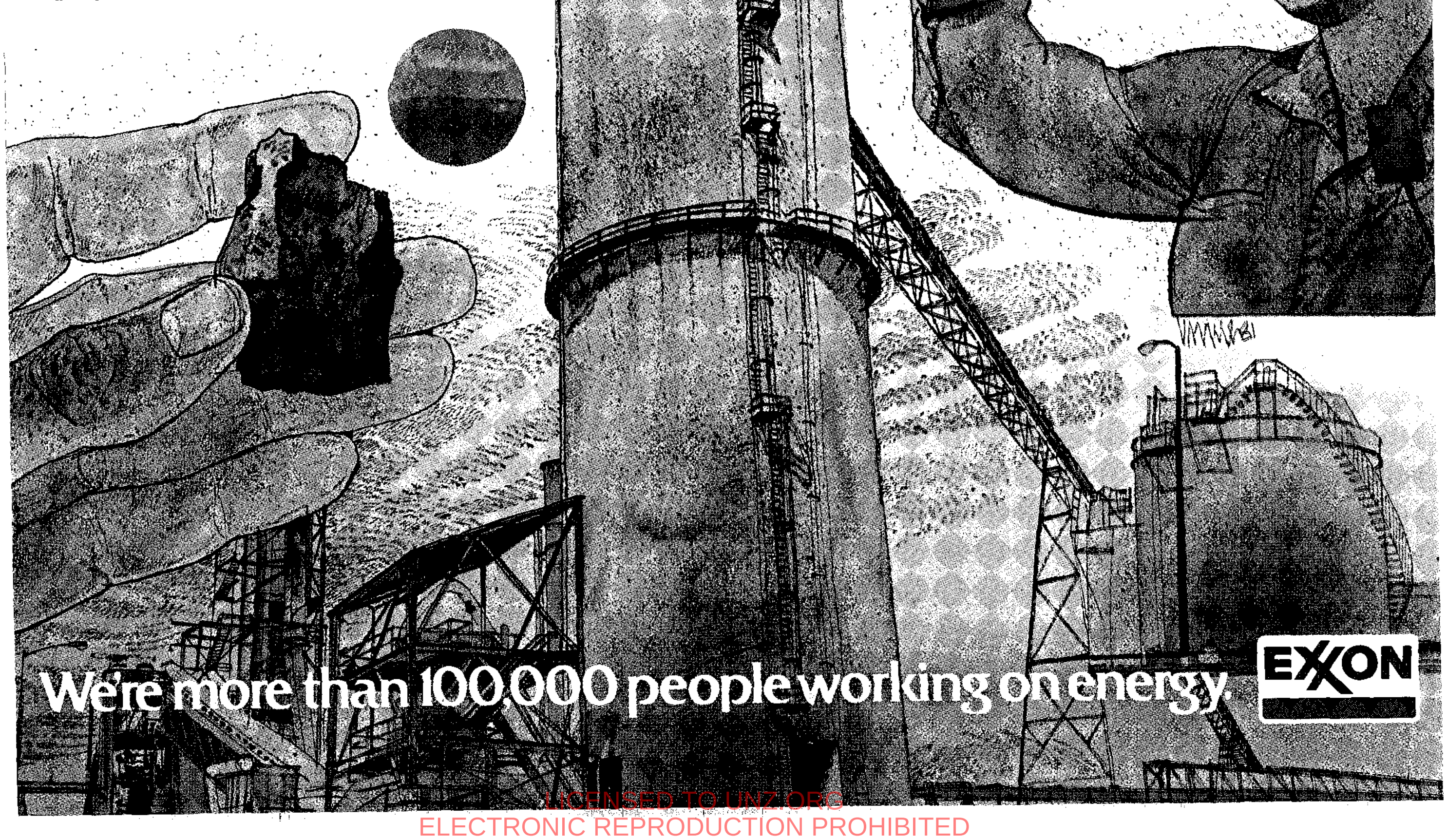
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surances that the loan would be repaid."

The elation noted among New Yorkers at the recent black convention reflected their pride in the black turnout in the September 22nd Democratic primary and the effect it had had. In elections here, blacks have often voted at less than half the rate of many other ethnic groups. Because the primary situation this year had been confused by federal court rulings, a low general turnout of all voters—perhaps only twenty-five per cent—had been predicted. Instead, thirty-three per cent of the registered Democrats went to the polls—a good showing for a primary—and, as blacks will not allow local clubhouse leaders to forget, in two Harlem assembly districts the proportion of voters was far above the average: thirty-seven per cent in one and nearly forty in the other. This uncommonly high black participation shook up the local political establishment, even though it did not result in the election of a single black on a citywide or boroughwide basis. Indeed, it is a measure of the degree to which blacks have been outsiders in the last several years that, excluding the judiciary, there was only one black candidate in last month's primary: City Clerk David Dinkins, who ran for the Democratic nomination for Manhattan Borough President against the incumbent, Andrew Stein. Stein, who is the son of Jerry Finkelstein, a local multimillionaire publisher, had been expected to take the nomination by about the ratio of the relative size of their campaign treasuries—two to one. Instead, Dinkins lost by only eighty-three hundred votes out of a hundred and forty-four thousand cast. At the recent black convention, which Dinkins attended, many blacks from other parts of the country who understood the situation came around to shake his hand. The votes in black Brooklyn districts provided the margin that won former Representative Elizabeth Holtzman the Democratic nomination for Brooklyn district attorney—a victory that is expected to hasten the demise of the present Brooklyn Democratic machine, which had gone all out in support of her opponent, Norman Rosen. The events of September 22nd also ended the tradition that blacks can be counted on to vote automatically for an incumbent Democratic Mayor. Instead, they supported, by wide margins, his Democratic opponent, Brooklyn Assemblyman Frank Barbaro. One Harlem district captain

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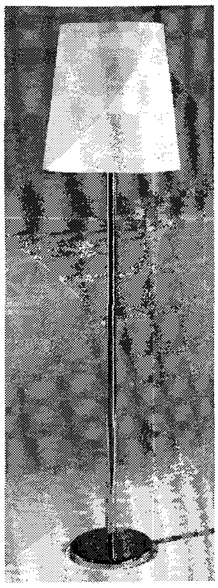

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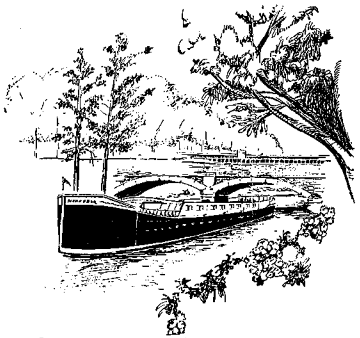
reported that all he needed to do to assure a Barbaro vote was to hum a few bars of " 'Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do."

At town meetings in white middle-class districts since Mayor Koch took office, he has told the audience, "In this administration, the middle class has a friend at City Hall." For the most part, blacks have not felt the same hospitality. Except for carefully orchestrated ceremonial occasions, the black influence at the Koch City Hall has been almost invisible, although the city, according to the latest census, is now twenty-five per cent black. Perhaps because the Mayor spends little time with blacks, he seemed unable to comprehend the anger that some of them felt over his performance during the annual musical satire put on last year by local political reporters—a performance that is often cited in Harlem as an example of his racial insensitivity. During the show, when Koch was asked in a comic skit "Aren't you ashamed of being so hard on minorities?" he said, "But it's for their own good." Later, he elaborated on his right to treat people as he pleased by singing special lyrics to " 'Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do." Since Reagan took office, Koch's relationship with blacks has worsened, because of his chumminess with a President whom they consider their enemy and his insistence until very recently that things would go better for the city if he didn't raise his voice against the Reagan budget cuts. There was no chance that local black voters, relying only on one another, could have prevented Koch from winning the Democratic mayoral nomination last month. Their effect may seem moderate: they reduced his victory margin, but he still took nearly three-fifths of the vote. However, this was a long way from the huge triumph foreseen for him earlier in the year, when it seemed that he might be renominated almost by acclamation.

NO matter how the city's black residents voted on September 22nd, this year's primary was sure to be accounted a notable one in local political history. Before Koch, no Mayor had ever won the nomination of both major political parties. And no previous Mayor had ever been believed to be so popular with New Yorkers likely to vote that in a city of more than seven million people, where the margin of registered Democrats to registered Republicans had long stood



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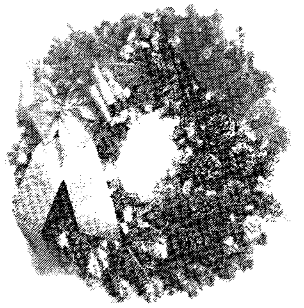

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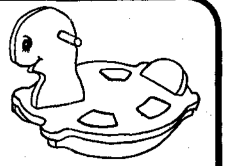

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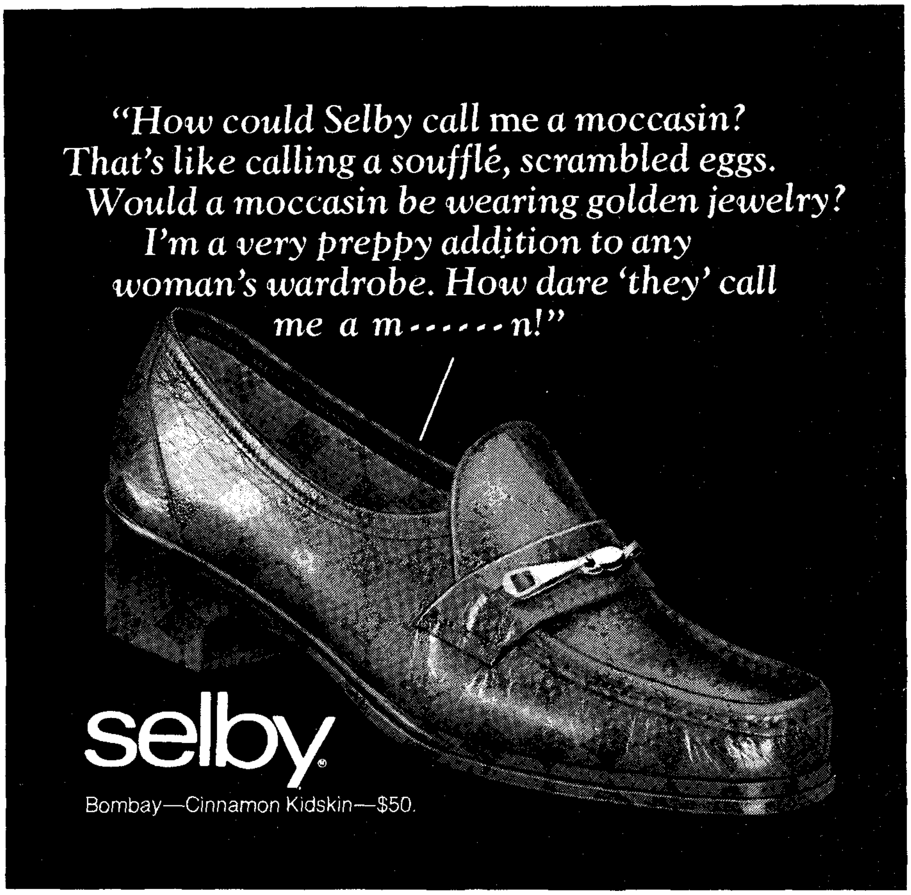
at five to one, no important Democratic politician was willing to risk entering the race against him. Early last February, a group of reasonably prominent New Yorkers, headed by Theodore Kheel, the local lawyer and labor arbitrator, announced themselves as a search party of sorts to persuade someone who had a plausible chance of beating Koch to run against him. In the end, Koch's principal opponent, Assemblyman Barbaro, was a politician whom only a handful of New Yorkers outside his district had ever heard of. On the Republican side, the primary was memorable not only because of the anomaly of its being won by a registered Democrat but also because the leaders of the opposing major party considered Koch such a formidable opponent that the State Republican chairman and four of the five Republican county chairmen indicated their party's support for him early in the summer. There wouldn't have been a Republican primary at all if an intramural squabble in Queens hadn't caused the Republicans there to insist on fielding their own candidate—Queens Assemblyman John Esposito, who was, if possible, an even less well-known member of the State Legislature than Barbaro. Then, in the last hours before the deadline for filing petitions to get on the ballot, Koch's opposition for the Democratic nomination was increased by one: the most implausible candidate of all—Mel Klenetsky. No one seemed able to find a local politician who had ever heard of Klenetsky, doubtless because he was both a quite recent local resident and a quite recent Democrat: in 1978 he had been the Illinois gubernatorial candidate of Lyndon LaRouche's ultraconservative U.S. Labor Party.

The most remarkable aspect of this year's primary remained, of course, the fact that it was what a *Times* headline described as "abridged." It affected relatively few local offices, excluded all City Council races, and took place twelve days after it had been originally scheduled. For the first time in history, a city election had been cancelled by federal-court action. The September 8th ruling by a special three-judge panel, which was unanimously upheld by the seven available members of the United States Supreme Court the following evening, nine hours before the polls were scheduled to open, cancelled the primary on the ground that in redrawing new City Council districts and making related changes the city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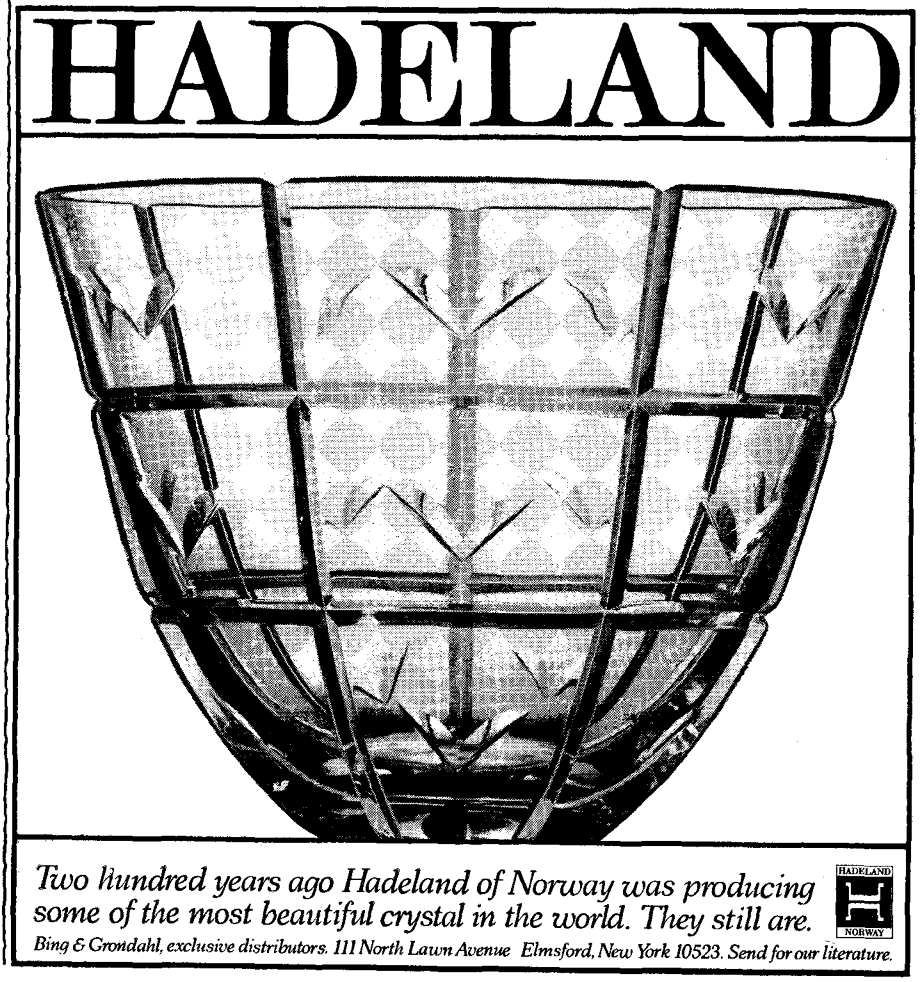
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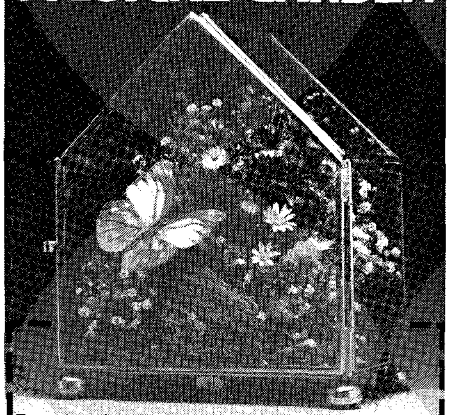

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had failed to comply with the provisions of the 1965 Voting Rights Act. Because of past conditions that were considered to favor or reflect discrimination, three of the city's boroughs—Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx—are subject to the act, which bars discrimination for reasons of race and language orientation. A few days after the ruling, the Justice Department concluded that the city had by then made changes that brought it sufficiently into compliance so that the primaries for Mayor and other citywide offices and for some boroughwide offices could be held—as they duly were on September 22nd. Five weeks after the original primary date, however, City Council candidates still did not know when—or if—they would be permitted to run on those newly drawn lines which had been challenged before the Justice Department and in the courts as having been designed to reduce the political influence of minorities.

Many believe that the courts' willingness to intervene dramatically in the case when even the Justice Department appeared to be backward about pushing the matter was what persuaded some blacks in this city that they were not entirely without allies in the political system, as many of them were beginning to believe, and that asserting themselves at the polls on Primary Day would be worthwhile. The cancellation of the primaries was a reminder that although in the new Washington era many of the old Great Society rights may disappear as a result of legislation or administrative fiat, Americans responsible for complying with civil-rights laws that come under the jurisdiction of the federal courts will still need to worry about one branch of the government looking over their shoulders.

THOUGH there was much about the city's 1981 primary that was out of the ordinary, anyone following the returns in the first few hours after the voting ended might have assumed that the results were just what everyone had expected. Of the incumbents who were running for significant offices, all had been renominated, as incumbents most often are. A landslide had been predicted for the Mayor, and some television reporters threw this term around along with the information, provided by Koch's campaign staff, that the previous record percentages in Democratic mayoral primaries, which Koch would surely beat, were

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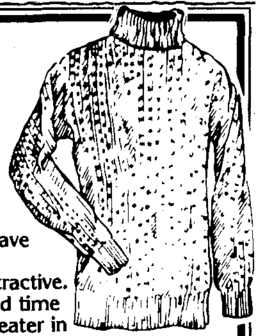

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the sixty and nine-tenths per cent won by Robert Wagner running for a third term in 1961 and the fifty-eight per cent won by Jeremiah Mahoney in 1937. "VOTERS ARE CRAZY ABOUT EDDIE" was the *News* headline the following day over a story reporting that Koch had "easily outdistanced" Wagner's and Mahoney's earlier records. It wasn't clear what would have been proved even if Koch's victory had been as easy as expected, since Mahoney, after his big primary win, had lost to Fiorello LaGuardia in the 1937 general election, and Wagner's 1961 percentage had been achieved under circumstances quite different from those of Koch this year: whereas Koch, who started out as an anti-boss liberal reformer, had the support of all five of the Democratic bosses in 1981, Wagner, who had always been a machine politician, made history twenty years ago by winning his big percentage without the support of any of the five Democratic bosses. When the full count was in, last month's returns showed Koch's percentage in the Democratic primary to be fifty-nine and eight-tenths, with thirty-six per cent going to Barbaro and about four per cent to Klenetsky. Some of those who disbelieved the myth of Koch invincibility were soon commenting that it had been a better year for Mayors in other big cities. In the Los Angeles general election, Tom Bradley had won with eighty-seven per cent of the vote over eighteen opponents. George Voinovich had taken sixty-eight per cent of the total in the Cleveland primary, and in Detroit Mayor Coleman Young had won his primary with seventy-one per cent. Some local political figures who had considered taking Koch on and then backed away were saying that if they had known he would lose this much of the Democratic vote to two political nonentities they might have reached a different decision.

THE Mayor made the mistake of announcing on primary night, "I am very proud to be the Mayor of all the people"—ignoring the substantial number of people who had voted against him. Anyone who doubted whether the blacks had led the way needed only to look at a map that showed the sixteen Assembly districts carried by Barbaro: most of them were heavily black, although Barbaro was less well known to blacks than to white New Yorkers. Harlem's *Amsterdam News*, which estimated that

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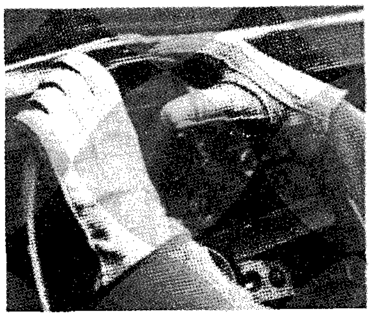

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Barbaro had taken nearly eighty per cent of the black vote, said in an editorial, "Black voters came out to vote against Koch." The editors found evidence for this even in the Republican primary, asking, "How else do you explain John Esposito, an unknown in Harlem, defeating Koch in the primary in Harlem's 71st Assembly District?" The argument of some Republicans that Koch was now more popular with Republicans than with members of his own party seemed to be borne out by the Mayor's margin over Esposito: sixty-six per cent to thirty-four. "You know, the sweetest thing of all was to look at the Assembly District that elects Frank Barbaro," Koch said at a press conference the next day. "I carried it. His neighbors must know him." Barbaro is not as politically agile as Koch—few politicians are—and he did not point out that a similar judgment might have been made about the fact that Koch came within six hundred and ninety-three votes of losing his own Greenwich Village district, and that by far Koch's closest vote in the boroughs was in his home borough of Manhattan, where his margin over the combined votes for his two opponents was less than four per cent.

The Mayor's explanation for the strong black vote against him was that it reflected "historic hostilities" that had been stirred up by, he was sorry to say, "inflammatory" remarks by Barbaro. Early in September, the Assemblyman had said in a radio debate that the Mayor was pandering to "the fears and prejudices within our community" and sending "a subliminal message" to the white middle class "that he is going to put minorities in their place." The Mayor urged him to calm down. In an episode that same day, however, Koch did not sound very calm himself. Surrounded by blacks at a ground-breaking ceremony for a Harlem shopping center, he suddenly turned on some members of the crowd who were complaining in mildly heckling tones that his housing policies favored whites. "There are people who would love to divide us," Koch said. "That is the nature of the swine." Then, deciding that the use of that term was not well advised, he quickly said that there were swine of all races. Later, the Mayor explained that he had used the term to refer not to any blacks who were present but to a white man in the crowd who had said some rude things about a black City Councilman.

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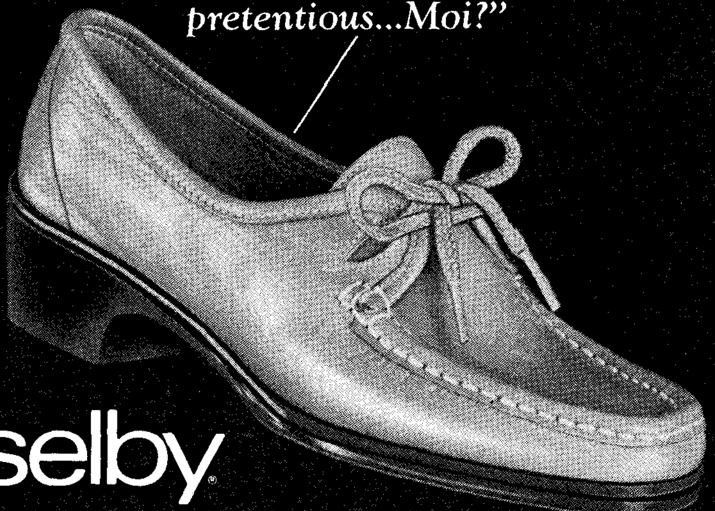
Although there were several *Times* reporters with the Mayor in Harlem, and an account of the swine remark appeared in both the *News* and the *Post*, it was omitted from the *Times*. A couple of weeks later, at a Brooklyn rally, a man named Matthew Weinstein persisted in asking some questions that the Mayor did not like. Possibly to prove that there is no racial discrimination in his use of insults, the Mayor, as several reporters watched, directed at Weinstein the obscene gesture known as giving the finger. His follow-up story this time was that what the reporters had actually seen was the three-finger Boy Scout salute. The *Times* did not report this event, either. One explanation for the *Times* editors' highly protective attitude toward Koch is that they are determined this time to back a winner. A *Times* review may have life-or-death significance for a Broadway play, but the paper has not endorsed a winning candidate for Mayor since John Lindsay—then a Republican—in 1969. Its 1973 choice, State Assemblyman Albert Blumenthal, has left politics and now lives in Westchester County. In 1977, the paper's endorsement went to Mario Cuomo, another loser—though he has since been elected Lieutenant Governor of the state. Moreover, the *Times* has not endorsed a winning candidate in a Democratic mayoral primary since Wagner in 1961. Besides Cuomo, four years ago, its choices over the years were, in 1969 and again in 1973, Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, who is now also out of politics and is engaged in private law practice. (The paper didn't endorse any primary candidate in 1965.)

It may be that this year, when the *Times* finally has a sure winner in Koch, the primary will turn out to have been more interesting than the general election. The large Manhattan vote for Barbaro in the primary will be taken by some as evidence that old-style Democratic liberalism is not as out of style as has been advertised. Across the river in Brooklyn, where general elections are mere formalities, the Democratic-primary results meant that the city would have its first woman district attorney. As Elizabeth Holtzman assumes her new role, she will often be reminded that she owes her election to black voters. By other accounts, however, she also owes it to Koch, who stirred up blacks to get out and vote for her by endorsing her opponent and talking about the

"Don't confuse me with shoes worn on boats, I can't float. And don't take me camping, I'd die in the woods. I belong in a bistro, not in a tent. Other shoes think I'm pretentious...Moi?"



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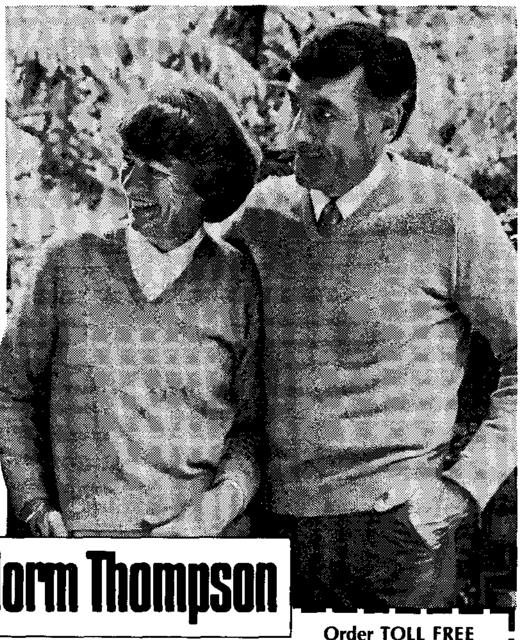

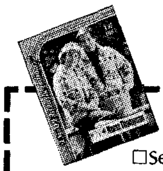

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dangers of her opposition to the death penalty. In a move that may have had nothing to do with the larger-than-usual black participation in the primary, the Mayor openly criticized Reagan on Primary Night and denounced the proposed new federal budget cuts as "unconscionable." Also on Primary Night, the Mayor said of his constant confrontations with the city's black leaders, "I have to reach out more—try to make my case better. It's not pleasant to have any kind of racial divisiveness." He may have to get used to dealing with a whole new, probably less docile crowd. In New York's black community, whose residents still talk hopefully of the possibility of electing David Dinkins as Manhattan Borough President next month on the Liberal Party line, there is a call for fresh leadership in keeping with what they believe is now acknowledged to be their new political strength. In any event, they proved last month—most significantly, perhaps, to themselves—that when blacks feel strongly enough about an issue or an individual the black vote can turn out in large enough numbers so that attention will have to be paid. This is a lesson that will not be forgotten by politicians here, and one that the blacks hope will someday reach Washington.

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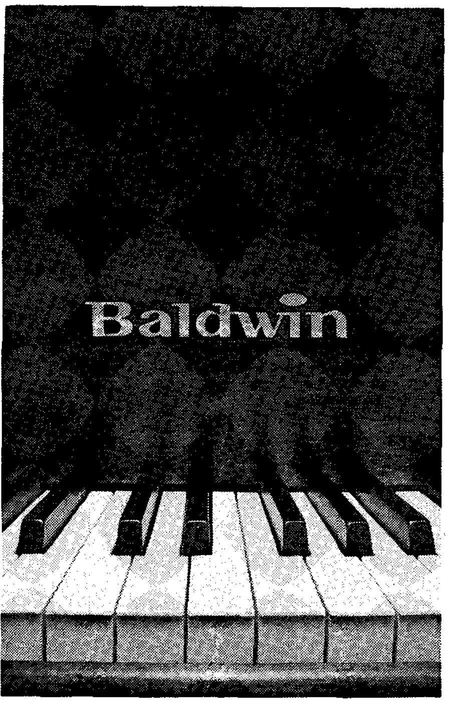
Until the Indians get their rights.



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GYPSIES

DOWN at my grandmother's house, near the river, the gypsies came by and sold us pigeons' eggs. I don't remember if we ate them. Maybe we blew them, pricking a pinhole in each end and blowing out the white and the yolk and keeping the shell to start a collection. It was called Diglis down there, because the land used to belong to the cathedral: *d'église*, in the language of our Norman conquerors. But by the time my grandmother lived there, the land between the old Victorian houses and the river was used as a garbage tip to raise its level so it wouldn't flood each year. And along the riverbank were huge petroleum-storage tanks.

The gypsies came to the new house where we lived the other side of the city, upstream, and tried to sell us clothes pegs—big old-style clothes pegs. They would carve two white pegs of wood from the hedgerow and bind them at the top with a strip of metal, and the two legs of this little manikin would clamp down both sides of the sheet on the clothesline—the crotch gripping tight. The gypsies left signs on gateposts—secret hieroglyphs indicating where a housewife was good for a cup of tea or in the market for pegs. They carried the pegs in big wickerwork baskets, which they made from the willows that grew down the withies.

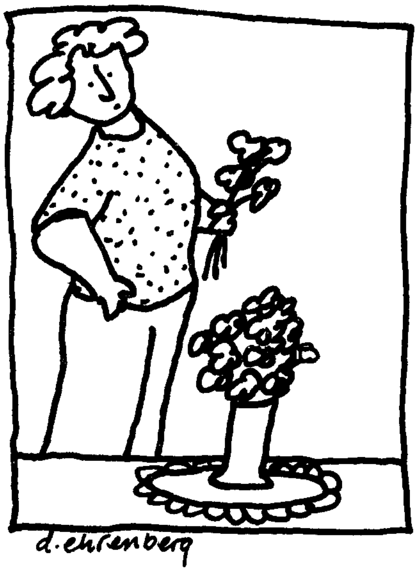
They would come for the picking season—peas and beans and plums and apples and potatoes. Then they would go, no longer wanted. The pubs in town had signs in the windows: "No Cider No Gipsies." Sometimes they read "No Cyder No Gypsies." The women wore long skirts, and scarves round their heads; their faces were browned and wrinkled from the weather, and their mouths had sunk in where their teeth had gone. "They're not real gypsies," people would say. Real gypsies spoke Romany and ate hedgehogs baked in clay. We bought our clothes pegs from Woolworth's—machine-cut, new style, joined together with a coiled-wire spring. Someone found that blind people could make wickerwork baskets quickly and cheaply, so we bought our wickerwork baskets in support of the blind. Now we use plastic pegs that snap and plastic bags that tear, because that's all there is.

But before the monopolies had absolutely won, the gypsies helped me look for my watch up at the horse boat. It was called the horse boat from those days when horse-drawn barges used to go along the river. An old barge had been moored there for the swimmers. But the moored barge had rotted away, and the towpath had crumbled in from the wash of the motorized barges they used for transporting petroleum. You could no longer walk all the way down the river meadows to the city and on through to my grandmother's house. Not many people went to the horse boat anymore; not many people even knew of the spot, which is why I'd left my watch beside my clothes.

Two gypsy boys helped me look for the watch I couldn't find when I got out of the water. We must all have been about thirteen. "It's got a good ticker," they said, spinning the rear wheel of my bike as it lay on the ground by the river. Tick-tick-tick-tick it went as they spun it round. It had a Sturmey-Archer three-speed hub gear—that was why the wheel ticked as it spun. They were more interested in the ticking than in looking for the watch, and it irritated me that they put so much stress on the ticking, which had nothing to do with the qualities of the bike.

I would go swimming up at the horse boat in the summer evenings. It made my parents happy to think I took an interest in manly activities. So I would cycle up to the horse boat and swim around in the river and lie on the bank and read a book and hope for girls—girls in motorboats, girls in canoes, girls on bicycles, girls on horseback—but there never were any.

Somebody must have given me the watch. Maybe it had been Dad's and didn't keep time properly. Neither Mum nor Dad wore a watch anymore. But everyone else around seemed to be getting them, and I wanted to enter that world. This went on for years. I bought a watch at Hong Kong Airport and got hassled by customs coming back into Heathrow. They told me how they knew I'd lied: the back of the watch was shiny new; they get rubbed and scratched after they've been worn awhile. I'd felt no better in front of the policeman who brought the gypsy boys and their toothless mother round for identification. They seemed to be the boys. But there was no watch. The mother kept up a harangue of abuse and denial. I never heard what happened.



I DID once meet a gypsy girl. That was when I was eighteen, nineteen, hitching from home back to Oxford, and gypsies stopped to pick me up in the middle of nowhere in the Cotswolds.

"I was imagining you making love to me beneath an old blanket on the straw in the back of the caravan while the horse clip-clopped through the hedgerows, and I was your gypsy girl," said Lily. "Imagine if I'd met you then."

"It was a Bedford van," I said, "General Motors' U.K. operation. There weren't many horse-drawn caravans around when I was hitching. They just stopped to give me a lift. They didn't kidnap me. They didn't steal my heart. They let me out at Oxford, and I said goodbye to the gypsy family and their gypsy daughter. I did try to wear a watch again, and silver chains round my neck. But the watches would never keep time, as they never kept time for my father. And the chains would blacken and snap. We were a family of puritans and iconoclasts on Dad's side. Cromwell stabled his horses in the cathedral in the Civil War. So I gave up trying to wear watches and chains and things like that."

"Maybe they gave you a secret charm when they gave you the lift, and you didn't realize it," said Lily, "and it's taken all this time to take effect."

—MICHAEL WILDING

•

RELAXATION IN NEW JERSEY

[*From a program of the Nassau Repertory Theatre*]

JYMM MOONEY—Jymm joins the cast of "LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE" after spending a relaxing summer in Cape May, New Jersey, where he played the role of Jesus.

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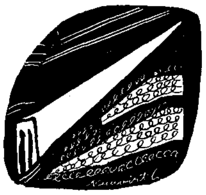


SOMETHING has gone wrong with Robert De Niro's acting. In the 1974 "Godfather II," when he was quiet and almost expressionless he was so intense that he seemed in danger of imploding. Now, in "True Confessions," when he's quiet and almost expressionless there's no intensity—there's nothing. He could be a potato, except that he's thoroughly absorbed in the process of doing nothing. It may be that De Niro took up an intellectual puzzle in 1976 on the set of "The Last Tycoon": How do you act without doing anything? In "True Confessions," he has carried it so far that he's not in the movie. The movie isn't in the movie, either. Ulu Grosbard, who directed, may have got hold of a variant of that puzzle: How do you make a movie that stands still?

There's thriller material in "True Confessions"—the investigation of the late-forties murder of a pretty twenty-one-year-old hooker whose body was cut in two and dumped in a vacant lot—but it's relegated to the background. In the foreground, Robert Duvall plays Tom Spellacy, an L.A. police detective in the homicide division, who finds evidence linking the dead girl to his brother, Monsignor Desmond Spellacy (De Niro), a rising young clerical power broker who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, and to Jack Amsterdam (Charles Durning), a big-shot builder who has been putting up parochial schools and playgrounds. The background and the foreground, which never quite mesh, have a carefully polished, deliberately obscene surface of Irish self-hatred; the idea is to take the lovable Irish brothers of thirties films —James Cagney and Pat O'Brien (and sometimes Spencer Tracy) are the prototypes—and turn them inside out. The characters in a thirties movie often used a recurrent slang phrase that was always good for a chuckle; here the characters speak in phrases that become clichés and are recycled from scene to scene—to demonstrate that they have nothing to say to each other. In this movie, the character who does an Irish jig at his daughter's wedding reception isn't a jolly, tipsy leprechaun; it's the cancer-riddled whoremonger Jack Amsterdam, who has bought his way to an audience with the Pope.

Grosbard and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—have put a damper on the narrative. After a hushed prologue, the titles come on over shots of Des performing the Amsterdam nuptials in a giant cathedral, and the images are inert, as if the director meant to throw us into a funk right from the start. Because of the framing device of the prologue, with the forties story as a flashback, you know that the picture isn't heading anywhere you want to go. And all the way through, Grosbard dulls out the material. "True Confessions" carries hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. It's apparent that Tom doesn't care about solving the murder case, because when he goes to an abandoned porno-movie studio and finds an ant-infested restaurant take-out container with remnants of the food that was also found in the dead girl's stomach, he tosses it back to the ants. He and the movie are after something bigger than who killed the girl or why: the corruption at the top, which for Tom seems to revolve around his brother. Tom doesn't find evidence that could convict the big, bloated Amsterdam for the girl's murder, but he brings him down anyway, and Des with him—wrecks their reputations, "exposes" them. As Tom and the movie see it, the eminent cleric and the respected businessman are contaminated, and Tom, who is repelled by their hypocrisy, has to knock them off their thrones.

This is a very odd movie: it attempts to be both a "Chinatown" and an Irish "Godfather." The details of the general corruption in the precinct and the archdiocese are laid on, one scummy detail after another; you can just about see a hand coming out from the side of the screen and pointing. We learn that Tom used to be "on the take" and despises himself for it, and after a while we begin to suspect that he despises his brother even more than himself. But if it's jealousy or resentment that drives him—if he's angry because his brother can order people around and he has to shove them around—nothing is made of it. A scene in which the two brothers go to visit their senile, childish mother, who's still playing little catechism games—the games that Des bought and has gone on playing—suggests the background of their rivalry. But when they're together everything is internalized. Tom is so locked in that we never get to see how he feels about Des, and De Niro's role is so underwritten that Des doesn't particularly react to Tom, or to anything else. De Niro is in his chameleon trance; there's no light in Des's eyes—he seems flaccid, preoccupied, mourning his lost innocence. What we need to know—what the movie is supposed to be about—is what the brothers are mulling over on their silent, troubled walks, alone and together (and still alone).

Scenes begin with an apparent purpose, but at the slightest puff of air they fall apart and blow away. We see Des in the locker room of the golf club changing his shoes—slowly, as if he were contemplating the wasteland of his soul or getting ready to roll over and play dead. A little later, he comes into his room in the cardinal's residence, takes off the shoes, and gets into his slippers. We wait for the revelation as he takes off his sweater and hangs it up. But that's it—end of scene. There's a standard Hollywood gag about beginning screenwriters who write descriptions such as "Philip Mortimer turns his back to the camera and his face shows all his searing agony." These brothers face the camera, all right, but in spirit they've got their backs to it. (Whenever there was a scene with a window, I found myself looking out.) The only way you can tell that an episode is coming to an end is that soft music starts up. The music, like the whole mood of the film, seems sacramental. When Tom finds the place where the murdered girl was butchered, we half expect someone to come in behind him and clobber him. Something must be about to happen. But no, he looks at the bloody bathtub and the blood-spattered walls and floors—the music suggests a High Mass—and he goes out. Soon he's taking another stroll.

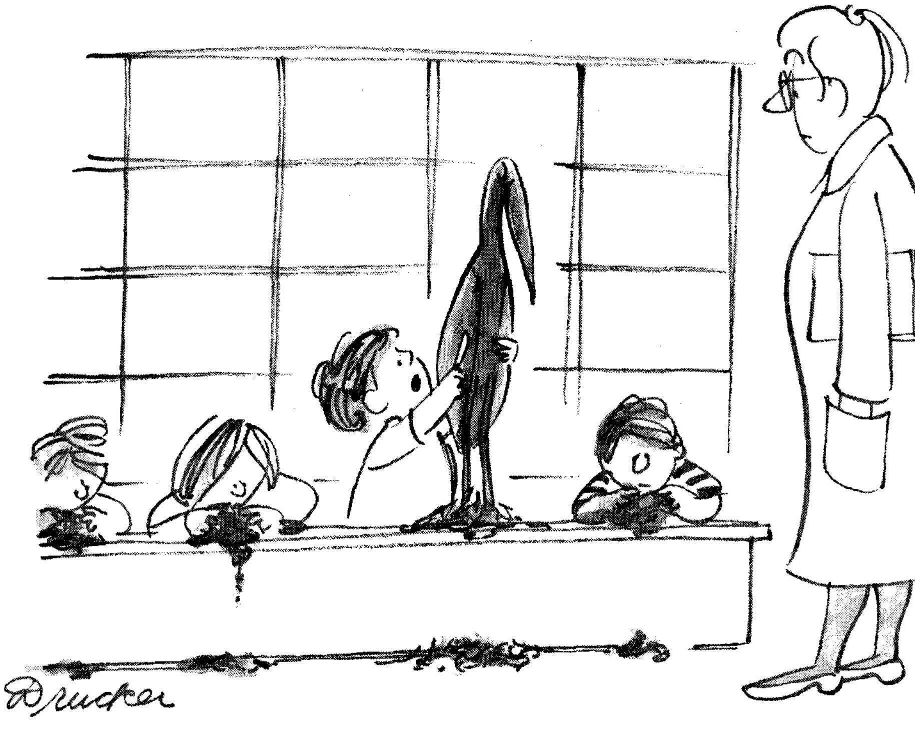
It's clear that Tom's emotions are bottled up. But what emotions are they? Probably we're meant to think that Tom, who was once Jack the pimp's bagman, is so full of festering shame that he wants to show that Des is a bagman, too. He wants to explode the corruption. He's a Catholic version of the terrorist who plants bombs promiscuously—whoever is blown up deserves it for being part of a rotten society. (And if babes in arms get it, that's all right, too, because it will add to the guilt of the guilty.) Tom doesn't care if Des and Jack Amsterdam are innocent of the girl's death; as he sees it, they are guilty of everything that's wrong with the world. In the film's most turbulent scene, Tom, not knowing that his brother's big dinner honoring Amsterdam is a way of paying Amsterdam off and getting rid of him, disrupts the festivities and tears the sash with the words "Catholic Layman of the Year" off Amsterdam's beefy chest.

The visual pun of that sash, with its schoolboy overtones, suggests the naïveté under the film's display of corruption. The details that are piled on all relate to prostitution and payoffs. The death of a priest who has a heart attack in a brothel is treated as evidence of the most sordid and scandalous degradation. The physical relations between Amsterdam, a pillar of the community, and the murdered hooker are viewed as proof that the diocese is a sinkhole. Sex—which non-Catholics might see as the Church's binding hold on its members, the biological instrument by which the Church turns them into sinners and sets itself up as their only means of achieving absolution and redemption—is seen completely in Catholic terms. Implicit in the film's conception is the belief that there is a pure Catholicism tucked away somewhere, waiting for Des to return to it. This true faith is represented by Burgess Meredith, a cantankerous old priest but a man of God; he complains so much about the Church turning into a business that the velvet-gloved tough buzzard of a cardinal (Cyril Cusack) loses patience and packs him off to a parish in the desert, in the middle of nowhere. (No one asks the saintly grouch why he is so innocent of Church history; the film, which endorses his view, appears to have been conceived by a choirboy in shock.)

Tom's intention when he breaks up the dinner can't be to save Des's soul; Tom's clenched, angry face isn't the result of tender brotherly solicitude. But neither Des nor the director ever raises the basic question: Why did Tom set out to destroy his brother? Instead, the film offers the irony that in smashing Des's career Tom actually helped Des find his faith. At the end—many years after the disastrous dinner, years that Des has spent in that same desert parish—Des suggests that he has become a real priest. There's nothing about him that would confirm this, though he does look as if he had been doing a lot more mulling.

For actors it's probably bliss to work with Ulu Grosbard, because he encourages them to take time and space. But on the basis of the four pictures that he has made—"The Subject Was Roses," "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" (that title is reason enough), "Straight Time," and this one—he appears to be a serious director who lacks a film sense. He simply has no feeling for the vital energies that propel a movie. Essentially, he makes films by photographing the performances of actors whom he admires. This almost worked in "Straight Time," because some of the situations and lines were surreally precise and funny, and Dustin Hoffman, playing a paroled robber who would always be a convict at heart, gave a great mean, unyieldingly bitter performance, and Harry Dean Stanton, Gary Busey, and M. Emmet Walsh all had a grip on something new and hip. But even in "Straight Time," with these actors bringing a jumpy dynamism to their roles, the pacing was a drain; you could enjoy the movie more when you thought back on it than while you were watching it. You don't have even retrospective pleasure with "True Confessions," because, for all Grosbard's love of acting (and there are times when you feel that he made the picture to show to acting students), several of the key performances don't hold together in the memory. Or if they do, it's for the wrong reasons. (Rose Gregorio's brothelkeeper who has fallen upon hard days is played for gallant pathos. It's actory acting—the kind that acting classes applaud—and Grosbard pins a "First Prize" ribbon on it.)

Robert Duvall is a formidable technician, and as Tom he's up there on the screen tense and glaring—a pair of sunken eyes in a death's-head. But Duvall is working under a considerable handicap: if an actor isn't given the center of his character—if he isn't given any human motivation—what can he build the character on? I've seen Duvall only once when I thought he was really bad—in his screaming and yelling in "Network." His rip-roaring madness in "Apocalypse Now" was almost too good: there was no higher pitch of madness for the picture to attain—it climaxed out in its first half. But Duvall has a deficiency as a star (it showed in "The Great Santini," as it does here): we watch the performance objectively, *as* a performance—we don't have any special empathy with him. There's nothing about Tom that would make us hold our breath in fear for him—fear of what he might do next. Duvall is a little dry. We're used to seeing him in roles like that of Dan, the lawyer for the archdiocese, a part that is played expertly and selflessly here by Ed Flanders, wearing an innocuous little mustache. If we can easily visualize



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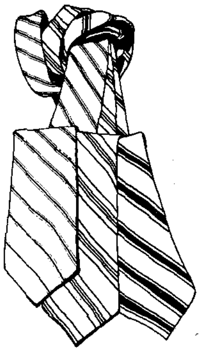

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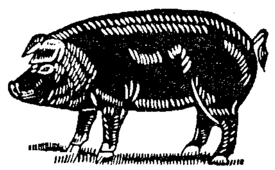

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Duvall as the recessive Dan, that's not just because the part resembles his role in the two "Godfather" movies—it's because Duvall is in some special sense an anonymous, selfless actor. We perceive a "self" in most stars; we don't in Duvall, nor do we want to. There are roles he can do perhaps better than anyone else and without strain—in "Ike" on television, for example. But you can see the confines of each role he plays; he's not an actor who fills out a part and spills over the edges. Nothing flows out of him. When he plays a short-tempered Irishman like Tom Spellacy, there's nothing in his face *but* anger and tension. Aridity in an American actor is so rare that people may mistake Duvall's control for greatness, but he never gets to the point where technique is subsumed and instinct takes over. He has to slug us to get our attention, and he knows it; he has become a pugnacious actor. As Tom, he's consciously determined to mime craziness, but there's no craziness in him; if we're frightened, it's the ambitious acting that's scaring us.

The movie is in a stupor; you have to put up a struggle to get anything out of it. It keeps jazzing us with deliberately "smutty" talk while telling us that we have fallen into sin. It says "Get thee to the desert." The only performance with any juice in it is Kenneth McMillan's, as Crotty, Tom's partner in the homicide investigation. It's a minor role: the fat, despicable Crotty gives Duvall someone to play off—he's there to inspire disgust in Tom. But McMillan spills over and then some. Crotty isn't a shame-filled, cynical sufferer, like Tom, or a baffled, withdrawn sufferer, like Des—he has sides to his character. Sitting in a Chinese restaurant eating food that tastes delicious to him because he doesn't pay for it, he accepts financial tribute from the restaurant owners and leers with pleasure at his own crooked shenanigans. Shrewd and slovenly, with a dirty-bad-boy twinkle in his watery eyes, he enjoys the profits of chiselling almost as much as he enjoys the feeling of being smart and powerful that chiselling gives him. He's the living image of petty graft—and the only likable character. McMillan is the token human being among all these actors carrying their roles like pallbearers.

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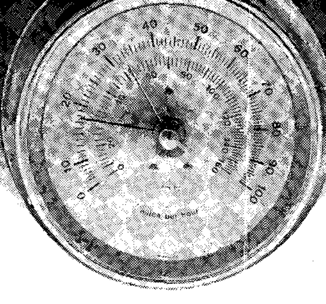

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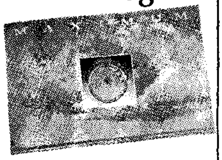

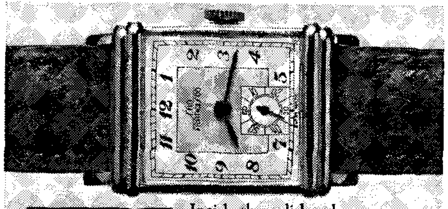

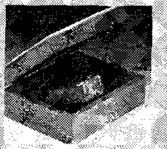

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runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. It's a piece of technological lyricism. The effects calculated to make your spirits soar are the same effects that send you soaring down to the supermarket to buy a six-pack of Miller or Schlitz or Löwenbräu. This film is full to bursting with the impersonal, manufactured, go-to-the-mountains poetry that sells products. The director, Hugh Hudson, doesn't build sequences by internal rhythm, and whether the script (by Colin Welland) was sketchy or Hudson botched scenes and then cut them out, the episodic narrative doesn't make a lot of sense. The picture works, though. It's held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiments, and the audience is there to watch a couple of guys win races.

The two runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, represented here, rather grandly, by Lindsay Anderson and John Gielgud, as a pair of gargoyles—masters at Cambridge who embody the polite, entrenched bigotry of the educated classes. The devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure," and the film is structured so that its big crisis comes when Liddell's qualifying heat is scheduled for a Sunday and he refuses to take part. The film is gimmicky, with too many tricks and lots of dead spots, and the two heroes have no real connection—they barely meet. Abrahams is lucky: he doesn't have to listen to Liddell's right-from-the-heart sermons. We do.

There's one well-staged scene: Abrahams' first date with a young D'Oyly Carte singer-actress, Sybil, who is played by Alice Krige. The scene—supper at a restaurant—feels as if it were shot in one take; the two flirt to perfection, with no break in their excitement. It's the attraction of opposites: Ben Cross (who gives a performance of unusual dignity) has wonderful bones and planes in his long, angular head, and Alice Krige's teasing-cherubim face, under her wide hat, has curly wine-red lips and fresh, full cheeks. Krige may perhaps be doing a little too much with her face, but her cooing, artificial style—a little reminiscent of Joan Greenwood's purring—brightens up the movie, and

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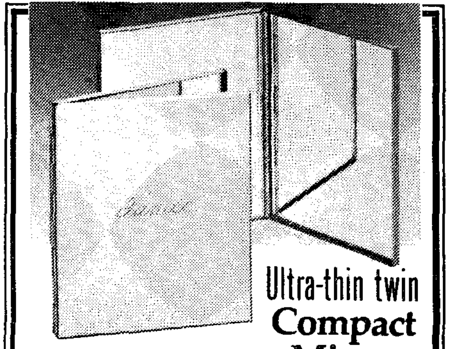

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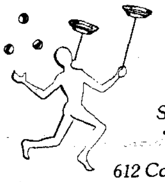

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she's stunning in the early-flapper fashions of the period. (The cinematographer, David Watkin, lights her lovingly.) Maybe this flirty interlude is so tickling because it's just about the only time that the movie isn't making points and congratulating us for responding to its noble perceptions. (Or leaving us bewildered: What is going on in the scene on the grounds of a great estate with Sybil bidding adieu to a handsome young lord? Adieu to what? Why are there so many cuts to the wet-eyed anxieties of Liddell's sister, played by Cheryl Campbell? And after the elaborate fuss about Liddell's not being willing to run on Sunday why is the ploy by which he can run another day skidded over so fast?) The races are generally shot frontally, perhaps with a telephoto lens, so that we see the runners flat on, coming at us, and we don't know who is ahead until the winner hits the finish ribbon. That's when Hudson seems to get interested—at the finish. He's addicted to slow-motion poems of the runners' strain and agony as they collapse.

Produced by David Puttnam, who is widely regarded as the major force in the (coming) revivification of the British film industry, this movie is in love with simple values and synthesized music. Apparently, Abrahams' and Liddell's principal competition—the American runners, played by Dennis Christopher, with his face drawn wire-taut, and Brad Davis, who manages to overact even in a small, almost wordless role—have no goals or beliefs strong enough to sustain them. Abrahams' fight for his dignity as a Jew and Liddell's unswerving faith in God carry the day. It's character that makes the difference between a good runner and a great one, the movie says. Maybe. Character may have something to do with making a good movie, too. I hope "Chariots of Fire" wasn't dedicated, like Liddell's sprinting, to the glory of God, because it looks as if it were thrown together in desperation in the cutting room. It's retrograde moviemaking, presented with fake bravura. "Chariots of Fire" has a mildewed high moral tone, and it takes you back; it's probably the best Australian film ever made in England.

"RICH AND FAMOUS" features those two great underpopulated bodies Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen. They can't dip into themselves and bring out characters; they're simply art objects rattling off lines, and they rattle incessantly in this remake of the 1943 film "Old Acquaintance," which starred Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins. The picture spans about twenty years in the lives of two writers, pals from their college days. Bisset is the tense "modern" artist—blocked, perpetually dissatisfied, self-conscious, hard-drinking. Bergen is the gusher—as a housewife and mother she writes a roman à clef about her Malibu Colony neighbors and then she just keeps pouring out her fantasies and getting richer and richer. When the two women are about forty, Bisset, who has attained literary eminence—she has published one novel and writes small essays for *The New York Review of Books* and *The Atlantic*—is in New York for a few days, staying at the Algonquin, and a young man of twenty-two (Hart Bochner) is in her room interviewing her for *Rolling Stone*. She gets a phone call, and while she's on the phone he stands facing her with his back to the camera, and the focus is held snugly on his bluejeaned rear. (Are we in the audience supposed to be turned on *for* her?) Shortly afterward, an eighteen-year-old boy with an assured grin picks her up on Fifth Avenue, and when he's in her room he strips (wordlessly) with the knowingness of a hot young hustler, slow music is heard, and poor distinguished, sex-starved Bisset can't resist his smooth young flesh. She begins to kiss his abdomen passionately, gratefully. It's gruesomely silly: the tone of the film has shifted from "Old Acquaintance" and "The Turning Point" to The Roman Spring of American Gigolo. This picture might have been *made* by young hustlers.

The *Rolling Stone* fellow, who stays at the Chelsea, delights Bisset's soul by quoting T. S. Eliot on what D. H. Lawrence said, and soon she decides she loves him. Her old pal Bergen, who stays at the Waldorf, encourages her to marry him. (Bergen is meant to be ridiculous, but with an understanding heart. As well as a powerful collarbone—from being yoked to her typewriter?) This picture keeps trying to be savvy. In 1969, Bisset, making a speech in the course of being honored at U.C.L.A., refers to "a dear old man, James M. Cain;" that night, after a party in Malibu, she listens to Bergen reading her drivel aloud and then angrily spouts off. Sample: "In Paris, in France, they had a guy who was, for the record, both homosexual and a Jew, who wrote a seven-volume book they continue to refer to as a masterpiece, who was

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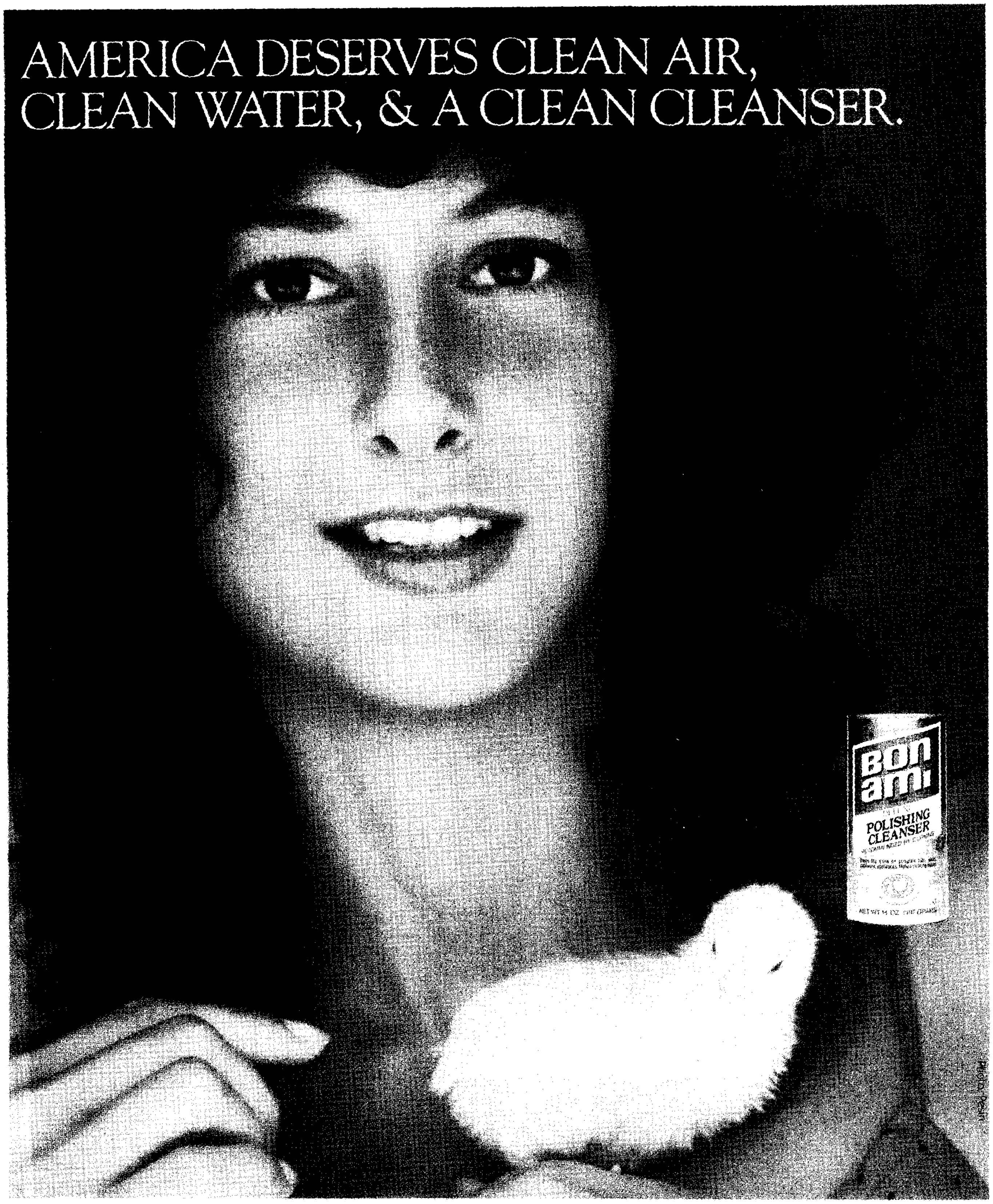

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such nitroglycerine in the head he had to hide out in a cork-lined room or he'da gone up in shrapnel."

It's a hopelessly demented movie. Bisset doesn't seem to have any notion of how puffed up her lines are; she reads them all straight and all with the same intonations. If she doesn't know that the picture is a comedy, this may be because Gerald Ayres, who wrote the script, seems to mean everything she says. Her character is intended to be fearfully intelligent, and so the bland Bisset is unvaryingly intense, and her English accent sounds heavier than usual—maybe because in playing an intellectual she wants to be clipped and precise. Bergen is much the livelier, but her caricature of a shallow bitch is too busy. When Bergen's husband leaves her after fifteen years, you see her attempting to be comically hysterical. Candice Bergen was surprisingly funny in her rather small role in "Starting Over" (she gave the film its only surprises), but she's trying too hard here. Overdressed, in the manner of a younger, American version of Barbara Cartland, she heaves in sight like a ship in full sail. She's a good sport rather than an actress, though she probably does as much for the role as anybody could.

"Rich and Famous" isn't camp, exactly; it's more like a homosexual fantasy. Bisset's affairs, with their masochistic overtones, are creepy, because they don't seem like what a woman would get into. And Bergen is used almost as if she were a big, goosey female impersonator. Directed by George Cukor, this movie has an unflagging pace, but it's full of scenes that don't play, and often you can't even tell what tone was hoped for. (When Bergen, on "The Merv Griffin Show" to plug a book, is asked what she tells her fourteen-year-old-daughter when the girl thinks about boys, she says, "I tell her to go ride a horse," and she smirks as if she had been very clever.) Just about everything that's said or done is at least slightly off. This movie wants to be about what Bergen's best-sellers are about: celebrity sex. But it admires the Bisset character's highfalutin literacy. It's a tawdry self-parody.

—Pauline Kael

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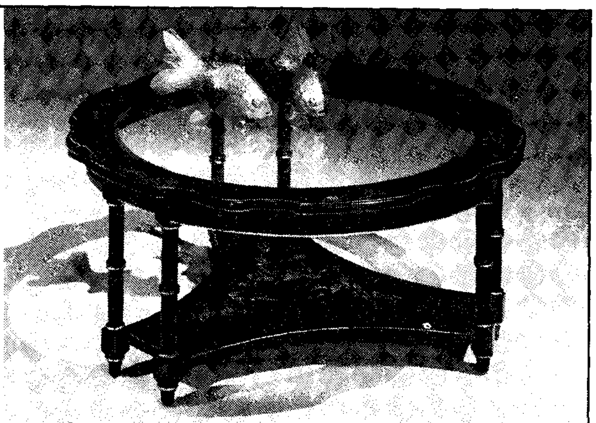

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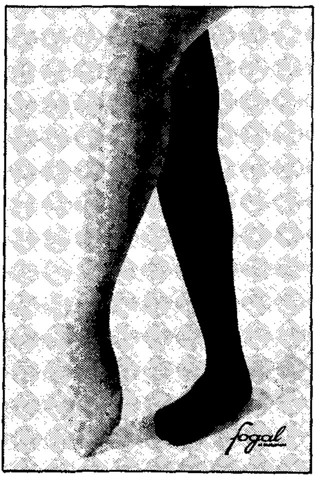

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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AN enthusiasm for old music played on old instruments runs, rather surprisingly, through the pages of Bernard Shaw's collected music criticism. In 1894, between reviews of the Handel Festival (with Melba, Albani, Santley among the soloists) and Covent Garden's latest new opera, Shaw hailed the birth of Arnold Dolmetsch's first clavichord "as, on a moderate computation, about forty thousand times as important" as either. The year before, he had remarked that "if we went back to the old viols . . . and the old harpsichords, I suppose we should have to begin to make them again" and was concerned lest they be designed for ears dulled by the daily racket of "passing trains, factory hooters, fog signals, and wheel traffic." He had heard "a new harpsichord manufactured by a very eminent Parisian firm of pianoforte makers," and "not only did it prove itself a snarling abomination, with vices of tone that even a harmonium would have been ashamed of, but it had evidently been deliberately made so in order to meet the ordinary customer's notion of a powerful and brilliant instrument." Low volume, allied to fineness of detail, was something Shaw valued. He complained keenly of the sonic trespass committed by neighbors owning an iron-framed modern piano, or even a modern fiddle, "a terribly powerful instrument in neighborhoods where only millionaires can afford to live in detached houses." ("How much pleasanter it would be to live next to Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, with his lutes, love viols, and leg viols.") Low volume, however, was but one advantage of the new-old instruments. Low cost was another; Shaw reckoned that a clavichord, "an individual work of art," could be made and sold for the price of a fourth-rate mass-produced piano. But the principal merit was musical. "Above all, you can play Bach's two famous sets of fugues and preludes, not to mention the rest of a great mass of beautiful old music, on your clavichord, which you cannot do without great alteration of character and loss of charm on the piano."

That was nearly a hundred years ago. Today, many things are better, and some worse. Brutal harpsichords of the kind Shaw deplored continued to be made but are now generally discredited. (Some linger on in concert halls and opera pits, and are still needed for a few contemporary concertos composed with their qualities in mind.) Skillful, loving reconstructions of musical instruments of the past are common, and original old instruments are sensitively restored. Techniques for sounding the instruments are mastered, and "authenticity" need no longer suggest faltering, scratchy tone and rocky intonation. The phonograph has, on the one hand, caused domestic intrusion far worse than any Shaw suffered—the sledgehammer thump of amplified rock bass—but, on the other hand, it has made the sounds of earlier centuries widely available. The musician who prefers to hear Bach's cantatas, Mozart's symphonies, Beethoven's piano sonatas played on instruments their composers would have recognized can now readily do so. And corresponding live concerts, particularly in university towns, become commoner.

Attempts to recapture the sounds composers had in mind loom large in the music-making of our day. The early-music movement Shaw welcomed has moved on into the Classical period. Performances of Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's, Schubert's keyboard music on light, clear Viennese keyboard instruments are no longer rare, and their music can be played as it was written—not adapted in various ways to the sonorities of a modern grand. At the other end of the century, in the late-Romantic orchestral repertory, portamento is beginning to return. Perhaps gut E strings on the violins will follow—or will protesting animal lovers prevent it? Adrian Boult thinks that orchestral string tone was ruined when steel E strings became standard. But more than a hundred seven- or eight-month-old lambs, Grove says, must be slaughtered to provide a single double-bass string, and "September is the month for fiddle-string making." A return to the old, balanced orchestral seating plan, which Boult is one of the last conductors to uphold, would help to re-create authentic late-Romantic sound with less bloodshed. With the Oakland Symphony, Calvin Simmons has made a start; his first violins sit right, his seconds left. But for music of the mid-nineteenth century—the Romantic age, which provides pianists with a great part of their repertory—less has been done. There are a few recordings; on a Oiseau-Lyre disc, for example, Malcolm Binns plays Chopin's Barcarolle on an 1847 Broadwood such as Chopin himself played at his last recital, in London. And earlier this month Kenyon College, in Gambier, Ohio, organized a two-day symposium entitled Erard vs. Steinway, whose participants were able to test the aptness of Romantic pianos to Romantic piano music with their own ears and fingers. It was an event to set people listening and thinking. The choice of instrument for Schumann's keyboard music, Malcolm Bilson once remarked, is even more crucial than for Beethoven's, "because as pianos developed, and as pianistic style developed, they became ever more interrelated." "The Book of the Piano," a handsomely illustrated anthology edited by Dominic Gill and just published by the Cornell University Press, contains an acute and stimulating essay by Charles Rosen on "The Romantic Pedal," and there he analyzes specific Schumann passages showing how "the sonority of the piano has now become a primary element of musical composition, as important as pitch or duration. Not since Couperin and Domenico Scarlatti had the actual sound of a keyboard instrument provided the basic material of music."

There is, of course, no single "right" Romantic piano. Liszt enthusiastically and promiscuously endorsed many different brands in the course of his long career but seems to have been most faithful to his Erards. Other composers had their favorites. A few miles from Gambier, there is a farmhouse jam-packed with a wide variety of pianos—the collection of Edmund Michael Frederick. Among the instruments is a mid-century Pleyel such as Chopin favored, preferring its tone and touch to the more sophisticated action of an Erard. (Clara Schumann agreed with him, to judge by a letter she wrote to Robert in 1839: "If only I knew how to begin playing on a Pleyel without offending Erard, who has shown me every possible kindness.") There is a Streicher grand of the late sixties, twin to the instrument Brahms owned; essentially it is a Viennese fortepiano built large, with a wooden frame, though iron-braced, and with Viennese action. (Schumann and Brahms, Grove tells us, "never wavered in their allegiance to the Viennese piano.") There is a series of London Erards, dated 1850, 1856, and about 1873, and an 1893 Paris Erard such as Ravel owned and composed for. Visiting, hearing, and playing upon this collection formed the centerpiece of the Kenyon symposium. It opened with a demonstration and discussion in the college's concert hall at which three pianists—Raymond Dudley, Charles Fisk, and Paul Posnak—moved between the 1856 Erard and a modern Steinway grand, playing extended passages now on one, now on the other. Mr. Frederick and Benjamin Wiant, a piano restorer and piano connoisseur, were on hand to answer technical questions. Then, on the second day, Mr. Dudley played a full recital on the Erard, of Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt.

PERHAPS *un peu d'histoire* may be helpful here. In 1859, in New York, the firm of Steinway more or less invented the modern grand piano, with its solid cast-iron frame and its "over-stringing." (The bass strings cross the frame diagonally, lapping the tenor strings.) Steinway's strings were thicker and under very much heavier tension than those of earlier instruments; the hammers that struck them were much larger and heavier. The result—for technical reasons that need not concern us here—was a great increase both in volume and in sustaining power. The strings could be more energetically activated, and their disposition on the soundboard allowed the energy to be discharged gradually—whereas in earlier pianos an initial, sharp impact sound is followed by a swift "decay" and a softer, subtler afterglow. The loud, "singing" Steinway triumphed at the Paris 1867 Exposition, and many European manufacturers enthusiastically adopted the "American system." Not all, and not some of the most famous. All the pianos in Mr. Frederick's collection are "straight-strung" (the strings run parallel down the cases), and all have composite frames of wood or of wood braced with iron.

Liszt invented the modern piano recital. Liszt, Chopin, and Schumann can be said to have invented modern piano writing. And their music is bound up with the instruments it was written for. But which instruments suit it best? Roughly speaking, there are two views. According to the Liszt scholar Alan Walker, "only when the great firms of Steinway and Bechstein produced their powerfully reinforced instruments in the 1860s did the Romantic repertory of the 1840s come into its own." Wagner took things further when in an 1879 testimonial to Steinway he declared:

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But who thinks that way about Bach now? Who will think that way about Chopin once he has heard Chopin's music rendered in the gentler tints and finer, thinner lines drawn by a mid-century Pleyel such as Chopin played? In the Erard vs. Steinway demonstration-discussion at Kenyon, the earlier instrument won every round but one: Charles Fisk suggested—and demonstrated—that on the powerful Steinway it is easier to begin Schumann's F-Sharp Minor Sonata in a broad, grand way suggestive of the large events to follow. But Mr. Fisk, who had initially been invited to Kenyon as a Steinway champion, had discovered, he said, that the more he played on the Erard the more his arguments fell away and his loyalties altered. So it became a somewhat lopsided "match"—a clear win on points for the earlier instrument. The burden of the three pianists' comments and demonstrations seemed to be: it is usually possible on the modern Steinway to simulate the effects the composer intended, but in order to achieve them adjustments—to directions for pedalling, dynamics, indications of touch, even suggested tempos—have to be made. On the Erard, with its cleaner sounds, its more complicated timbres, its sharp attack and swift decay, the composers' original piano writing is idiomatic, natural. Pedal marks such as the one in Chopin's A-Major Prelude which Robert Collet (in "The Chopin Companion," edited by Alan Walker) deems "very risky" reveal their sense. Melodies stand clear of their accompaniment. Everything falls into place. Passage after passage—the second of Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze," with its sighing motif, the start of "Faschingsschwank," Chopin's C-Minor Nocturne—made the point, and Mr. Dudley clinched it by playing the huge climax of Liszt's "Funérailles" on the Erard with tremendous effect. Conclusion: pre-Steinway piano music is best played on a pre-Steinway piano.

A TIDY and satisfying conclusion! I wish I could leave it at that. But the final recital disturbed it, bringing reservations and riders. Not Mr. Dudley's fault: his playing was large, sensitive, romantic, now rapt, now fiery. He knows Erards, for he

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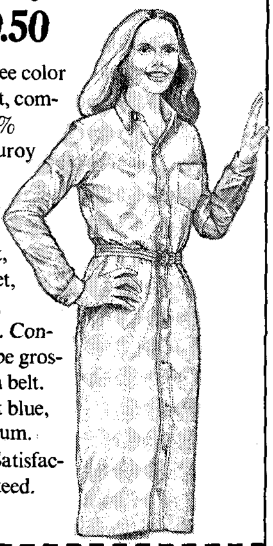

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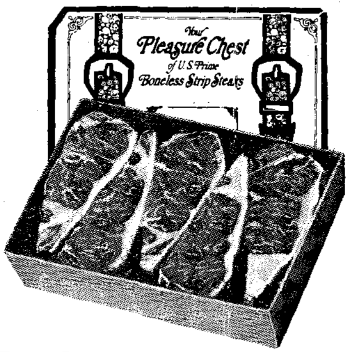
owns one himself, and in a program that spanned forty years of Romantic literature—Schumann's Arabesque and Fantasy, a group of Chopin mazurkas and the Barcarolle, Liszt's "Funérailles" and "Mephisto Waltz"—he showed all its abilities. The mazurkas—Chopin's most intimate music—were perhaps most beautiful of all. At the start of the Schumann Fantasy, the passionate left-hand figure could surge unsubdued and sustain the big melody without swamping it. The Barcarolle's cantabile thirds floated lightly on the lapping left-hand figure. "Mephisto" took on a new snap and sparkle. Erard tone is less homogenized than Steinway tone; Steinway deliberately sought, achieved, and was lauded for evenness. Evenness is often a virtue—but not necessarily so in music that presumes distinct shadings in the different registers of a keyboard.

Why, then, the reservations? They were caused by physical factors: the size of the hall—a lofty six-hundred-seater, with a seating plan not intimate—in relation to the Erard's volume, and the state of the instrument itself. Erards carry well. Liszt played them in the Drury Lane Theatre and the Paris Opera. H. R. Haweis heard one at the 1851 Crystal Palace Exhibition (where Chickering displayed a straight-strung grand with a solid cast-iron frame):

> I remember perfectly well falling into a kind of dream as I leant over the painted iron balcony and looked down on this splendid vista. The silver-bell-like tones of an Erard—it was the thousand-guinea piano—pierced through the human hum, and noise of splashing waters, but it was a long way off.

Yes, Erards carry. But, it seems, they do not fill an even fairly large hall with big, big sound as Steinways can. At the Kenyon demonstration, in an audience vote of preference after Mr. Dudley had played the start of the Fantasy on both instruments, the one hand lifted in favor of the Steinway appeared in the gallery at the back of the hall. I sat there for part of the recital and missed, in the middle movement of the Fantasy, that sense of extra power in hand which can make the triumph march so exciting. The "Funérailles" climax heard in the body of the hall also proved less overwhelming than at the demonstration where I was close to the piano. As for condition: the Erard, a hundred and twenty-five years old, had been lovingly tended, but I doubt whether even its owner would claim it as the smoothly efficient, utterly reliable piece



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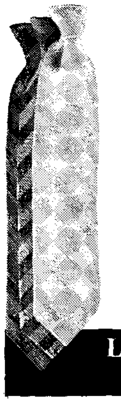

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of machinery that a modern Steinway in peak form can be. Perhaps there will be a move to build new Romantic pianos, as now we do new fortepianos. They would be very expensive: the detailed craftsmanship inside the Erard, Mr. Frederick said, makes the insides of a modern Steinway look like dime-store work.

One further, rather technical point: not the least of Steinway's achievements was to "tune" his strings—a complicated matter, depending on where they are placed and where they are struck—so that the sound of unwanted natural harmonics is minimized. At the 1867 Exposition, Berlioz admired not only the Steinway's "splendid and noble sonority" but also the near-elimination of the "terrible resonance of the minor seventh" that afflicted the low notes of other pianos. This resonance occasionally sounded from the 1856 Erard: a curious seventh-ghost, for example, hung over the E-flat chord that ends the middle movement of the Fantasy.

No open-and-shut matter, then. Things to be said on both sides. And practicalities to consider. For a centuries-spanning program, a good Steinway is surely the best all-purpose single instrument. For large Romantic music in a large hall, it may well be more satisfactory. And perhaps even for large Romantic music in a fairly small hall—at least, to ears still habituated to modern sound levels. But something that would be most welcome, valuable, revelatory—the Kenyon symposium proved it—would be abundant recordings of Chopin played on a Pleyel, Liszt and Ravel on an Erard, Brahms on a Streicher. Pianists, whatever their own instruments may be, would learn much. (Not all have Horowitz's apparently instinctive genius for making his Steinway sound like just about any kind of piano he wants it to be.) So would all listeners. I doubt whether anyone left the symposium without a feeling that some long-familiar pieces had been met at last on their "home ground," had been seen at last in their true colors, and had revealed new aspects of their characters in the encounter; or without thoughts that will color the way he next plays or listens. Records are revealing, live experiences even more so. Mr. Dudley plans to bring both a fortepiano and his Erard along with him to New York when he comes to give a recital in the Merkin Concert Hall next May.

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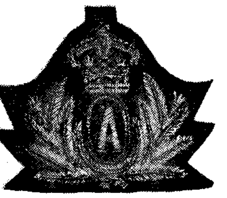

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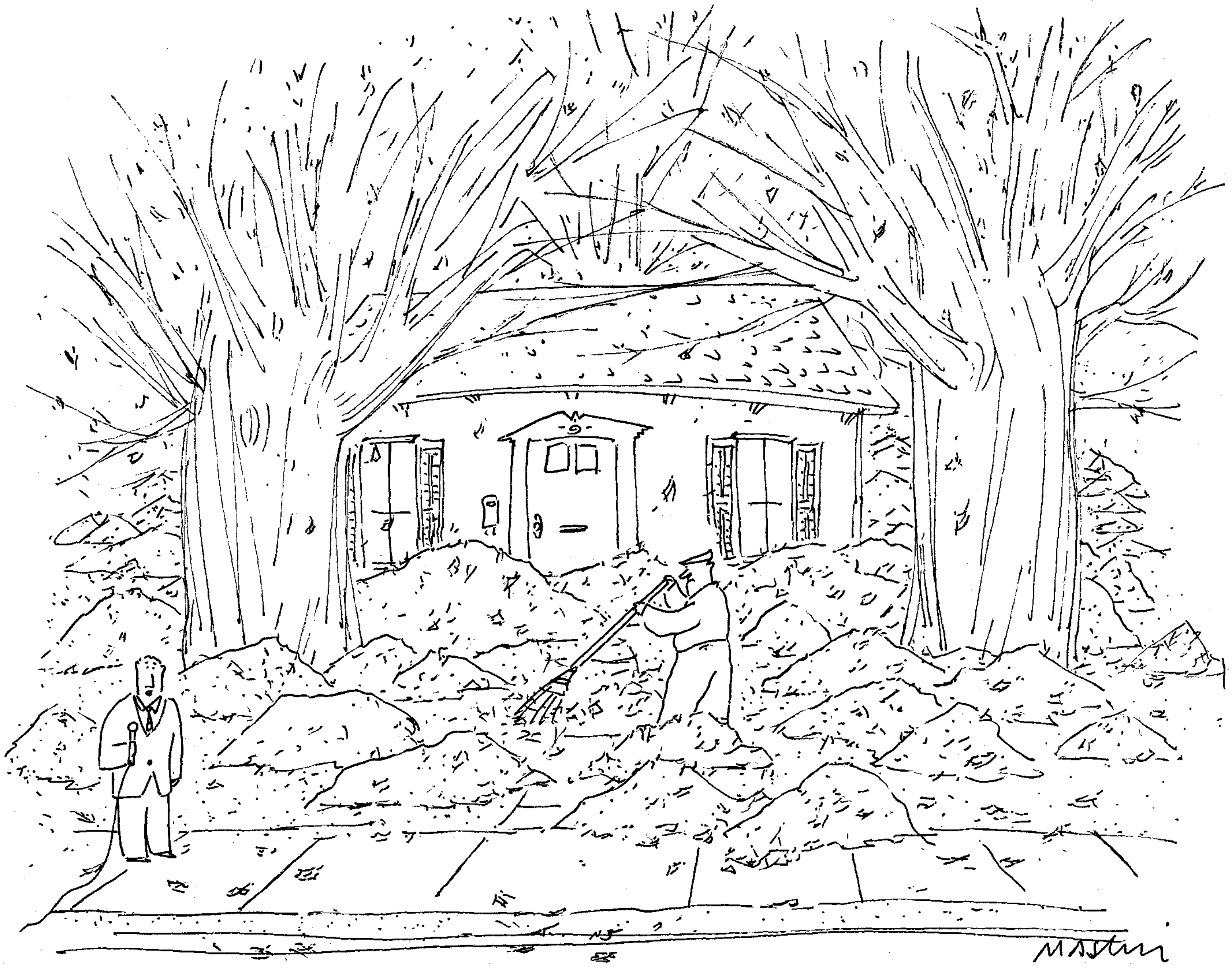
LETTER FROM LONDON

October 15

THE two big out-of-town political-party conferences, which every October harvest the opinions of ardent laborers in the grass roots and give outsiders a chance to form their own views on how things are shaping up in the country, were of exceptional interest to all this year. Both the Labour conference, a fortnight ago in Brighton, and the Conservative gathering, this week at Blackpool, were critical of their leaders—and critical for them—and had been awaited with intense excitement and anxiety by the parties. Most people think that after Margaret Thatcher has been loyally cheered to the echo at Blackpool, the Conservative delegates will head home to their constituencies with none of their nagging worries about unemployment and the management of the economy really answered. Certainly there is no agreement on whether Brighton showed Labour in a far stronger position as a credible future Government or simply offered depressing proof that nothing had changed but that a great deal in the party prospectus was extremely alarming. Ever since Denis Healey was reëlected deputy leader by the narrowest of squeaks over Tony Benn, and—far more important—several of Benn's adherents were slung off the National Executive Committee, the losers have been proclaiming that their hero may have been temporarily knocked out but that his remarkably efficient organization of young activists, who so nearly pressured his way to victory, is alive and well. In spite of all the talk about unity and democracy, and although the conference rose to acclaim Labour's leader, Michael Foot, after his big speech, it could not conceal that its great, warm, untidy constituency heart still belonged to Tony Benn. Jim Callaghan, Michael Foot's predecessor, who sat in the body of the hall listening to the speeches with the tolerant expression of an old leader who was thanking his stars that he was no longer up there on the platform, observed in an out-of-conference burst of candor to an interviewer that conferences were never as long on thinking as they were on feeling. It was the kind of paternalistic remark that infuriates the left wing, which had engineered the divisive new electoral rules giving the unions their crushing block votes—the greatest share—and also giving the party faithful, for the first time, an equal say with the hitherto all-powerful elected Parliamentarians in choosing the leaders. Nobody was surprised that in its first tryout the system very nearly cast up a Benn.

The BBC always gives impartial marathon reportage on the party conferences, as it does on the night of a general election, and with much the



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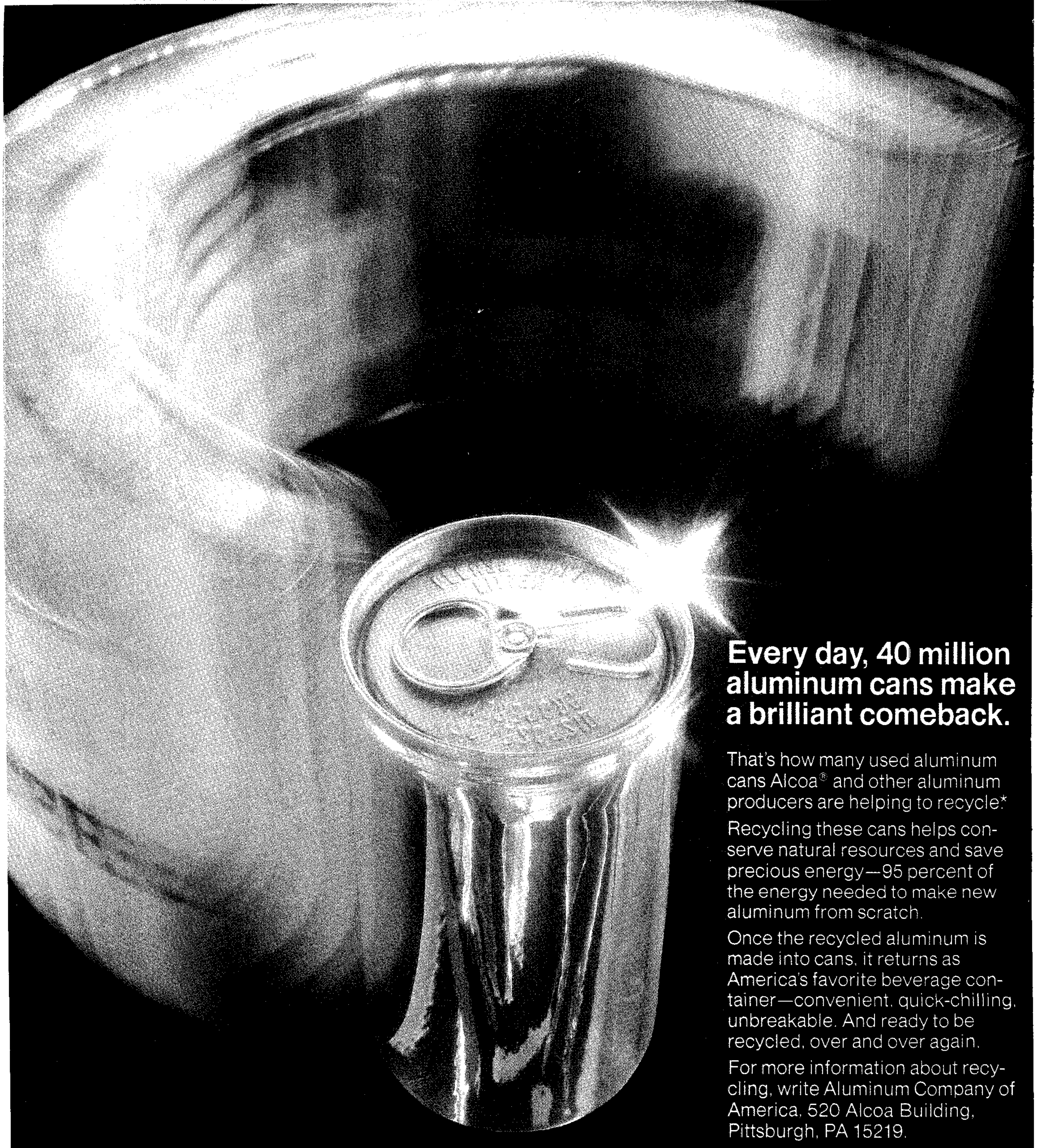

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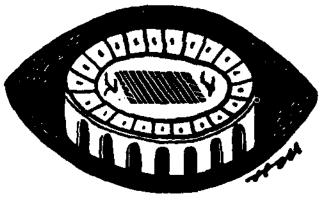
same admirable team. Beginning with the sensational Brighton event, ordinary citizens were able—if they had the stamina and the political curiosity—to sit looking in on the BBC 2 channel, which covered every day superbly well from start to finish. Next morning's printed reports could not have registered as tellingly as the TV seeing eye did the drama, the consternation in the camp of the defeated over the unflatteringly biggest surprise to all: Michael Foot's emergence as a confident, formidably wily leader for the first time since his election last November. As he listened from the platform to the debate on Northern Ireland—the conference safely voted against immediate withdrawal of British troops but supported the peaceful unification of north and south—he looked like a mild, owlishly withdrawn academic musing over the sound and fury of the students on the floor. It was strange for those of us with long memories of other damaging Labour struggles to remember Michael Foot as the old rebel whose stinging oratory directed against the platform so often dazzled conference audiences and terrified the Tories, as Tony Benn terrifies them now. Mr. Foot's speech on Tuesday showed that time and the cooling-down processes of office have taken their rather sad revenges but that he can still put the spell of his tongue on his listeners with every artful trick in the book. He talked first, with humor, of his early days in the Labour movement, and the conference listened with bursts of affectionate laughter and applause. He sent a warm fraternal message to President Mitterrand, and the delegates, who were later going to vote thumpingly for getting out of the European Economic Community without giving the country the chance of a second referendum, applauded that, too. He spent some time denouncing the human misery of the Government's bleak tally of rising unemployment. The most discussed part of his speech (and the most keenly relished by much of his audience, it was clear) was almost like a quiet tête-à-tête between him and Tony Benn, sitting along the platform from him. Addressing him by name, Mr. Foot proceeded gently and conversationally to rebuke him for his subversive campaign against the leadership. Not a heckling voice was raised at that or at his saying that the electoral rules must be looked at again. He voiced bland hopes that Tony would run for the Shadow Cabinet and accept the job that he would certainly offer him—galling patronage for Benn's supporters, who would probably prefer to have him remain free and troublesome as a backbencher. Mr. Benn had no time, or perhaps did not try, to arrange his startled, furious face into a calm expression for the cameras. The leader's passionate peroration on peace through unilateral nuclear disarmament brought him his standing ovation. The conference voted no to all nuclear installations in Britain but yes to staying in NATO—a confused bit of double-talk that will certainly come in for attack by the Conservatives in Blackpool.



The victory for Mr. Foot was immediately regarded cheerfully as a likely check to the new Social Democratic Party, to which a frail nonagenarian peer, Lord Noel-Baker, referred at Brighton with quavering vehemence as "a ragbag of assorted wets." On the other hand, the S.D.P. has just held three exploratory miniconferences, bustling from Scotland to Yorkshire and ending in London, which filled its supporters with good cheer. Regardless of what happened at the Labour conference, more defecting Labour M.P.s have joined the new party—all unknown faces to the public, to be sure. Many people who talk of doing the same thing would be encouraged if the S.D.P. would choose its leader soon from the nationally familiar founding figures at the top, to give popular direction to what is, truth to tell, rather vaguely known as yet of their policies. Roy Jenkins seems to be preferred, on account of his ministerial and European experience, to the immensely well-liked Shirley Williams, but there would be much support for David Steel, whose Liberal Party has officially allied itself with the S.D.P. He has often been the lone voice speaking strongly in favor of a new coalition of center opinion, an idea that has been canvassed from time to time and dismissed scathingly by the major parties. Now that it has happened, it seems to have blown a welcome breath of fresh air into the political atmosphere, which numbers of citizens, including very many intelligent young, find stimulating and hopeful.

THE latest battle with the printing unions at the *Times* and the *Sunday Times* put up the shutters at both papers briefly and made their depressed readers remember Mr. Rupert Murdoch's quoted remark that if things went badly wrong with his purchase he would simply get on a plane and fly back to Australia. They believe him. In particular, the *Times* has been bleeding money away in the last few months, which have been black ones for other newspaper owners bedevilled by the old gremlins of overmanning and opposition to new technologies. People are adjusting with melancholy to the appalling possibility of life without it if Mr. Murdoch finds that he and his great, rich chunk of other newspaper interests can stand no more. In a way, many faithful readers of the old *Times* seem to feel without it already, having been unable to settle down comfortably with the innovations since Harold Evans came to the editorial chair from the *Sunday Times*. In spite of all the assurances that things would go on as usual—only rather more brightly, in an effort to attract younger readers—the paper has changed in many ways that have apparently not brought the desired transfusion to improve circulation. It has blossomed out into more and larger pictures, livelier headlines, and in-depth reporting on personalities, such as its popular middlebrow Sunday opposite number carries—all cordially detested by those readers who did not want it to blossom out into anything but to remain its august and stylish self. Even such critics admit that its team of first-rate writers, like Louis Heren, David Wood, and Philip Howard, have not altered. Yet the Thunderer in its new version seems, they say, to have curiously lost its weight of authority. In spite of such emotions seething in the bosoms of some *Times* readers today, they would certainly join the majority who consider it the great irreplaceable, whose disappearance would be a tragedy indeed.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

The myth of homecoming informs this commercial in a complicated way. First of all, Jamaica herself appears to have "come home." The election of Edward Seaga, we infer, has brought the country back to its senses. Forget Havana, and those hoodlums with their odd patios.—*The New Republic*.

But who can forget those wild cookouts?

DANCING

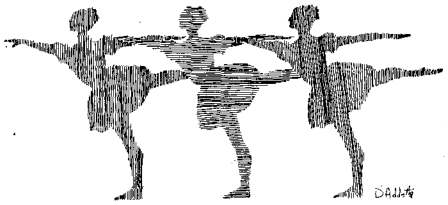
Connections

IN Paul Taylor's "House of Cards," Bettie de Jong has another of those Bettie de Jong mime parts that place her firmly at the center of events yet mysteriously outside them. The title role in "Big Bertha" may have been the prototype of these disquieting impersonal instruments of fate, which de Jong has played ever since. The rehearsal mistress in "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)" is a high-key version of the role; the central figure in the slow movement of "Esplanade" is low key. Although de Jong's presence in "Esplanade" magnetizes the action without exactly controlling it, we still are unsettled by her, and "the shepherdess" or "the sheltering mother"—however we may privately characterize her role in this section—is the most benign variation on the de Jong character up to now. As Big Bertha, the clockwork doll that drove the other characters to their doom, de Jong was malevolent; in "Le Sacre" she was inscrutable. In "House of Cards," though, she's inscrutable in a different way; we just don't know who she's supposed to be or why she has to be there. The rehearsal mistress is so neatly jigsawed into the pattern of "Le Sacre" that we may not notice how marginal the role really is—it's the most tenuous of Taylor's jokes in this piece. But the fact that de Jong is also the rehearsal mistress of the Paul Taylor Dance Company seems to be all there is behind her role in "House of Cards;" she seems to be making a guest appearance as a performer.

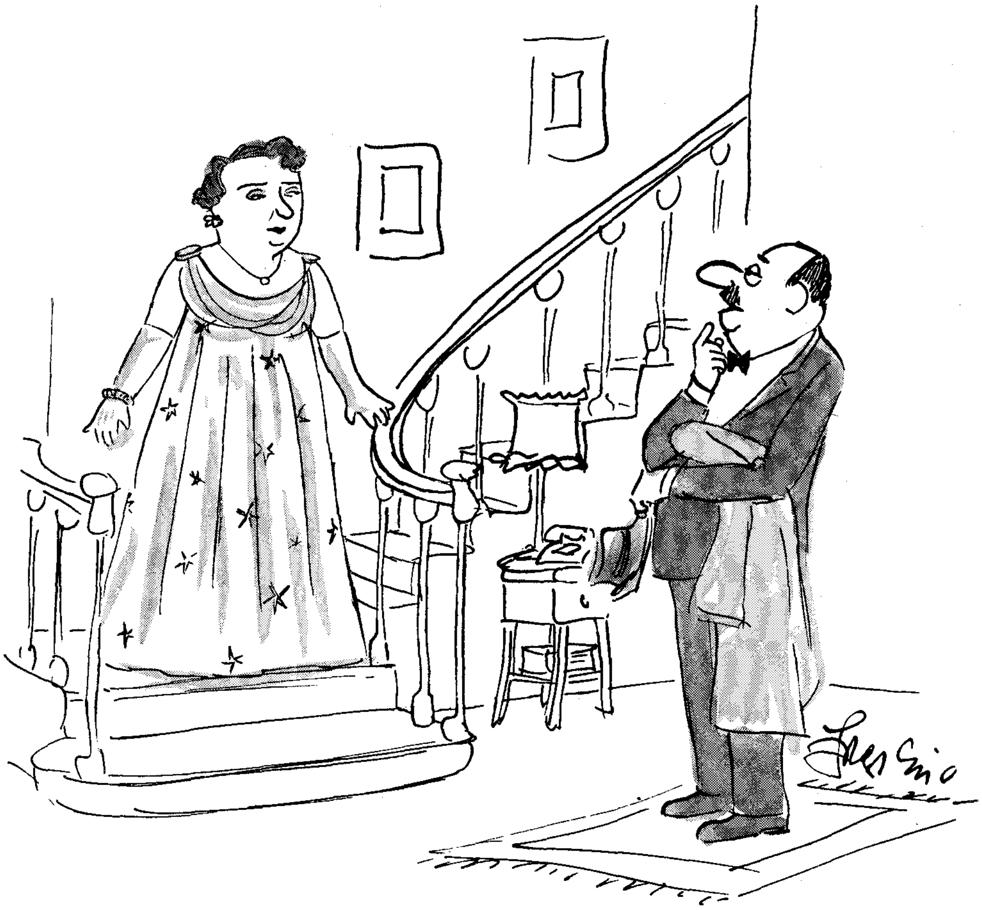
The piece, a highly tentative affair, deals in a Taylorishly oblique way with culture and the arts in Paris at the time of the music, which is Darius Milhaud's "La Création du Monde" (1923). De Jong's role is as static as one might imagine an Ida Rubinstein role of the same period to be, and her costume, by Cynthia O'Neal, seems designed to inhibit her even further: a stiff flaring jacket over a long skirt that maintains its bulky silhouette no matter how de Jong moves—or, rather, is moved. For although she makes the commanding Big Bertha gestures that dictate what the rest of the cast does, she is most often a passive figure, constantly being lifted and carried idol-like, or en cortège, or with straddling legs as the others pass beneath her. In her gown and her turban sprouting egret feathers, she's a period reference, while the others are neutrally clad in formal renditions of everyday dancewear. Her link to the period is clear when she's being obeyed or "celebrated;" then we see her as an all-powerful society hostess or patroness. But when she's a fallen statue we don't know what toppled her. Perhaps Taylor intended a lament for lost times and for lost ladies like Misia Sert. He doesn't follow the scenario of Milhaud's ballet, although he casts a sidelong glance at it now and then, and de Jong could be a parallel to the totems worshipped in the "tribal" dances of the old ballet. As iconography, the role is clear enough. Psychologically and structurally, it's opaque.

That de Jong's presence isn't as well integrated with the surrounding action as other de Jong roles have been is a real flaw. Yet it's also characteristic of the way the piece has been made. "House of Cards" (the title may be telling us something) is exceedingly fragile in construction, full of loose hinges and unmoored conceits. Nothing really holds together. The dancers are introduced to the mournful and sluggish "up from the slime" music at the beginning. As they roll one by one out of a revolving huddle in the dark, they groggily sketch out "period" identities that range from the broadly familiar (Linda Kent as a Charleston dancer) to the obscure (Karla Wolfangle as a marionette). These bits are like an orchestra tuning up, but the piece goes on being bits; it's always building up to a breakdown. Maybe that's why de Jong is there—as a focal point around which to assemble the sparse motifs and the discontinuities of the score. As Misia Sert or Lady Ripon or whoever, she's at her most obviously focal in the frantic group dances of the party scenes, but the focus she provides keeps dissipating, just as the groups do. At the end, everyone goes off single file, as if to affirm the linear, noncollective nature of the action we have just witnessed.

The fragmentation in "House of Cards" might be unbearably baffling if there weren't a strong foundation to support it. As often happens with Taylor, the foundation is the music. There isn't a moment of choreography that isn't musically justified; there isn't an image that doesn't have *some* light shining behind it. When we connect the dots of light, we begin to see "House of Cards" as one of a series of recent pieces in which Taylor seems to be meditating on historic eras of dance. From "Images" to "Profiles" to "Le Sacre," similarities can be traced which incorporate two lines of descent—from historic American modern dance and from the era of the Ballets Russes. "House of Cards," set to a renowned jazz ballet by a European composer (the score was originally produced in Paris by Ballets Suédois), concentrates on the taste of the twenties for particular kinds of colloquial art. Not only the Afro-Americanisms of Milhaud's score are here, along with fragments of his scenario (the Adam and Eve figures are retained by Taylor and danced by Christopher Gillis and Ruth Andrien); we also find intimations of "Petrushka" and "Parade" and "Les Biches"—all ballets to which street songs, café Dixieland, tea dances, and bal musette in one form or another made decisive contributions. There is the Hostess from "Les Biches;" here, in Karla Wolfangle's puppet, is Petrushka, maybe Pulcinella, maybe even the Joker in "Jeu de Cartes;" Gillis and Andrien are also the acrobats in "Parade"—a ballet that for Taylor seems to be a key source of ideas. With its looseleaf impressions of a chaotic scene, "House of Cards" may be distantly modelled on the "vaudeville" structure of "Parade." (And did not the Chinese Conjuror in that ballet find his way into Taylor's "Sacre"?) It follows from these precedents that Taylor's choreography for Milhaud's music is inspired mainly by the parody Charlestons and tangos in the score. Where most settings of this music ignore the colloquialisms or render them as straight demonstrations, Taylor gives us the chivied Charlestons, the tormented tangos of his own invention. When he comes to the miasmic interlude following the party, he stages a dazed morning-after scene as a slow-motion tumbling act for two men (Gillis and Daniel Ezralow). If the method invokes the music hall by way of Pilobolus, yet there's madness in it. Scott Fitzgerald's ghost is not far off.



"House of Cards" isn't major Tay-



"I'm trying to think of the word in French."

• •

lor—it's an omelette by a master chef with a piece of eggshell stuck in it. The de Jong role is pardonable, but, like the pineapple in Twyla Tharp's "The Catherine Wheel," it causes more confusion than it is really worth. Alternating Taylor evenings at the Brooklyn Academy of Music with Tharp evenings at the Winter Garden, I came this season to have a new respect for the links between these two marvellous artists—links that Tharp's dramatic emergence a decade ago had obscured. At that time, one saw only the novelty in Tharp; dances like "The Fugue" and "Eight Jelly Rolls" made Taylor look mustily old-fashioned. Today, in such a piece as "The Catherine Wheel," with its analogous systems of meaning and effect, Tharp seems closer to Taylor than she has ever seemed to anyone else. The concept owes much to his "Orbs" and "American Genesis." How strange that in the same season Taylor should have commissioned Mimi Gross's scenery for "House of Cards"—a strip of painted canvas which unrolls during the dance in the manner of the graffiti strips in "Deuce Coupe." And that his dancers should be costumed by Mrs. O'Neal in the variations on practice dress that Santo Loquasto introduced in "Sue's Leg." Tharp doesn't compose like Taylor; although she once danced in Taylor's company, there is no way one could mistake one of her dances for one of his. But her choreography is like his in its seamless continuity and elasticity of phrase. I heard Tharp compared this season with Jiří Kylián—the comparison was meant as the highest kind of praise—for her non-stop rhythm and pursuit of a dramatic subject, not only in "The Catherine Wheel" but in "Short Stories." But I find that Kylián's rhythm isn't really non-stop and that he doesn't use it in support of drama, as Tharp does. His line is full of breaks, which the dancers push themselves through, and his drama is pictogrammatic statements that spell out emotions. Kylián's roots lie in Central European modern dance and his impetus in the current revival of that tradition on the Continent and in England. Taylor and Tharp inherited the miscellaneous legacy of American dance at a time—the fifties and sixties—when it was flowing with riches. Martha Graham, Cunningham and Cage, and the School of American Ballet were all at separate peaks of power and influence. A lively student could leap from peak to peak. Taylor eventually positioned himself at the end of the line that stretches through Graham back to Denishawn and Denishawn's contemporaries. He is the sentinel of modernity and, as his recent recherché work shows, its keenest and most delicate analyst. There is in "House of Cards" an avidity for the past but also an unwillingness to probe beyond the barrier of retrospection. Taylor isolates a few motifs and monuments and hangs them up for scrutiny. The only conclusion he draws is a sighing "They don't look like much now, do they?" He's resigned to the vulnerability of history—history as a house of cards.

Tharp has always been an eclectic choreographer. Her omnivorous sweep tosses aside self-contradictions and mows down categorical shalt-nots. I don't see how anyone can resist the electric crackle of "Short Stories"—especially the first part, which so finely calibrates degrees of relaxation and tension that drama becomes a creation of pure rhythm. Is Tharp returning the dance theatre to psychologically paraphrasable movement? Is "The Catherine Wheel" her "Clytemnestra"? I don't think so. Her movement isn't an exorcism of words, as Graham's was; it's movement for which words don't exist. In "Short Stories," some teen-agers at a dance quarrel almost for the sake of quarrelling. The jealousies and rivalries the quarrelling engenders aren't a byproduct of a social evening, they're the whole point of it. I see this and say this easily enough, yet the ritual as Tharp stages it is inexplicable; one really doesn't know why these things happen. We see the inarticulate rage and, at the same time, the strategies that keep it going. Then we see one girl who seems to take it all seriously—who becomes the victim from whose viewpoint the story is told. The switch from the general to the particular, from omniscient to subjective narration, is only one of Tharp's achievements. Another is her control of our comprehension of the words of the rock song she uses as accompaniment. Supertramp's "Lover Boy" is played twice; the first time it's just background, but the second time it applies cuttingly in every note and syllable to a single person. Whether the girl (Mary Ann Kellogg) is raped or murdered, whether she dies an actual or a

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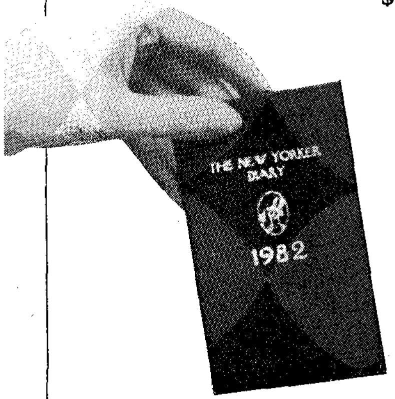

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spiritual death are questions that are transcended by the reality of an individual drama. Compared with this piercing vignette, the second part of "Short Stories," set to a Bruce Springsteen song, is only an effective treatment of the same theme—quarrelling—among grownups.

In "The Catherine Wheel," the family scenes are all done allegro-staccato and reprised legato by the chorus. The antiphonal effect is gradually narrowed until, just before they disappear, family and chorus are down to echoes being batted back and forth in two spotlights. The staccato attack is a metaphor for irritation; it's used in gobs of literal Me Tarzan-You Jane pantomime, in on-the-beat dancing of all kinds, in sexual brawls timed like the wrestling on TV. The only excuse I can think of for that strange moment when Jennifer Way as the Mother tap-dances across the stage and exits is that it's the most staccato—the most irritating—thing she can do at that point. When the Mother and the Father (Tom Rawe) are momentarily reconciled, they do a ballroom duet that is all adagio swoops. And in one of the most extraordinary scenes in the whole show the frightened little Maid, played by Shelley Washington, does a Kathakali-like mime solo in which she proceeds with slow and deliberate care through an extensive catalogue of ferocious grimaces; the timing makes our hair stand on end. The grimacing solo that Sara Rudner executes at top speed is completely different in effect. In writing about "The Catherine Wheel" two weeks ago, I characterized Rudner's role as that of a vestal virgin or goddess. She's also the evil genius of the show, a kind of kinetic Bettie de Jong who directs its grand design without regard for moral consequences; all that matters is the flow of energy. The interesting thing is that the moral consequences are shown: bad and good are depicted as coexisting forces arbitrated by chance. The almost Oriental equanimity that Tharp shows is quite different from Taylor's American-puritan view of good and evil, but what other two choreographers could be discussed in these terms? Some observers of "The Catherine Wheel" were upset by the fact that there's no way out of the impasse of existence; they missed the outcome of a catharsis that could have elevated the lyrical coda called "The Golden Section" to a point beyond wish fulfillment. It seems to me that the catharsis is there in the

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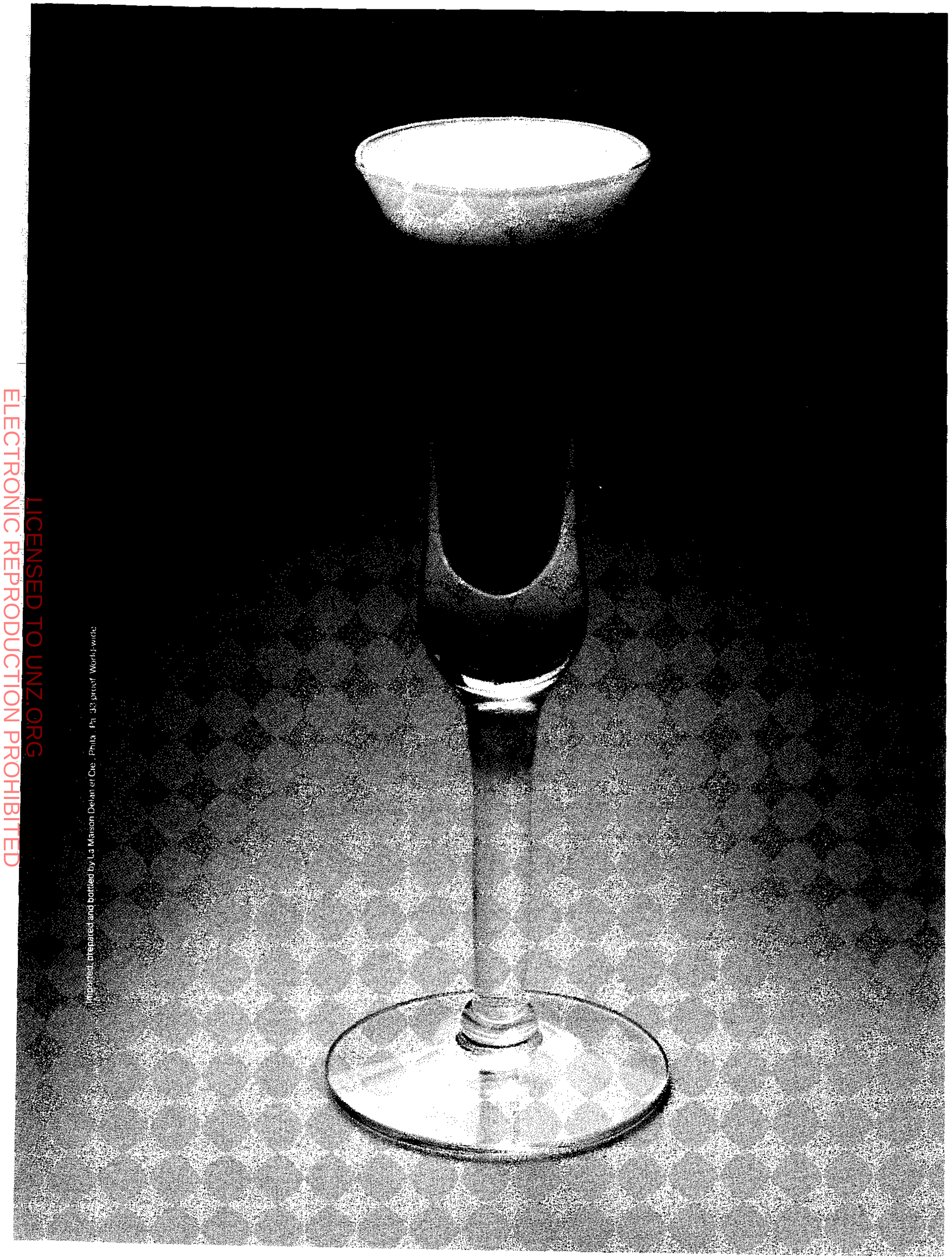

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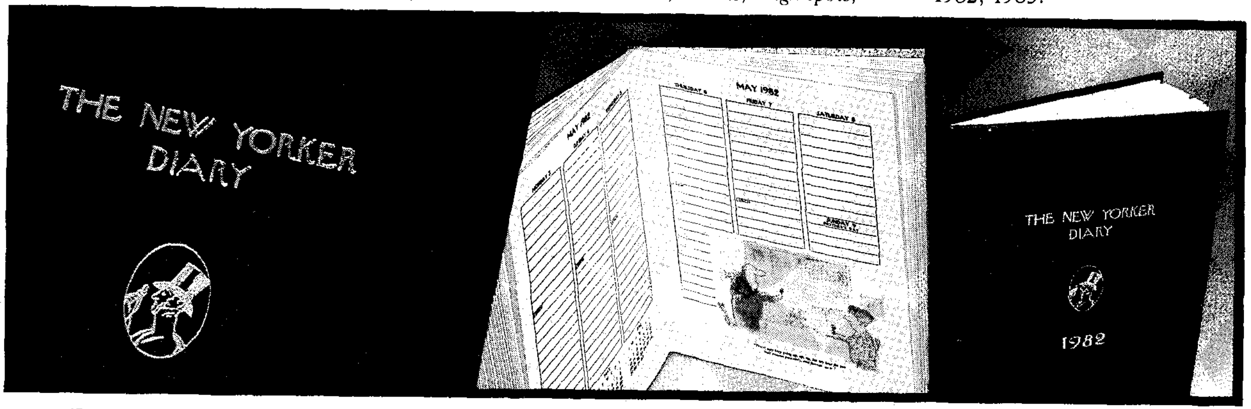
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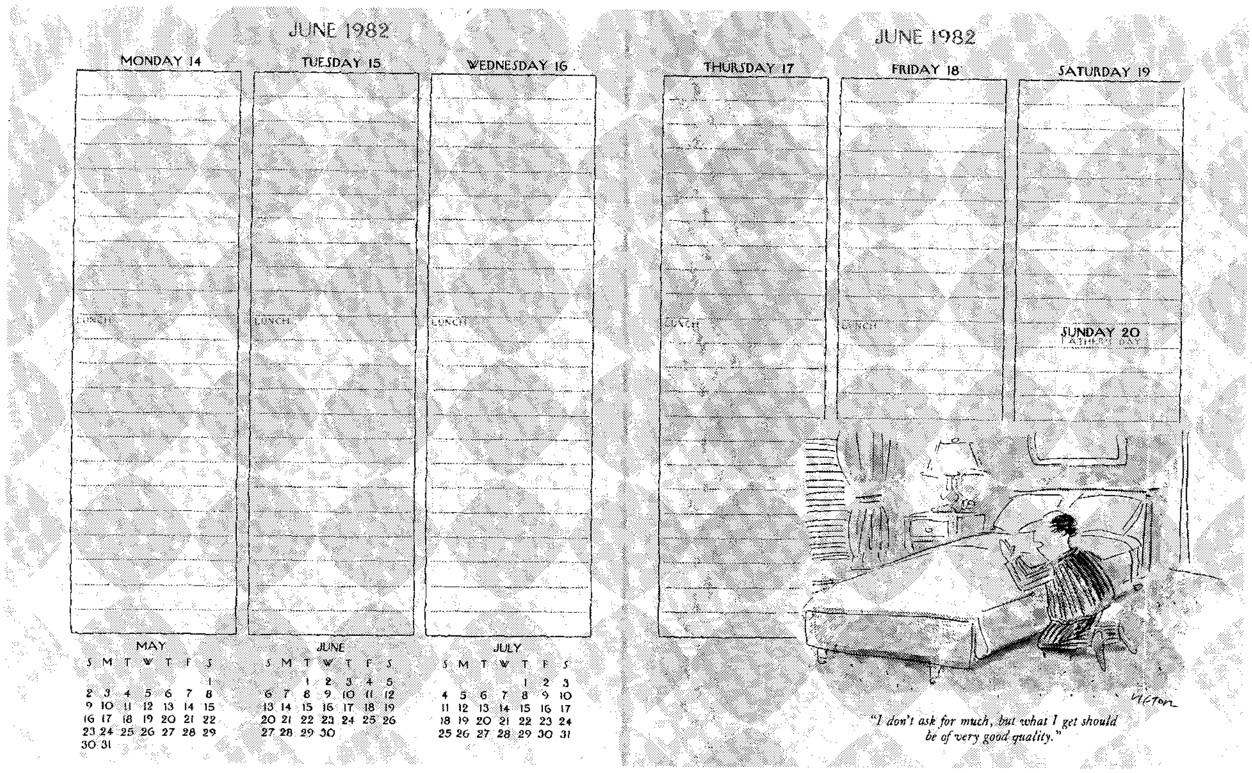
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rhythm. The transition from the fallen world to the celestial regions occurs first of all in the music, with its lengthening and steadily broadening crescendo. Meanwhile, the pulse of the stage action has diminished to a terse rondo pattern—two patterns, in fact, which pit the family and the chorus against each other as twin points of jabbing intensity. When the stage picture finally changes from black to gold, there's a wonderful catch-up effect as the dancers enter on the new momentum the music has created.

Tharp showed two other new pieces this fall, neither on the level of "The Catherine Wheel" or "Short Stories." "Uncle Edgar Dyed His Hair Red" is the title Dick Sebouh, a California octogenarian, gave to his synthesizer score. Tharp's choreography is as charming as the music; it consists of two duets and a trio performed for the most part in double unison on both sides of a scrim. "Assorted Quartets" is another set of exercises and sketches, half in silence and half in time to the country fiddling of Gina McNather, who appeared onstage in a long black dress and a plump auburn braid. "Assorted Quartets" contains some of the same kind of roughhouse material that becomes so explosive in "Short Stories" and the family scenes of "The Catherine Wheel," but here the tone is genial. Since there have been complaints about Tharp's violence this season, it seems fair to cite this work in rebuttal, along with Susanne K. Langer's observation that "the feeling in a work of art is something the artist *conceived* as he created the symbolic form to present it, rather than something he was undergoing and involuntarily venting in an artistic process." "Assorted Quartets" is much more than a footnote to the towering works it was seen with, and I trust it isn't its comparatively sanguine temper that makes me want to overlook it critically this time. This is the season, after all, that has shown Tharp entering a new phase. Next to what she's doing now, "Assorted Quartets" looks all too Bennington, and "Uncle Edgar" looks more so. —ARLENE CROCE

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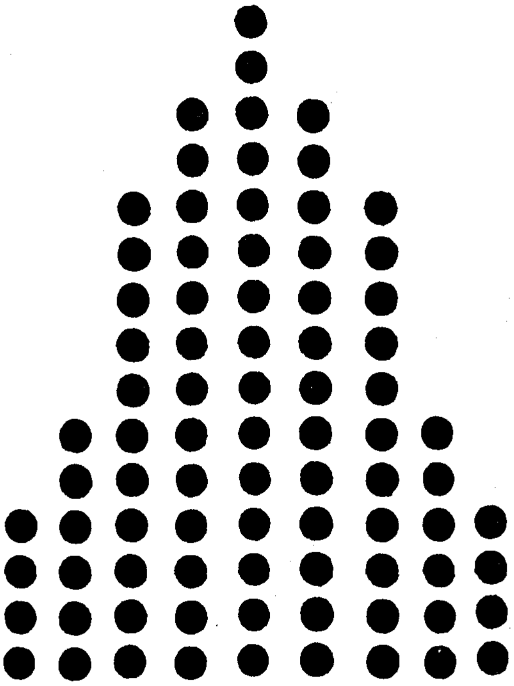

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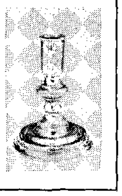

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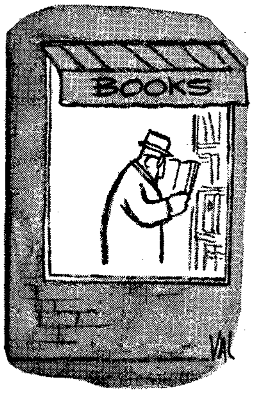


UP to now, Katherine Mansfield has been unlucky in her biographers. The idealized depiction of her by her husband, John Middleton Murry, soon after her tragic and early death was also an unctuous portrait of himself and his struggles with his own pain and guilt. He turned her into the sanctified priestess of the religion of art. There is no doubt of her dedication, or, indeed, of her search (at the end of her short life) for spiritual "wholeness," but dedicated artists are never saints. She was a courageous, reckless character—by turns precociously sensual, cynical, and childish—and one more example of the rebellious woman of a generation new to the attractions of sexual freedom. She was fair game for London gossip and the habit of outrageous candor common to bohemia, Garsington, and Bloomsbury. Some of it led to legends. Now two authoritative biographies, one by Antony Alpers (Viking; $16.95), the other by Jeffrey Meyers (New Directions; $17.50), have appeared. They closely cover the same ground, sifting fact from myth, but with very different emphases. Mr. Alpers reworks a book he published in 1953, which he has almost totally scrapped. It is a relief that, with so much unveiling to be done, neither biographer takes a mud bath in psychoanalytical theory.

There is some reason to think of Katherine Mansfield as a throwback to one or two of her feckless forebears; it is also interesting, when one thinks of her minute craftsmanship, that on the paternal side they were English gold- and silversmiths before migrating to New Zealand, where Katherine was born. It is natural for European readers to reflect that new colonial societies seem to be stimulated by loneliness and the right to the self-invented ego; and one must add that after two wars and social revolution crowds of young women have lived through experiences like hers. Mr. Alpers has found a near-parallel in a previous generation: Henry James's Mrs. Headway, in "The Siege of London" (1883). If one deletes the word "ignorant," the following is not bad: "She was a genuine product of the far West—a flower of the Pacific slope; ignorant, audacious, crude, but full of pluck and spirit, of natural intelligence, and of a certain intermittent, haphazard good taste. She used to say that she only wanted a chance—apparently she had found it now."

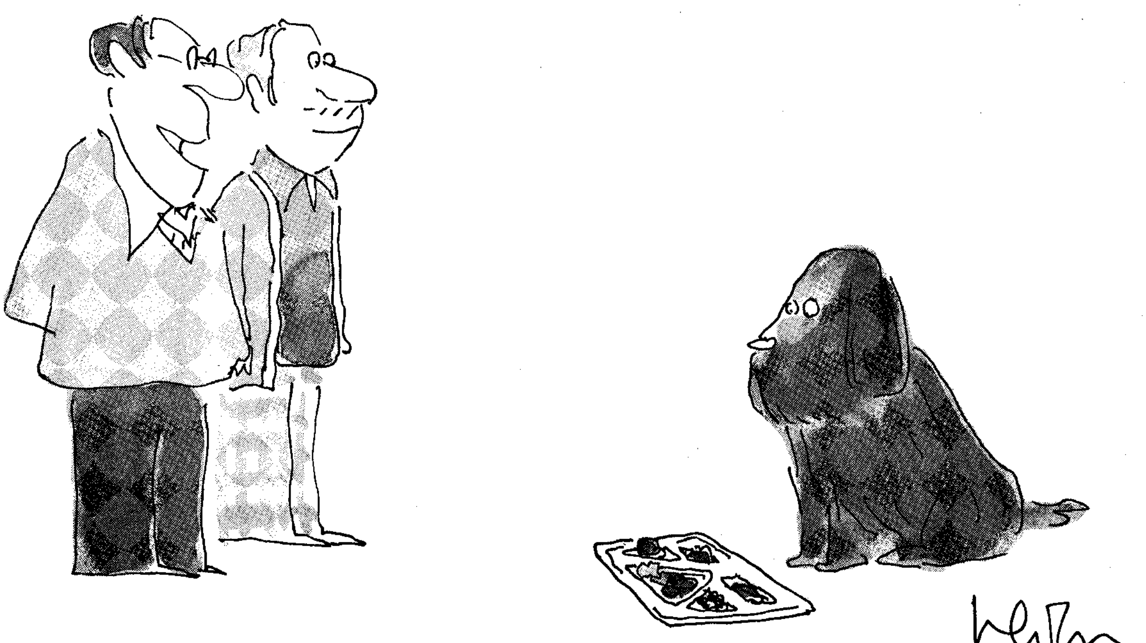
When Katherine Mansfield settled in London for good, in 1908, she had the mysterious, even romantic, attraction of the colonial expatriate who escapes from a provincial and conservative community and takes a leap. Yet she was not a sudden expatriate. In the first place, the colonial thinks, by tradition, of England and Europe as being the "old home" of a private alter ego. In the second place, Katherine's father, who was to become a wealthy merchant and banker and was eventually knighted, sent her and her two sisters to London in 1903 to be "finished" at Queen's College, the famous liberal and emancipating college for women. There the intelligent girl, who had some small talent as a writer, had her first important contacts with the arts and was soon raving about Ibsen and Verlaine, about the perversities and paradoxes of Oscar Wilde, which appealed to her wit, and about the diaries of the notorious Marie Bashkirtseff, which stirred her adolescent desires and glooms. Under the influence of a fascinating young professor, she learned French and German very well. There was music and the theatre. She had well-placed cousins in London, and there was an even grander cousin in Germany, the Countess von Arnim, author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," a famous gusher of the period. Katherine's father and mother had hopes of her musical and literary gifts. London went to the young Katherine's head: she was noticed for slouching in the streets in the bohemian clothes of the time, and for her "crushes." One girl, Ida Baker, who became her slave for life, was a daughter of the tyrannical colonel in "The Daughters of the Late Colonel." Katherine called her "my wife."

But what did she bring with her from New Zealand? At home, she was the secretive middle daughter, who, with some duplicity, kept her friends in compartments. She was a chameleon, given to acting parts; a very clever mimic; and a sharp talker when she did talk. She had a strong imagination that went (a schoolmistress said) "to the point of untruth"—she floated and dramatized on the principle that writers must cultivate the gift of "being someone or something else." (If one wrote about a duck, she said, one must "become" a duck.) She had powerful sexual feelings, which she could not control and did not care to talk about. Although she had fallen in love with a young musical prodigy in New Zealand, a youth who had already had some success in Europe, this did not inhibit two short and daring explicitly physical lesbian affairs, one with a Maori girl. In London, she was to have a lifelong love-hate attachment to Ida Baker. In the many love affairs with men later on, the men tended to be far weaker in will than she was. She took naturally to the dominant male role, as Mr. Meyers says. She grew up to live "by the heart," but it was a heart with a great deal of the performer in it. She came to think of herself as a kind of George Sand or Colette. Her passing, headlong demands for love may owe something to the fact that her mother was a languid invalid who hated bearing children and was quite indifferent to her children when they were born. Sexual rebellion among young women is no novelty, and Kathleen Beauchamp (as she then was) had her torments and self-loathing, but the brittleness of her early behavior was noticed. On the voyage to London in 1908, according to Mr. Alpers, she went ashore at Montevideo with a man and afterward believed herself to be pregnant. She was not. In London, she did become pregnant by a man she fleetingly loved. She married, for a day only, a man she did not love at all; then she rushed to Germany, where she miscarried. In the following year, it appeared that she had contracted gonorrhea; she was later told she could never have a child.

Although she had a very small allowance from her father—who is generally thought to have been stingy—she was in a far less privileged position than the rising figures of Bloomsbury. She had no literary connections and ound herself in what one thinks of as the permanent London bohemia of poor writers, actors, singers, and painters. George Bowden, her nominal husband, was a well-known tenor, and she was able to get minor theatrical jobs in poor touring companies and paid evenings giving comic mimes and recitations in fashionable drawing rooms. It was Bowden who suggested that she submit her writing to the famous A. R. Orage, who ran *The New Age*—the foremost "little review" of the time, which published G. K. Chesterton, Shaw, and Wells, and paid no one. Shaw thought Orage the finest editor of his day, and he was indeed a man of powerful, wandering intellect; he called his paper *The No-Wage*, for all he himself got out of it was four pounds a week. He was Katherine's first father figure and guided her as she wrote the early satirical stories of "In a German Pension." But she was in what the privileged Virginia Woolf scathingly called "the underworld"—the London of cheap offices and lodgings and escapes into primitive country cottages where "Dostoevskian talks" went on through the night, the newly discovered Russians being all the rage. Clothes were arty and folkish. She was not careless with her allowance. She was always the banker's daughter, careful with accounts, and her chief extravagance was an expensive scent, one that upset the Woolfs; Leonard quite mistakenly said it was "cheap," and Virginia thought it made her "stink like a—well, civet cat." The Woolfs, like the rest of Bloomsbury, were austere in their snobberies, but they were taken by her inscrutability and her talk.

Mr. Alpers is excellent about this phase of Katherine's life, and he is rather kinder than Mr. Meyers to Middleton Murry, with whom she began living at this time. The difficult pair had, at any rate, sexual misadventures in common. It is clear that he was afraid of her and dominated by her and that she seduced him. They were the same age and they were poor. Because of their subsequent legend and all that has been written about them and their changing circle, it is hard to keep in mind that they were innocents in their early twenties. Murry was an outsider, just as she was. He was the anxious, industrious, handsome son of poor parents, a laboring literary hack of great ambition. If her art was important to her, his career as a rising critic was important to him. And if she was wounded, insecure, he was far less secure. He was mean and anxious about money, certainly not the man to make sacrifices when her serious illness, contracted in 1911, became worse. Murry was smooth where she had a cutting tongue, was subject to moodiness, and had a very bad temper. She clung to him, abused him, was unfaithful to him (as was he, in his climbing way, to her), but she could not get him out of her system. He deeply loved only himself and was timid and inept as a lover. What Mr. Meyers writes of Murry reflects the common hostile judgment of the time and Murry's masochistic character. He was "a kind of rancid Rousseau: his thought was equivocal and confused, he had an endless capacity for self-deception, he disguised a total egocentricity behind his mock-saintliness and was always eager to display his stigmata before the public." Mr. Meyers adds, "Katherine, who loathed his self-pity, accused him of being 'just like a little dog whining outside a door' and . . . called him 'a monk without a monastery.' " Their union was satirized by Aldous Huxley and abused by D. H. Lawrence, who at one point notoriously wanted to be Murry's "blood brother." The serious charge, in the end, against Murry is that when Katherine was slowly dying of tuberculosis he did not impose his will and overrule her as she pursued one obviously bad treatment after another. In "The Man Without a Temperament," he is portrayed as the man who is attentive to his sick wife but in a manner that is drifting into meaninglessness.

Still, the Woolfs, who thought she was "common," did publish Katherine's "Prelude" and were half repelled and half fascinated by her. At Lady Ottoline Morrell's, she both shocked and incited clever people like Aldous Huxley, Bertrand Russell, Mark Gertler, Dorothy Brett, and Lytton Strachey. Bertrand Russell, who had tired of his affair with Lady Ottoline, was greatly tempted; he said he admired Katherine "passionately" but was repelled by her "dark hatreds," and said that she talked better than she wrote: when "she spoke about people she was envious" and looked for the worst in them. (But this kind of conversational murder was common form at Garsington and in Bloomsbury.) Katherine certainly envied Virginia Woolf her stable married life and home. Aldous Huxley suggested, more sympathetically, that she was mysterious because her face was a mask, that she was capable of acting any number of parts but was uncertain of who "essentially, she was." Later on, when the years of real suffering came, he noticed that "she was proud of being able to suffer so much." Like D. H. Lawrence, that other consumptive, she showed hostility to treatment and its disciplines—an attitude common among the gifted who have this disease: their restless excitement *seems*



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to be the fierce flame of a vitality that gets stronger as death approaches. The restlessness of Katherine's life and of Lawrence's was a frantic refusal to face what was killing them.

If Mr. Meyers is especially lively and penetrating on the changing relations with Lawrence and Frieda and the well-known outbursts of Lawrence's rages and returns to affection, Mr. Alpers is sound on Virginia Woolf's mixture of withering snobbery and jealousy of the rival she needed. She confessed her jealousy, said that she missed Katherine's talk, and added that they were after very much the same things in their work. Here I must go back to what Mr. Alpers has to say of the formative influence of Orage on Katherine's talent and of the effect of Roger Fry's Post-Impressionist exhibition on the London of 1910, when, Virginia Woolf famously said, "human character changed." The sight of van Gogh's sunflowers changed the bitter cynicism of "In a German Pension." Katherine felt, she said, "a shaking free." The Post-Impressionists painted light: for the writer, to whom such a thing was impossible, this meant dwelling on "the spaces between people," which in the European tradition had been filled with social relationships. And, indeed, the art of the short story depends on the instinct for "leaving out." But Mr. Alpers goes on to a view that I find too partial. He attacks the general belief that Chekhov was Katherine's master, although she herself said he was; she in fact helped S. S. Koteliansky in translating Chekhov's letters and spoke of Chekhov just before her death. It is clear that many so-called Chekhovians may think of him as a model and think that they are writing in his manner when they are not—and indeed cannot. Mr. Alpers argues that Chekhov places either a real or a secret narrator in his stories—this is so in many of the stories but not, for example, in "The Chorus Girl" or "The Peasants." Katherine Mansfield has no fixed narrator: the people float freely of their own self-will. The initial spur to her art may have come (according to Mr. Alpers) from Orage, who told her to read the fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus and, as an exercise, made her write a similar sketch of a few people going to see the Coronation in London at that time. There they are, undescribed, a collection of voices in happy disorder and reacting spontaneously to the bustle in the streets. Of course, Theocritus had his happy sense of common speech and of dissociation, and for this reason has long been thought the most "modern" of the Greeks—uprooted, even a "colonial," letting the everyday pass through him. And it is true that in many of Katherine Mansfield's stories we find this manner. (It is present also in "Mrs. Dalloway.") The point was made by T. O. Beachcroft, author of "The Modest Art" (1968), the best book that has been written on the English short story. The fifteenth Idyll as one can see in translation, appears to be formless, plotless, yet has unaffectedly a depth of its own. It gives meaning to small incidents as they are carried away. In Katherine Mansfield's New Zealand stories, the effect is one of transmuted memory. Whereas Chekhov is the master of Russian "strangeness" in which the lives of people signal across the spaces between them.

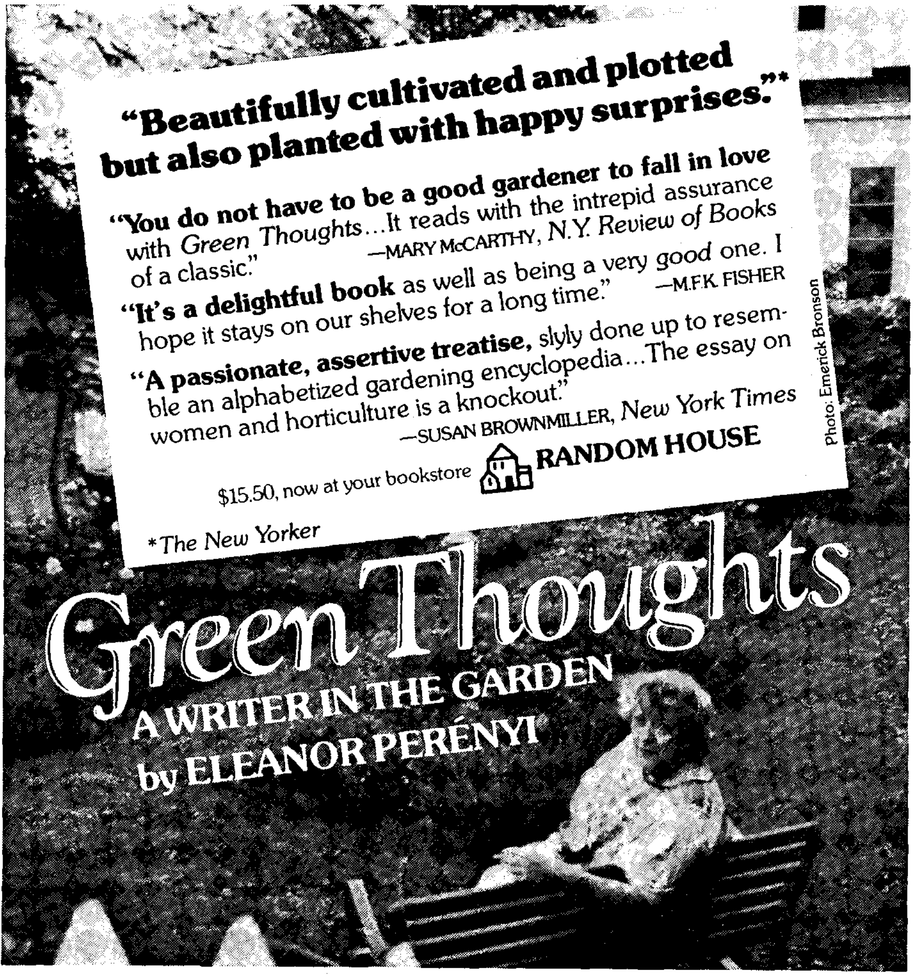
A second point made by Mr. Alpers is that her temperament and her writing appeared to be brittle and detached until 1915. The 1914 war had done little to interrupt the Murrys' lives. They could even be happy and her health better in Bandol at the time of the slaughter at Verdun, when Murry reluctantly gave up his professional worries in London to stay with her. But a young brother Katherine scarcely knew had arrived from New Zealand as a soldier and was very soon killed, absurdly, by a grenade he was demonstrating; the futile death changed her nature. She felt that one could not ignore the war and that something was wrong with her writing. There was a naïve and solemn corporal called Goodyear who was devoted to her—I miss his words in Mr. Meyers' book—and who lectured her:

> But you hanker after and greatly feel union with external things. You seem to live happily and egalitarianly enough in a republic of sounds and scents and grasses and dews and café-mirrors and odd things and appearances generally. I don't see why you should draw the line at man, only another phase of nature, unless you remain *plus sentimentale qu'artiste,* like Mme. Bovary, about these sunsets and things.

He went on harshly, as D. H. Lawrence had, about "your overtwanged inelastic literary nerve."

As her illness became more critical and as she moved from one ignorant or crankish doctor to another, the craving for self-purification and for some unknown sensation of wholeness and union grew up, as one can see from reading her journals. But one can also see how self-centered her will became, n her desperation. Mr. Meyers is very good on this last, heartrending phase. In Menton, she is in bed most of the day, because the cold winds kill the sun. The slavish Ida Baker, pos-essive as all slaves are, comes and goes. Katherine is persuaded to go to Switzerland, where, under discipline, he would have had a few more years before her. Murry comes, and so does her fabulous cousin the Countess, rich and fatuous but nevertheless a success, now to be admired instead of mocked. Katherine has been doing some of her best work. But the quest for spiritual wholeness leads her to the fashionable delusion that her illness is of the mind, not the body. Anything mystical that omes out of Russia must hold the olution to her difficulties. She goes o G. I. Gurdjieff's establishment out-ide Paris, and her death. Here Mr. Meyers and Mr. Alpers differ strongly. Perhaps Orage, that old father fig-ure, influenced her: her early grati-ude to him had revived, and, having onfused mystical notions himself, he had advised the move. (He after-ward recanted.) Many people thought Gurdjieff to be a mere money-making Russian guru who was luring the rich o the holiness of the simple life. They were made to dig trenches, grow vege-ables, build outhouses, keep hens and cows, and, in folkish costumes, dance n the evenings. They were living close to nature. Mr. Meyers thinks hat Gurdjieff was a fraud, and so did Murry, who nevertheless did not exert his will to stop Katherine from going here; he was, to be fair, exhausted by her. Whether any man could have ruled her is doubtful. Mr. Alpers hinks that Gurdjieff was naïve, an example of the Holy Russian wan-derer, who in fact gave away most of the money that was poured out to him. When he saw that Katherine could not stand the austerity of getting close to nature, he moved her to a fine room, and since she was writing no more, she was content to go down to the kitchen and pass the time peeling potatoes. She found a kind of peace in submission to a primitive way of life. In fact, Gurdjieff and Katherine were fatalists. When Murry arrived there, she ran fast upstairs to show how miraculously she was recovering, had her last hemorrhage, and dropped dead.

There was nothing primitive in Katherine Mansfield. Certainly on the holiday she took in the backwoods of New Zealand before she left for good she was attracted to the Maoris and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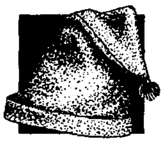

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disliked the whites. (The sophisticated Maori girl whom she had loved had been educated in Paris.) An early journal, about this trip—"The Urewera Notebook," edited by Ian A. Gordon (Oxford; $12.95)—presents her as a healthy, independent, vigorous girl. She rebelled against her parents, but, a good time before her death, she wrote a remorseful letter—quoted by Mr. Alpers—asking her father for forgiveness. Did she really mean that? The doubt remains. The father had increased her allowance but obstinately believed that Murry was living on it. The father was very rich. It is a shock to read that Katherine earned only fifteen pounds for her first book and, in 1918, only six guineas for "Bliss." After her death, Murry made a fortune out of her writings. A note of Koteliansky's—a thunderous hater, who saw conspiracies everywhere in the most genial way—supports Mr. Alpers by saying that when Murry published her letters and journals he "left out all the jokes," to make her "an English Chekhov."

These two books are rich in minor portraits of the "underworld" where talent abounded, and although human character "changed" again in the next twenty years and Katherine Mansfield now seems a minor figure, there are stories of hers that last, because they have her sting, delicacy, and wit, if they are far less powerful and explorative than D. H. Lawrence's. Her nearest successor has been that other bruised colonial Jean Rhys.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

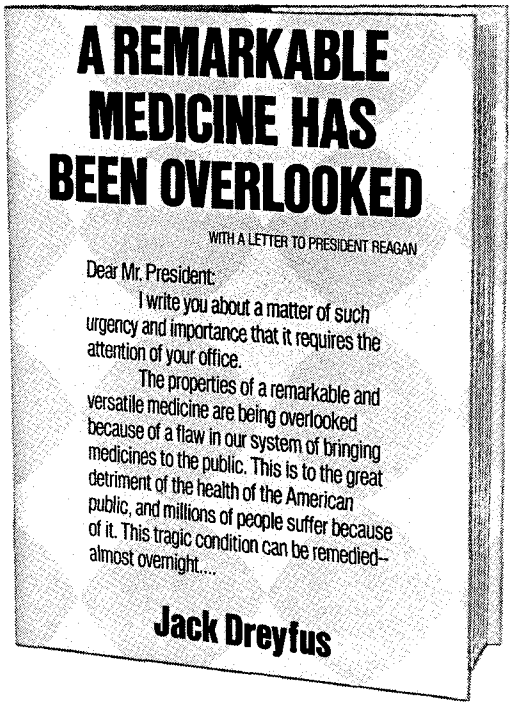
DAYS OF GREATNESS, by Walter Kempowski, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (Knopf; $15). A long, elaborate story—apparently based on family history—in three parts, about two children born shortly before 1900 into two prosperous merchant families in two prosperous German port cities. Part I portrays the Kempowskis, shipowners of Rostock, through the words of a variety of acquaintances looking back from extreme old age: a retired housekeeper describes the endless preparation of their lavish meals; a former neighbor is still irked by the memory of their noisy late-night parties; a family friend gushes about Frau Kempowski's formal, old-fashioned "at homes;" and a number of old schoolmates recall young Karl Kempowski as a bit of a prig. Part II gives the de Bonsac family of Hamburg (in the import-export business) the same treatment. In the summer of 1913, the two families happen to visit the same seaside resort, where fifteen-year-old Karl Kempowski, sporting a checked suit, pince-nez, walking stick, and spats, gets a crush on pert, pretty young Grethe de Bonsac, though she is seventeen. Within months, Germany is at war, and Karl enlists; he never finds out that Grethe poked fun at him behind his back that summer. By the end of Part III, when Karl returns from the trenches as a lieutenant with an Iron Cross, Grethe has been jilted by another young man, and so she looks more kindly on Karl. There are some interesting inside stories of an extinct world here but too few insights into who Karl and Grethe were, and what they thought about that world and about each other.

THE LOVE OF RICH WOMEN, by William Hamilton (Houghton Mifflin; $11.95). Mr. Hamilton here informs us most emphatically that he is a comic writer as well as a comic artist. But his new comic side is very different from the cool, Eastern-establishment urbanity of his cartoons. The comic writer is a clown, and his humor is slapstick, bedroom-farce, manic. A middle-class boy from Idaho and a beautiful girl from Connecticut fall in love at the University of Colorado, and the girl takes the boy Back East, where it is revealed that she is the only daughter of a billionaire tycoon who has just been appointed Ambassador to France. Idaho gawks at the splendor of estate New England: "All this green and the columns and everything—this whole part of the country looks like the back of a five-dollar bill." Everybody has a bedmate, and almost everybody changes bedmates, but East is East and West is West, and the twain meet only between the sheets.

GENERAL

EMINENT VICTORIAN WOMEN, by Elizabeth Longford (Knopf; $22.50). An eminent twentieth-century biographer retells the lives of the Brontës, George Eliot, Florence Nightingale, Josephine Butler (who crusaded for the outlawing of prostitution—legalized in England in 1864—on humanitarian grounds), Annie Besant, Ellen Terry, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary Kingsley (an anthropologist and biologist who explored western Africa), and James Barry (1795-1865). Barry, disguised as a lad, took a medical degree at Edinburgh in 1812 and managed to preserve her sexual incognita while becoming one of the most distinguished surgeons in the British Army. The author does not promote a single thesis, for her subjects had different gifts and different temperaments, and though all were formally subject to laws that kept them second-class citizens, many received support from their menfolk. Lady Longford's gift of concision enables her to shift from the wilderness to the theatre to Parliament and make these women's achievements and personalities as comprehensible as if they were our contemporaries. The author is by no means uncritical, and her sympathies do not blind her; she portrays able human beings but not saints.

THE NUCLEAR BARONS, by Peter Pringle and James Spigelman (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $16.95). An absorbing history of atomic energy that ranges from the creation of the first bomb to the accident at Three Mile Island. The work clearly explains both the physical theories and the engineering problems, and is globally inclusive, telling us what is known of all nations' programs in the fields of weaponry and energy. The "barons" of the title are the scientists, engineers, bureaucrats, military men, politicians, and entrepreneurs who, in one country after another, have promoted the atom. Everything that anyone can find out about the Soviet Union's atomic activities shows them to be worse—crueller, riskier—than any other nation's, but the authors demonstrate that in other countries, too, atomic-energy lobbies have not met the least stringent standards of political decency and social responsibility, and they cite a number of reasons, among them an inability to distinguish technical efficiency from profitability. The authors illuminate every aspect of their subject, but what nonetheless remains obscure is the reason for the urgency with which atomic-energy programs have been pursued. The authors show that the original vi-



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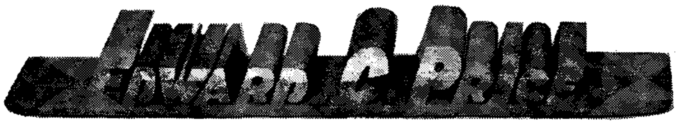

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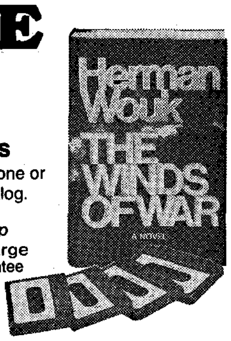

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The Hammonds of Redcliffe, edited by Carol Bleser (Oxford; $19.95). Letters written by four generations of Hammonds. Redcliffe was the Hammonds' plantation house; it now belongs to the State of South Carolina, the gift of the late John Shaw Billings II, an editorial director of Time, Inc., who was descended from the Hammond family through his mother, and who restored his ancestors' home and lived there from his retirement, in 1954, until his death, in 1975. The earliest letters are those of James Henry Hammond (1807-64), a grasping, driving, gallivanting patriarch, who married an heiress, chased women, built up a huge estate, served as governor of the state and United States senator (he contributed the historic rallying cry "Cotton is king!"), and completed Redcliffe in 1859. His letters breathe a unique mixture of self-pity and tactlessness, and though none of his descendants equalled him in egocentricity, their letters, in succeeding generations, are remarkable for their individuality: no two people read alike, even though the closeness of parents and siblings frequently approaches the suffocating. Their unpretending intimacy records entertaining truths about the past; for example, in 1881 one of the Hammond daughters attending Harvard Annex (the precursor of Radcliffe) fell ill and was attended by a woman doctor; the letter reporting this notable event says not a word about the treatment and its results but minutely describes the physician's attire.

Note: "A Penny Saved Is Impossible," a collection of poems by Ogden Nash, some of which first appeared in these pages, has been published by Little, Brown ($10.95).

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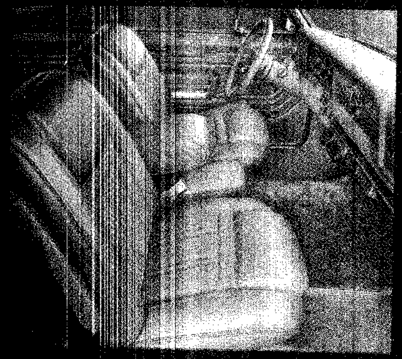

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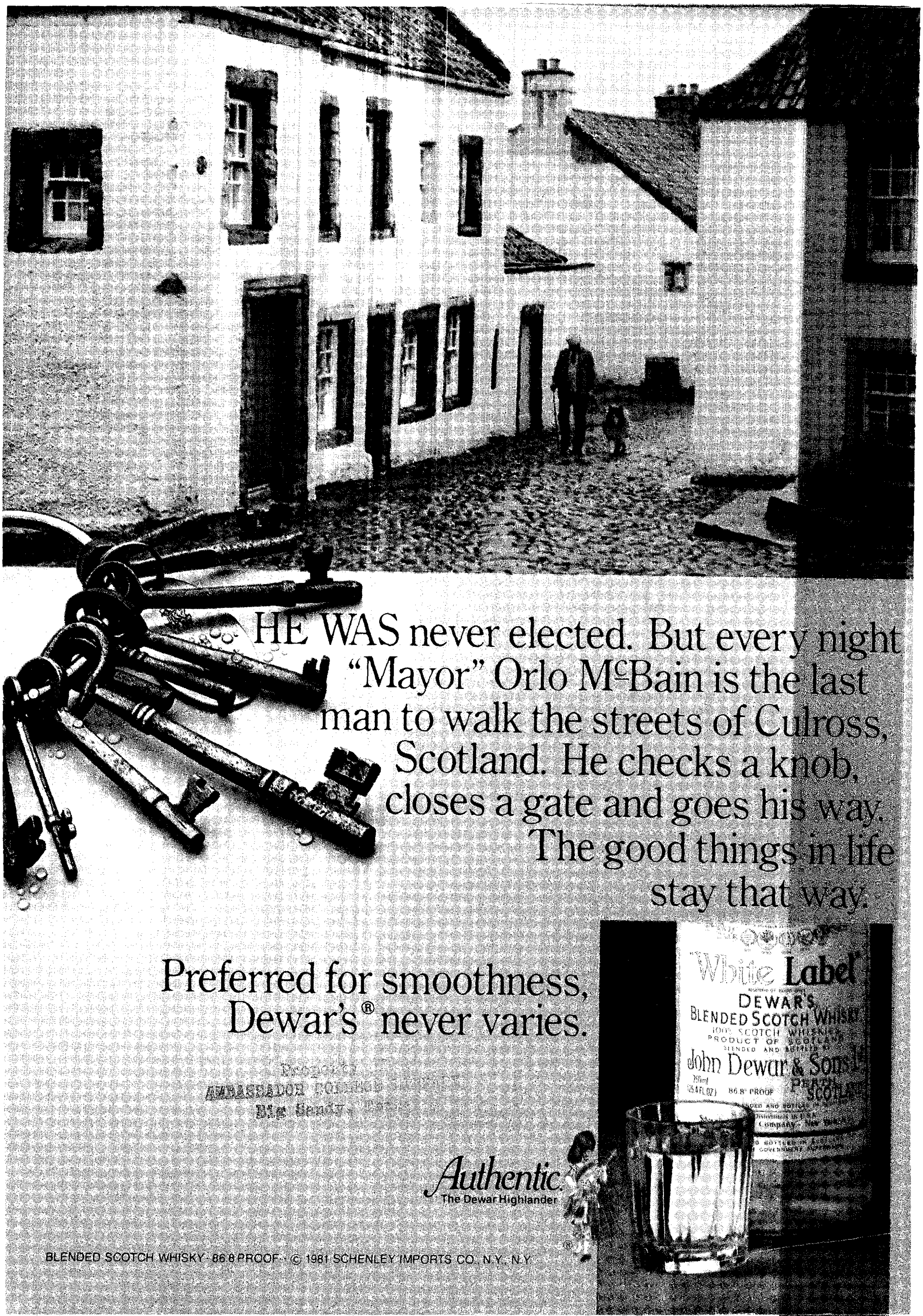
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